













The Dead Guest  
By Heinrich Zschokke

  
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# THE DEAD GUEST.

FROM THE GERMAN OF

HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

(Continued from p. 95.)

## CONSULTATION.

APA Bantes kept his word, and not another syllable was breathed of the certain somebody. Vain attempt! for every one in the house only thought so much the more of him. Regularly every morning, noon, and night, Herr Bantes went to the barometer, and knocked to make the quicksilver rise to insure fine weather for sickly travellers. Frederica, when no one was watching, knocked too, to make it fall; and Waldrick and Madam Bantes found even more fault than usual with the unfortunate weather prophet.

"The weather is certainly improving," said Herr Bantes one day, as he and his wife sat together in their own room; "the clouds are breaking; I think he must be on his way."

"God forbid, papa; and I really do think it would be better for you to write to Herr von Hahn not to come to Herbesheim before Christmas; for, though one does not believe all the foolish gossip, still one cannot help feeling uncomfortable."

"Why, mamma, you are not thinking of the Dead Guest? Folly!—I am ashamed of you."

"I grant, dear husband, it is folly; but, should anything happen to our child during the time of Advent, what would—they would all—why, the very thought of it might, if Fred. were only indisposed, increase her illness; and though I don't believe in ghosts, and Frederica laughs at them; yet neither of us, for example, would like to go and walk by night in the churchyard; it is human nature. Put off the betrothal till after the unlucky time. After Advent



the young people will have a clear hundred years before them to meet, to be betrothed, and to be married; why, then, hurry the matter? and what can the delay of a few weeks signify?"

"I am ashamed of you, wife; don't talk such stuff to me; and as to what the people say with this rigmarole about the Dead Guest, that is just the very reason why Frederica shall be betrothed and married at this very time. One ought to set a good example, it is our duty, and the like; let the people in the town see that we do not trouble ourselves about the Dead Guest, that in spite of their chattering we betroth our daughter; that Fred.'s head rests steadily on her shoulders, and no one takes the trouble of twisting it; and then, all this superstition about twisted necks is put an end to for ever. It is in vain to preach, be wise, repent, be pious; all that goes for nothing if the preacher does not lead the way."

"I grant all that, but still your child is dear to you. See now, it is allowed, that a hundred years ago (witness the church register) some misfortune happened, let it be what it may; probably there were people then who scoffed at the old tradition, and we would now do the same; but if you insist upon this ceremony taking place exactly in this unfortunate Advent, the anniversary of the fatal hundred years, and that it come to pass, which Heaven forbid"——

"Stop; you are not going to say, Frederica's neck should be twisted; I cannot abide the horrible idea. Don't torment me with it, I desire you"

"No; but, for instance, if Herr von Hahn were to arrive in this miserable wintry weather, the travelling and the bad roads may increase his illness; he is, as he says in his letter, very delicate. Suppose we were to have a sick and, may be, in the end, a Dead Guest,—I shudder as I say it,—and then the superstition attached to this year's Advent becomes, through your obstinacy, actually confirmed. Dear husband, only think seriously for a moment."

Herr Bantes did seem to think seriously, and finally grumbled out, "I don't understand how it is that ideas are always coming into your head that never would trouble anybody else's brains. How does it come? You might turn poet or the like. What ever has come over you all? You are bewitched about this bugbear of an Advent, all of you. You, Frederica, even the captain—who is a soldier, the cashier, bookkeeper, inspector, all, I say, but none of you will confess it—stuff!"

"If it be so (which I rather doubt), then it is the duty of a wise man to look with indulgence upon a prejudice which certainly injures no one."

"Every folly is injurious; therefore, no quarter,—war, open war; since Frederica's birthday everybody in the house seems stupified. The devil himself was the inventor of that story of the Dead Guest. The thing shall go on as we settled, mamma; there shall be no change, I am not to be moved." So said Herr Bantes, and instantly left the room.

Meanwhile, things did not go on as had been settled. This conversation had left a thorn behind, and he found that, for peace' sake, it would be better to defer the betrothal till after Christmas. He loved his daughter sincerely, and this affection made him anxious and cautious. The devil has many ways of gaining his ends, and then all would be set down to the Dead Guest. The nearer they came to the Advent time, the more uneasy he grew; and thus, against his own will, he wished that his future son-in-law might still remain away. He became really alarmed as the weather grew finer, and a bright warm sunshine overspread the world as though the autumn were about to usher in a second summer. He went now diligently to the barometer, and this time knocked to make the quicksilver descend. To his astonishment he remarked that Frederica and her mother had with the fine weather recovered their spirits; the captain also, and, finally, all the household were quite themselves—not so Herr Bantes.

## FINE WEATHER.



WHEN Madam Bantes had observed that Frederica had in her heart a decided disinclination towards the rich banker, and also that the commandant occupied in her heart a larger place than he ought, she endeavoured to defer her daughter's marriage; not, much, as she loved the captain, to favour him, but in order to avoid over-haste and its unhappy consequences. She wished that the young people should first know each other, and that Frederica should accustom herself in thought to the lot that was assigned to her; she also wished to ascertain whether Herr von Hahn's heart was really worthy of her child's heart. For this reason the discreet mother had not opposed her husband's choice, nor had she reproached him for having concealed from her a matter of such deep importance to her as the disposal of her daughter's hand. She knew her husband too well: contradiction would have only made him more determined. With this view, therefore, she held this conversation with him, thrust this little thorn into his conscience, and rejoiced as she saw that it had produced an effect; and, for the same reason, she wrote on the very birthday to a friend in the capital to make inquiries as to the character of young Hahn. She received an answer on the same day that the bright sunshine had so alarmed Herr Bantes. Herr von Hahn was described by her friend as a man of the most upright character, who had hitherto been an object of the greatest respect and commiseration to every one; not merely because he was delicate, but because he had always been kept in a state of almost slavish subjection by his old, cross, eccentric, and avaricious father. Within a few weeks, however, the young man had undertaken the whole concern himself, and the old man had retired to an estate in the country, having already got some of the warnings of old age, for he was as deaf as a post, and could see badly even with the aid of spectacles. This good news was sunshine to the mother.

Another circumstance brought sunshine on the same day to Frederica and the commandant. Waldrick had gone of a message from Madam Bantes to Frederica's room; she was sitting in the window, her head resting on her new harp, which she had before her.

"Your mamma wishes to know if it would please you to take a drive with us, and enjoy this lovely weather."

She made no answer, but turned her face a little more from him and towards the window.

"Your grace is angry," said Waldrick, who believed her to be in jest. "Have I not at breakfast, much against my will, drunk an additional cup of chocolate solely to please your grace? Have I not punctually, and to the moment, retired from parade to dinner? And have I not at dinner given a dutiful assent to everything that was said?"

No answer followed. He stood a moment silent, then went towards the door, as though he were going out, but turning back he said, impatiently, "Come, Frederica, the weather is glorious." Thereupon burst forth a stifled "No." He started at the tone, for it betrayed that she was weeping.

"What is the matter?" said he, anxiously; and drawing her head, upon which his hand rested, from the harp, he forced her to look up.





"Is mamma going to meet him? Is he expected to-day? Has she said anything?" asked Frederica hastily, and dried her red and weeping eyes with her handkerchief.

Waldrick's countenance fell, and, half vexed, he said, "Oh Frederica! it is not kind of you to ask me such a question. Do you believe I could have thus invited you if I could have supposed such a thing possible? Would to Heaven he might not come till I am gone!"

"Gone! Where?"

"To other quarters. I wrote to the general on your birthday, and begged it, but have yet got no answer."

Frederica looked at him sadly, stood up, and said, "George, forgive me. But that was very ridiculous of you."

"Waldrick, are you in earnest? Never, during my life, would I forgive you!"

"It would be my death if you compelled me to be present at your wedding."

"You shall never be invited to my wedding. Who told you I had given my consent?"

"You dare not refuse it."

"And, gracious Heaven! I cannot give it," sobbed she, and concealed her face.

Waldrick, too, was overpowered by his long-concealed feelings. This was the first time they had both touched upon this matter. On the last birthday, when both were struck with the certainty or possibility that in future they could no longer be to each other what in the full freedom of youthful and daily intercourse they had hitherto been, they had, for the first time, discovered with what affection they clung to each other. Since that birthday kiss they regarded each other very differently; they understood each other, and knew that they loved and were beloved without saying a word. In both had the mild but rosy light of friendship burst into a sudden flame; each wished to conceal it from the other, and by so doing increased its power. After a little while Waldrick again approached her, and said in a tone of deep and honest feeling, "Frederica, *dare* we remain together as we have hitherto done?"

"Waldrick, *can* we be to each other, other than we now are?"

"Can we? can I? Impossible. Ah! dear Frederica, I knew not myself how great my bliss was; and now, in losing you, do I first discover that I am lost myself."

"Lost, George! say not so, do not make me miserable; it is a frightful word, do not say it again."

"But when he comes?"

"Then God will care for us; take my hand, George; ten thousand times rather would I betroth myself to the Dead Guest; but do not say that either to papa or mamma. I will tell them myself when the time comes; take my hand and word, and be at ease on my account." He took her hand and covered it with warm kisses. "It is a word of life," said Waldrick. "I hardly dared to hope for it, but I take it, and if you break it you break my heart." "And are you now content and happy?" "Never was I completely so until this moment." "Now go," cried Frederica, "Mamma will be expecting you. I will dress myself and go out with you." She pushed him from her towards the door, but at the door gave him a parting kiss. He left her like one intoxicated, and delivered her message to Madam Bantes. Unconscious of what she did, Frederica sank upon a chair, fell into a reverie of bliss, and forgot the excursion. The carriage waited, and Madam Bantes came herself to seek her daughter. There she sat dreaming, her little head, shaded by her fair clustering locks, sunk upon her bosom, her hands folded in her lap. "What are you thinking of, or are you praying?" asked her mamma. "I have spoken with God." "Are you happy?" "As an angel in heaven." "In earnest? my child. You seem to have been weeping." "I have been crying, but I am quite happy now; let us go to the carriage; I have only to put on my bonnet." She took her bonnet and went to the glass, under which lay the rose-coloured ribbon that Waldrick had tied round the birthday harp. She took it and tied it round her waist as a sash. Madam Bantes was silent, but she resolved never to send the commandant on messages to her daughter again.

## THE LEGEND OF THE DEAD GUEST.



On the following evening was given at Herr Bantes' the first of his usual winter meetings; for so they called, in Herbesheim, what in other places they call *soirées*, tea, &c. It was the custom amongst the best families of the little town to take it in turn, and sociably and simply to entertain each other once every week, and to enliven the long winter evening with music, singing, conversation, plays, and jests. I must remark *en passant*, that by plays were not meant cards, as is generally the case at the entertainments of those unfortunate people who know no other cheerful and sociable medium between scandal and *ennui*. On this evening neither song nor music, jest nor play, were thought off; this was the first time they had assembled this winter; they had much to talk of, and, as the first of Advent was but three days off, it may well be imagined that the Dead Guest furnished the chief subject of conversation.

The young ladies turned up their noses or declared themselves somewhat incredulous. Each was delighted that she had no suitor—a thing she might not have despised after Advent; and each little heart beat with terror when she thought of any one to whom that little heart belonged. The elder ladies, after mature consideration, agreed that the story of the Dead Guest could not be altogether a fanciful invention; the gentlemen without exception were unbelievers: some wished that the Dead Guest might come and prove their courage. The old men threatened the young men warningly with their finger; some young ladies joined them, and there was much fun, wit, and merry laughter.

"But," said Herr Bantes, with a comic anger, "what sort of society have I got into? Dead Guest right and left—pretty entertainment for my live guests. Away with it, I say. Some living conversation, and no more winks and whispers about the dead."

"That is just my own opinion," said the Commissioner of Taxes. "Let us have a game of forfeits! If Herbesheim had as little to fear from its living guests as from the visit of the Dead Guest, we might rest quite secure that none of our young beauties would ever have their heads turned."

"I should like to know how the foolish story originated," said a young counsellor; "the legend is as dry and bare as a skeleton. No circumstances known about it out of which one might by chance compose a romance or a ballad, so that it might be turned to some use."

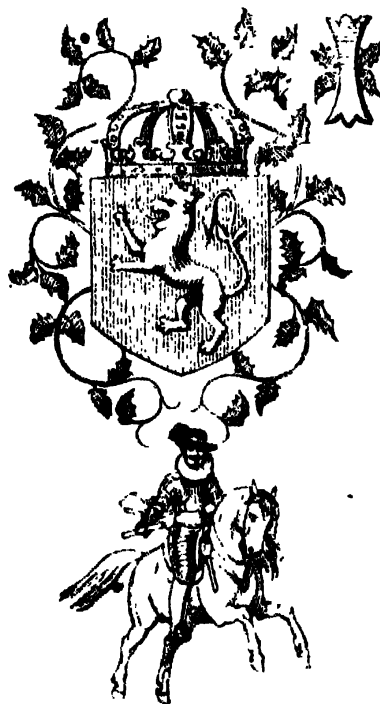
"On the contrary," answered Waldrick. "the legend of the Dead Guest, as it was formerly known, and as I heard it once when a child from an old sportsman, is too long and tedious for us now-a-days, and that is the reason they have forgotten it; and they have done well."

"How! can you still remember the story?" quickly asked several.—"I have a faint recollection of it," answered Waldrick.

"Oh, you must tell it to us," cried the young ladies, "pray, pray do tell us." Neither excuses nor resistance failed. The gentlemen joined their entreaties to those of the ladies. They all drew their seats close together. Waldrick, whether he would or not, was obliged to yield, and impart the legend as he had got it from the old sportsman; and, in order to afford them some amusement, he dressed up his tale as well as he could on the spur of the moment.



## THE FIRST LEGION.



It is now exactly two hundred years since the thirty years' war commenced and the Elector Palatine Frederick had taken possession of the crown and kingdoms of Bohemia. The Emperor and the Duke of Bavaria, at the head of Catholic Germany, had risen to repossess themselves of this crown. The great and decisive battle was fought near Prague. Duke Frederick lost both battle and crown; the intelligence passed like a flash of lightning through Germany; all the Catholic towns rejoiced at the overthrow of the unfortunate Frederick, who had only been in possession of his throne for a few months, on which account he was generally nicknamed the Winter King. It was known that he had fled from Prague in disguise, and with a small retinue.

Our worthy forefathers in Herbesheim, two hundred years ago, were acquainted with this fact, and took as much pleasure in talking over the politics of towns and states as we, their worthy descendants, do now; they were, however, in those days, I will not say more religious, but more mad upon the subject of religion than now. The joy over the downfall

and flight of the Winter King was as unrestrained and still more loudly expressed than that exhibited on the downfall and flight of the Emperor Napoleon a few years ago.

Three lovely maidens sat together one day talking of the Winter King; they were all three good friends, and had all three a lover, that is to say, one a piece, otherwise they would not have been friends; the name of one was Veronica, the other Francisca, and the other Jacobea.

"They ought not to allow this heretic king to escape from Germany," said Veronica. "As long as he lives that monster Lutheranism will continue to exist and spread destruction around."

"Yes," said Francisca; "whoever kills him will have reason to expect a great

reward from the Emperor, from the Duke of Bavaria, and from the Pope; and may securely count upon heaven."

"I wish," added Jacobea, "oh, how I wish he were to come to our town: he should die by the hand of my lover. He would obtain at least an earldom as a reward."

"There is some doubt," said Veronica, "that your lover would ever make you a countess, for he has hardly spirit enough for such an heroic deed. Mine would; I should only have to make a sign, and he would take his sword and fell the Winter King to the earth; and then the earldom would be taken from under your very nose."

"Do not boast so loudly both of you," said Francisca. "My love is the bravest of all; has he not already been in battle, and is he not a captain? And, were I to order him to hew down the Grand Turk upon his throne, he would obey; don't be too sure of your earldom."

Whilst the three maidens were fighting about the earldom a sudden trampling of horses was heard in the street coming from the gateway towards them. They all flew to the window. The weather was dreadful, the rain fell in torrents from all the roofs and channels, the wind blew and dashed the rain against the houses and windows.

"Gracious Heaven!" said Jacobea, "he who travels in such weather does not travel for his pleasure."

"Dire necessity must urge him," said Veronica.

"Or an evil conscience," added Francisca.

At the sign of the Dragon, just opposite, thirteen horsemen drew up and hastily dismounted; twelve remained with their horses, the thirteenth, who was dressed in white, went into the inn. The host and his servants quickly made their appearance; the horses were led away to the stables, their masters entered the inn. In spite of the rain a crowd collected in the street to see the horses and riders. The finest horse belonged to the white knight: it was a snow-white steed with costly trappings.

"What if that should be the Winter King!" cried the three maidens, as in the first moment they turned from the window and looked at each other with wondering eyes. Hurried steps were on the stairs, and in came the three lovers. "Do you know," cried one of them, "that the runaway King is within our walls?"

"That would be a prize worth taking," said the second.

"Anguish is painted in the face of the tall thin man in white," said the third.

A thrill of joy passed through the maidens' hearts; they regarded each other with steady and inquiring looks; it seemed as if they spoke to one another with their fixed and staring eyes, and as if they understood each other. Suddenly they seized each other's hands, and cried, "So let it be; all three together and undivided." They then let go their hands and each turned to her lover.

Veronica spoke to hers: "If my lover lets the Winter King leave these walls alive, sooner will I become the Winter King's mistress than my lover's true and lawful wife. So help me Heaven and the saints."

Francisca spoke to hers: "If my lover lets the Winter King outlive this night, rather will I kiss death itself than my lover's lips. In vain shall he wait for our wedding day. So help me Heaven and the saints."

Jacobea spoke to hers: "The key of my bridal chamber is lost now and for ever if to-morrow the loved one of my heart brings me not his sword red with the blood of the Winter King."

The three lovers were panic struck, but quickly recovered themselves as they saw the three lovely maidens, more charming than ever, standing before them and waiting for an answer. None wished to be behind; each wished to be the foremost to prove by his prowess the ardour of his love.

They took leave of their fair brides, who now sat rejoicing together, and talked of the everlasting renown of their lovers, of their courage and tenderness, of the earldom, and how they would divide it amongst themselves. The three young men, however, conferred with each other, went immediately into the inn of the Dragon, called for drink, asked, in the course of conversation, all particulars about the strangers, and



which might be the King, and where he slept, and whether he had a handsome chamber. They were, however, well acquainted with every corner of the house, and they sat carousing to a late hour of the night.

Before daybreak twelve of the strangers rode away in haste, and in the midst of wind and rain. The thirteenth lay dead in his bed, weltering in his blood. He had three death-wounds. No one could say who he was, but the host affirmed he was not the king; and he was right, for the Winter King, as is well known, reached Holland in safety, and lived for many a year. The Dead Guest was buried on the same day, but not in the churchyard, nor in consecrated ground, amongst the bones

of Catholic Christians, but, as a suspected heretic, in the shambles, without priest or prayer.

Anxiously, meanwhile, did the three brides await the arrival of their lovers, that they might give them a sweet reward; but they came not. They sent to seek them in every street and house, but no one had seen them since the previous midnight; nor could the host, his wife, his men or maids, tell when they had gone nor what had become of them. Then did the poor maidens reproach themselves bitterly, and wept day and night, and repented the criminal commands which they had given such true and gallant men. The charming Jacobea secretly grieved the most, for she had been the first to propose to her companions this terrible design upon the Winter King's life. Two days had passed since the fatal night, a third was nearly gone, and neither the brides nor their sorrowing parents knew aught of the fate of the three young men.

A knock came to Jacobea's door; a strange and noble-looking man entered, and asked for the maiden, who sat weeping near her father and mother. The stranger handed her a letter, which, on his way, he had received from a young man and promised to deliver. Oh how joyfully did Jacobea start! the letter was from her lover. But it was nearly dark; the mother hastened out and brought two lighted lamps in order to read the letter, and also to see the stranger better. He was a man of about thirty years of age, a tall thin figure, dressed entirely in black, and after the fashion of those days: a large hat and plume of black feathers, black doublet with deep falling lace collar, black under garments, and wide boots; by his side a sword, the handle of which was richly ornamented with gold, pearls, and precious stones. He wore rings of sparkling jewels, which reflected various lights. His countenance was regular and noble, and, in spite of the fire of his eye, of an ashy paleness; and his black dress made him look still paler. He sat down, and the father, by the light of the lamp, read aloud:—"We have hit the wrong person; therefore, beloved one, farewell, since I have lost the key to your bridal chamber. I go to join in the war against Bohemia, and to seek another bride who will not require from her lover a blood-red sword. Take comfort as I do. I send you back your ring." The ring fell out of the letter. When Jacobea heard this read, she fell into a swoon, and she wept and cursed her faithless lover.

The father and mother comforted their unhappy child, and the stranger spoke kindly to her:—"Had I known that the wretch was making me the bearer of such despair, as surely as my name is Count of Graves, so surely would I have given him a blessing with my sword. Dry your lovely eyes, fair lady; one of those pearly tears that falls upon your rosy cheek is enough to extinguish the flame of your love."

But Jacobea could not leave off weeping. At length the count took his leave, but asked permission to visit the fair sufferer on the following day.

He kept his word and came, and when he was alone with Jacobea he said, "I have not been able to sleep the whole night; the remembrance of your beauty and your tears was ever before me; you owe me at least one smile, that my cheeks, pale from want of sleep, may again recover their colour."

"How can I smile?" said Jacobea; "has he not sent me back my ring? has he not turned his heart from me?"

The count took the ring and flung it out of the window. "Away with the ring!" cried he; "how gladly would I replace it with a better!" and he laid before her on the table the handsomest ring amongst those he wore: "how gladly replace it with all these; and upon each hangs a noble inheritance!"

Jacobea blushed. She pushed the brilliant ring from her. "Be not so cruel," said the count: "for, having once seen you, I can never forget you. If your lover has despised you, despise him in return: this is sweet revenge. My heart and title lie at your feet."

Jacobea would not even listen to him; but still she thought in her heart that the count was right about the revenge, and the faithless one must be forgotten. They conversed much together. The count's conversation was modest and interesting; he

certainly was not so handsome as the lost lover,—his face was too pale and ghastly; still, when he conversed agreeably, his colour was soon forgotten; and, as there is a time for all things, Jacobea at length ceased to weep, and could not help occasionally smiling at the jests of the count.

The presence of the rich lord in Herbesheim soon became generally known in the town, for he had handsomely-dressed servants, and spent much money; it was also known to every one that he had brought Jacobea a letter from the vanished bridegroom. As soon as Veronica and Francisca heard this they hastened to their friend, and asked if the noble count happened to know anything of the other two, and begged of her to make inquiries about it.

Jacobea did so; and the count said he would himself visit the sorrowing friends in order to judge from their description who their lovers were. Jacobea thanked him sincerely; she did so with the more graciousness, for she had reflected a good deal when alone by night, looked often at the ring, and thought, "I have but to stretch out my hand and lay hold of the earldom without being obliged to divide it with Veronica and Francisca; thus, after all, the act of my faithless lover will have made me a countess." And she showed her parents the jewel which the count had left upon the table, recounted all his honourable proposals, and told all she knew of his extensive possessions. Her parents were much amazed, and for a long time could not believe it. When, however, the count returned, and modestly begged that they would permit their fair daughter to honour a trifle he had brought her by wearing it with her Sunday dress, and drew out of a costly casket a diamond cross and a necklace of seven rows of pearls, they did give credit to it. The father and mother then took counsel together, and said, "This son-in-law suits us well, we must not let him escape." They talked much to their daughter about it, left her much alone in the room with the count, and entertained him with tit-bits and choice wine to a late hour at night. He, however, accepted nothing without making a suitable return, and the parents rejoiced in his beautiful presents. Jacobea rejoiced, too, in her own mind at thought of the envy and admiration she should excite in the whole town as Countess of Graves, and responded more graciously to the warmth of her new lover.

He, however, was a false knave: for when he saw Veronica he found her more beautiful than the lovely Jacobea; and when at length he beheld the fair-haired Francisca, the other two were actually ugly in his eyes. But he told pretty nearly the same tale to both the fair-haired Francisca and the raven-haired Veronica (but privately to each) concerning their lovers: that he had on his way met with the three young men in an inn, seated with well-filled goblets, and jesting freely with two young girls; they were all about to set out for Bohemia to join the army there; the girls were to accompany them. On discovering, in the course of conversation, that his way lay through the village of Herbesheim, one had charged him with a letter to Jacobea, and begged of him to deliver it; the other two had laughed and said, "We are much more agreeably engaged with these merry damsels than writing letters to our lady loves; but, if you will be at the trouble of doing us a service, tell them we had set out for Bohemia on account of a wicked deed perpetrated by their orders, and instead of a letter we send them the rings which they gave us as a pledge of faith. When they find a man whose finger it will fit better than it does ours, let him console them."

The count had already assured Veronica that the ring fitted him admirably; but he found that Francisca's ring was made exclusively for him. He soothed and comforted each, and asked her if a lover was worth such tears who could, in so flagrant a manner, abandon his love, and, seated by the side of an unworthy rival, fling away heart and ring? He played his part as well with each as he had done with Jacobea, and finally succeeded in consoling each: he made presents to each, offered to each his heart and title, and each and all soon grew accustomed to his pallid countenance. The three friends meanwhile kept their proceedings with the count a profound secret from one another; for each feared lest the other might spread her nets to catch the wealthy suitor. They no longer visited each other as they used to do, and were





uneasy when they learned by accident that the count kept up his acquaintance with the others. Each, jealous of the other, wished to surpass the other; commenced by permitting the tender attentions of the count, and finally answered them, in order the more securely to enslave the lover. No one more thoroughly rejoiced in this jealousy than the fickle count; for through its means he was enabled in a shorter time to acquire a greater influence over the three beauties. True, he swore to each by all that was sacred that he thought the other two ugly and silly, but that, for civility's sake, he was obliged, from time to time, to visit them. But very soon this pretence ceased to avail him; and, as each exacted from him, as a proof of *the truth* of his love, that he should entirely give up the other two, he found himself in a great dilemma; and on his part he insisted upon a formal betrothal and exchange of rings in presence of their parents, and after this an hour's interview during the silence of the night, when, alone and undisturbed, the lovers might talk over the wedding, the journey, and the arrangements to be made in the baronial castle. Each of the three beauties agreed to these conditions, and sealed their promise with a kiss; but, in giving the kiss, each said, "Dear count, why do you look so pale? leave off that black dress, which only increases your paleness." But he always replied, "I wear black in order to fulfil a vow; on my wedding-day I shall appear red and white, dear love, like your own cheeks."

The betrothal with each took place on the same day, and when it grew dark he glided into each of their chambers: this took place on the same night. The next morning, as the maidens slept too long, their parents went to waken them. There lay each fair virgin icy cold in her bed, her neck twisted round, her face turned towards her back.

A cry of murder burst from the three houses through the streets; the people all ran terrified together; the cry of murder resounded everywhere, and, as suspicion fell upon the Count of Graves, the crowd collected before the Dragon Inn, and the town-major and the halberdiers pushed their way into it. The host within was complaining loudly: his guest had disap-

peared and with him all his servants, and no one had seen them go forth; all his luggage, great as the quantity had been, was gone, and yet no one had carried it away; all the noble steeds had disappeared from the well-secured stable, and no one in the streets, not even the watchmen at the gates, had heard them pass; the people were terrified, and every one who passed the houses of the three unfortunate brides made the sign of the cross and blessed themselves; within was weeping and wailing, and one most remarkable circumstance was, that all the costly presents and splendid bridal dresses which the Count had presented them with, the pearl necklaces, brilliant rings, and diamond crosses, were nowhere to be found.

But a small funeral procession, and all wrapped in black mantles, followed the coffins of the three virgins out of the gates; and when the coffins were laid down in the churchyard of St. Sibald's Church, and the burial service was about to commence, a tall man, whom nobody had hitherto remarked, was seen to walk away from the procession, and as they looked after him all were struck with amazement to see that, whereas he had hitherto appeared in deep black, he now suddenly became all white; and there appeared three red spots upon his white doublet, and the blood trickled visibly downwards over the front of the doublet; and the tall white man walked towards the shambles.



"Holy virgin," exclaimed the host of the Dragon, "that is the Dead Guest whom, one-and-twenty days ago, we interred yonder." All who were in the churchyard were seized with terror, and fled affrighted with all speed from the spot; a hurricane, with snow and rain, pursued them. Three days and three nights the coffins remained unburied, standing by the open graves.

The authorities ordered at length that they should be buried; and their parents offered a considerable sum to three stout men, if they would render this last service of love. What was the astonishment of these men, when they lifted up the coffins, to

find them as light as though they were empty, and yet the lids were all firmly nailed down. One took courage and brought a hammer and a chisel, while another ran to call the preacher and the chaplain. When the coffins were opened they were found quite empty—neither cushion nor winding sheet within; and the empty coffins were placed in the ground.

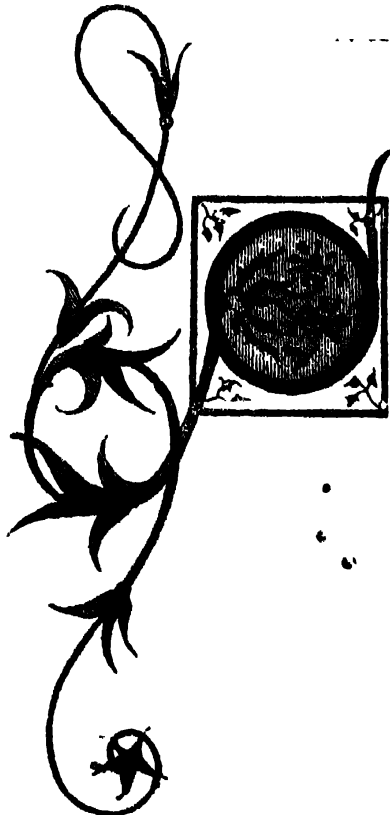
Here Waldrick paused. There was a dead silence in the room, the candles burned dimly and threw a faint kind of twilight over the listeners. The men sat and stood around with an earnest air. The young women had imperceptibly drawn their chairs closer together; the elder ones still seemed to listen long after Waldrick had ceased to speak, and sat with lengthened faces, their hands folded in their laps.

"Above all things, snuff the candles," cried Herr Bantes, "and let some one speak that I may hear a warm human voice, otherwise I must run away; this diabolical stuff makes one shudder." All seemed to agree in their hearts to this. They ran to the candles, they stood up, refreshments were brought in; they seemed to take pleasure in talking loud and laughing loud, and ridiculing the fear that each had observed in his neighbour, but which none were willing to confess. They called the legend of the Dead Guest the maddest fairy tale that the fancy of a foolish nurse had ever given birth to; and thought that, if Mrs. Radcliffe or Lord Byron had known of it, the world might have had reason to expect from them a masterpiece of the terrific school.

As soon, however, as the commandant had rested from the fatigue of talking and from that of listening, there was a general request for the second part of the legend, or the history of the second apparition of the Dead Guest; and, without waiting to hear whether he would comply, they seated themselves in a semicircle round him. When at length he took his seat all eyes were turned towards him with a fearful curiosity.

The girls at once drew their chairs close together and formed a group; the matrons imitated their example, and once more a general silence prevailed.

#### FATES.



IN the Ocean of this World,  
Some, with all their sails unfurl'd,  
Voyage safe in sun and cloud,  
Be the winds or low or loud;  
And but coil their tackle brave  
In the haven of the grave.

Others in mid course are tost,  
Dash'd, upon a desert coast,  
Where they famish'd are, and wait  
Palely for the touch of Fate;  
Happy if, while life remains,  
Wreckers come and smash their brains.

Others, after tempest suffer'd,  
In some chance-bark, kindness-proffer'd,  
Reach at last a common port,  
Commerced and of dense resort;  
Stranger'd there, and left to die  
Of their shipwreck's memory.

THOMAS WADE.



## THE BOY OF THE MOUNTAIN.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.)

**A.** SHEPHERD boy  
 On the mountain am I ;  
 I see over turret, I see over town ;  
 I catch the gleam  
 Of the sun's first beam,  
 With me he stays longest before he goes down :  
 For I am the Boy of the Mountain !

**II.**  
 To the river's home,  
 In the rock, I come,  
 Drink fresh from the fountain—no goblet for me ;  
 And as onward it goes,  
 Where faster it flows,  
 We wrestle together—brave playmates are we.  
 For I am the Boy of the Mountain !

**III.**  
 Up the mountain side  
 (My own, my pride)  
 The whirlwinds circle and hurry along ;  
 They roar aloud  
 From the tempest cloud,  
 But above the hurtle is heard the song—  
 " I am the Boy of the Mountain !"

**IV.**  
 The lightning and thunder  
 They pass me under,  
 While I stand high in the blue up there ;  
 Like friends I know them,  
 And call unto them,  
 My father's home in the valley to spare—  
 For I am the Boy of the Mountain

Once was sounded well  
 The alarm bell,  
 And the beacon fires blazed many and strong ;  
 Then down I leapt,  
 In the ranks I stepped,  
 And swung my sword and sang my song—  
 " I am the Boy of the Mountain !"  
 S. F. A.

## SKETCHES OF INDIAN SPORTS.



MY DEAR DALGLEISH,  
 I AM induced to send you a short account of a trip I lately made into the interior from Wandroopore, more particularly as I was so fortunate not only to be one of a party at a tiger shikar (hunt), but did actually knock over more than one of those formidable brutes myself. The object of my journey was of a political character, and, as it does not do to tell tales out of school, I shall not here mention particulars. Suffice it, then, to state that I had to leave my own station and visit a part of the country upwards of a hundred miles distant. Accustomed as you are in England to your rapid transit by railways, and living as you do in anticipation of aerial machines being brought to sufficient perfection to admit of your coming over and taking your tiffin (luncheon) with me in Bombay, and returning to dine at your club in

London at seven o'clock of the same day, the idea of a journey of a hundred miles seems but trifling; but, let me tell you, in some parts of India it is no joke: of this you will be better able to judge as I proceed. The part of the country where I am located is one which has but seldom been honoured by the presence of the Governor, members of Council, or any of the big-wigs of the Presidency, consequently the roads are perfectly primitive in their construction—that is to say, they remain in much about the same condition as they were in the days of the Great Mogul called Baber, and, as far as I can see, they are likely to continue so.

The portion of the country I had to traverse was, for the first thirty or forty miles, highly cultivated. There were acres of cotton plants, a variety of different kinds of grain peculiar to tropical climates, and a plentiful sprinkling of sugar-cane, the brilliant fresh green of which forms such a contrast to almost every other species of vegetation. Although the country is thickly studded with villages and small towns, still Europeans find difficulty in procuring supplies. Fowls, sheep, milk, eggs, and indifferent butter can readily be obtained, but the traveller has to take every other necessary or luxury with him; I was, therefore, obliged to pack up tea, sugar, coffee, wines, beer, soda-water, brandy, flour, bread, biscuit, and even two casks of water, and a variety of other articles, for a month's consumption, the term of my absence being uncertain. My travelling equipage consisted of a common cart or van, upwards of six feet long by two and a half or three feet broad, on two wheels, without any springs. In the bottom of this cart was a well, sufficiently capacious to hold about three or four dozens of beer or other liquids. A thick layer of straw or hay was first laid in the cart, upon which was placed my bedding and pillows, some of the latter made of the same length as the cart, so as to fit against its sides; a framework of bamboos was arched over the top, and covered first with canvas, over which was a second covering of wax-cloth, in case of rain; these coverings were made to open and fasten at the ends and sides of the vehicle in such a manner as to admit or exclude the air. Two tents with usual accompaniments, one a single-poled subaltern's tent, and the other a bechovah or beychuba, a species of tent which is very commodious, the top being supported at the four corners, instead of having a pole in the centre; these tents were placed on camels. A camp-bedstead, two chairs, a camp-table, carpets, and other indispensables, including my wearing apparel, kitchen apparatus, &c., were placed in carts. My retinue consisted of my servant—a kind of jack of all trades, a cook, a water-carrier, two syces or horsekeepers with my two nags, four Lascars or boatmen to pitch and attend to the tents, and eight or ten peons\* as a guard.

I quitted Wandroopore at night, having previously dined, and started in my cart, which was drawn by a pair of fine large Guzerat bullocks. It being dark I was attended by a mussaul or link-bearer. At first starting the motion of the cart, the road being level, was pretty tolerable; but as we proceeded and got outside the town walls I began to experience some of the ups and downs of life in the shape of bumps and thumps, and, had I not been provided with plenty of bedding and pillows, I should have suffered most severely. The road, if such it may be called, was cut up into deep undulating furrows or ruts. Frequently the cart, owing to the inequality of the ground, was at an angle of forty-five degrees, one wheel being elevated and the other depressed, and my followers were obliged to support it on one side to prevent it from turning over. In this disagreeable and really startling manner I travelled all night, progressing or rather creeping along at the rate of about two miles per hour. Every time I endeavoured to sleep I was awakened with shocks as severe as those experienced from a galvanic battery, or from grasping the electric eel. We crossed the rocky beds of two or three rivers, which being covered with muddy water, sufficiently shallow to admit of carts crossing, and being left in the state in which Nature formed them, the jolting was almost intolerable; and I really felt as though it would have been a comfort to have had no bowels at all, so severe was the

\* The term peon applies to a description of servants employed by nearly all classes in India. Their general duties are to act as messengers during the day and as guards at night. The privates in the police corps are called peons.

discipline to which they were subjected. At seven o'clock in the morning we arrived at the kusba or chief town of the district, distant about eighteen miles from the place from which I had started. My cart was driven through large gates into a quadrangle, surrounded by walls twelve or fourteen feet high. On alighting I was shown into a building which overhung the gates alluded to. I felt as though I had been beaten all over with sticks; every bone in my body ached again. Having managed with some difficulty to ascend a flight of stairs, I found two roomy apartments, the floors of which had recently been rubbed over with a preparation of cow-dung. A most atrocious smell assailed my olfactories, which I found to proceed from numbers of bats that I saw clinging to the bare rafters of the roof. Having taken a bath and dressed, I did ample justice to the breakfast my servants had prepared for me. After breakfast a peon brought up a large brass salver containing fruit, such as plantains, almonds and raisins, and a small quantity of sugar-candy, as a present to me from the mamlutdar, with a message, stating that, when I had leisure, he would call on me to pay his respects. The mamlutdar is a native officer, who, under the collector and magistrate of the province, has the collection of the revenue and the superintendence of the police of the district. These officers are mostly selected on account of superior intelligence and length of servitude in the revenue department of the state. The man who now waited upon me was a Hindoo, of prepossessing appearance and address; he informed me that he had been apprised of my approach by the collector, and was prepared to render me every assistance in his power. All that I required was a change of bullocks for my carts and a guide for the next stage of my journey; these were ready. I learned that the rooms I was occupying were intended for the accommodation of the collector or his assistants when they make their annual tour of duty to collect the revenue and perform their magisterial duties. The quadrangle also contained a building, in which the cutcherie or office of the mamlutdar is held, and in which is the treasury, to protect which a guard of police peons is stationed; there is also accommodation for the mamlutdar and for the guard, with good stabling for several horses and bullocks. To rest my servants and horses, and to avoid the heat of the sun, I remained at the kusba until near sunset, when I resumed my journey, and, travelling all night, by daylight I had reached a place upwards of forty miles from my station. I had now arrived at the kusba of a district out of the British territory, belonging to one of the few native princes still holding independent states. Having examined the accommodation at the thannah or cutcherie, which I found in a most dilapidated state, I resolved to pitch my tents, and accordingly selected a shady site under some mango trees. My tents were quickly pitched. Having heard that the neighbouring jungles abounded in large game, I took my gun, and, accompanied by a guide, two or three of my peons, and half-a-dozen villagers, I started off in search of sport. The tents had been pitched in a most romantic-looking place on the banks of a rocky river, the bed of which was dry in parts, and here and there a large sheet of clear water, edged with patches of high grass and tamarisk, contrasted with the dark rocky masses of the dry portions, and added much to the beauty of the scene. The banks on either side were high, in some places sloping down gradually towards the river, and in other places were quite precipitous. The greater portion of the ground on either side was occupied with trees of various sizes and of every description of foliage: here were the fan-like leaves of the brab—a species of palm, there the feathery branches of the date; in places the gigantic leaves of the teak tree contrasted with the smaller foliage of a hundred other trees; but not the least beautiful was the graceful bamboo, shooting and tapering up in clusters forty and fifty feet high. A variety of paroquets and other birds, gay in plumage but sadly deficient in melody of voice, contributed to the beauty of the scene, while groups of monkeys were disporting in the most amusing manner. Several spots had been cleared away for cultivation, and were planted chiefly with sugar-cane, the beautiful verdure of which contrasted with the darker tints of mostly all the other trees, bearing as they did all the hues which are in Europe so justly entitled autumnal.

As my principal object was to shoot deer, I had equipped myself in very dark

snuff-coloured clothes, having my hat covered with cloth of the same colour. This was necessary, as the deer are very quick-sighted, and would take instant alarm at the approach of anything white, which is the usual colour of apparel in India. Our path at first lay along the banks of the river, where we saw so many jungle fowl, painted partridges, and peafowl, that I almost regretted I had not brought my fowling-piece with me; and, had it not been for the certainty of frightening the deer, I should almost have been tempted to fire at the peafowl with my rifle. We soon struck into a new path which took us away from the river. After walking about half a mile the tracks and fresh dung of deer on the ground announced the vicinity of these animals; and my guide, with great complacency, pointed out the trunks of one or two trees, the bark of which had lately been rubbed off by the horns of deer. Very soon after this, coming to an open space, we saw, at a considerable distance off, a herd of about twenty of those beautiful creatures, the spotted deer, called by the natives cheethul. The guide now beckoned to the followers to lie down, and for me to follow him with one man only, who was a Mahomedan. We made a considerable circuit, slinking along as silently as possible through the thickest parts of the jungle. At length my guide stopped short, and, on my coming close to him, I saw the whole herd gazing intently towards the spot where we were. No time was to be lost; I raised my gun and, selecting one whose shoulder presented a good mark, fired; the beautiful creature bounded high into the air and fell lifeless; the rest of the herd vanished with the rapidity of lightning. As soon as I had fired, the Mahomedan took out his knife and, repeating the bismillah, \* cut the animal's throat. The rest of my followers soon came up, and, leaving two of them in charge of the slain animal, I proceeded in quest of more. After scouring the jungle for upwards of an hour without seeing any more deer, and the sun having become powerful, I returned to my tent, my men carrying the carcass. After my usual bath I breakfasted, and then superintended the skinning and cutting up of the deer; the venison, with the exception of a small piece, I distributed amongst my men. As the sun approached the meridian, the temperature in the tents became very high, and would have been intolerable had it not been for the artificial coolness produced by mats or checks, made of a scented grass called kuskees, which were hung up at the doors and kept constantly wetted by my puccalee or water-carrier; as it was, the thermometer stood at 100 deg. inside the tents. At three o'clock P.M. it became much cooler, and I went out with my fowling-piece, and, having heard some partridges calling from the bed of the river, I took six of the villagers with sticks to beat † the cover. I rode on horseback to some distance, when, having selected a narrow strip of thick and high grass, and having placed my men so as to stretch across it, I dismounted and stationed myself at their right extreme, clear of the cover, as I fancied the birds would fly in that direction, and, should I kill or wound any of them, there would be a better chance of finding them than were they to fall into the cover. I must be rather particular in describing the locality so as to make you fully comprehend the nature of the adventure I here experienced. The piece of cover, then, was in the shape of a tongue having water on either side, and terminating abruptly in water from three to four feet in depth; it was not more than ten yards broad, and about a hundred yards long. The grass was so high that I could only see the heads of the men and their arms as they raised their sticks to beat the cover. After having gone a short distance without seeing a single bird, I thought it was very strange; however, I consoled myself with the idea that the birds had all run to the end of the cover, and that I should get some fine shots there. At length, just before we reached the end, I heard a tremendous growl, and a cry of "Baug! baug! tiger! tiger!" was raised by the beaters. In an instant two of the men were struck to the ground, the brute having made a blow at one of them which lacerated the flesh from the elbow to the wrist in a shocking manner, felling him to the

\* The Mahomedans strictly are not allowed to eat anything which is not killed by being cut across the throat, and the bismillah, a verse of the Koran, repeated at the time of slaying. But, as in the present instance, this ceremony is often performed for conscience' sake after the animal is dead.

† In the absence of sporting dogs, the game in India is put up by men who beat the long grass and other cover with sticks, and force the game out.



earth, flew upon the back of the other man, and buried his fangs into his back between the shoulders, forcing him to the ground upon his face. At this juncture one of the other beaters, whether from extreme terror or from the impulse of courage, belaboured the brute on his back with such vigour that he quitted his hold and sneaked away. All this occurred in a much shorter space of time than I can describe it in; and, although in his retreat the animal passed within three feet of me, the cover was so thick that I only caught a glimpse of him. My first impulse was to fire, but recollecting that I was only loaded with small shot, and not being able to see the brute distinctly, I luckily refrained; I say luckily, for had I fired the chances are that I should have had the furious animal upon me, and should, doubtless, have been seriously injured or killed in the encounter. The brute I subsequently ascertained was a large panther, and had merely retreated to about the centre of the cover, where he had squatted down. I now held a consultation as to what was best to be done with the wounded men. The poor fellows, although so sadly injured, had got up and were able to stand without any assistance. I recommended their wading through the water, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing them safe on the bank of the river. Under the circumstances, had I been supplied with bullets, I should have thought nothing of facing the panther, but, unfortunately, I had nothing but small shot; and none but a madman, in my opinion, would venture to face even a panther without having his gun loaded with ball. Having seen my wounded safe, I commenced retracing my steps, I walked first with my fowling-piece ready to fire in an instant, and, by keeping at the edge of the cover close to the water, the men following me in single file, we contrived to get clear out without again meeting our grim adversary. On getting out of the cover I found my horse quite frantic, having smelt the panther, and it was not until we had removed to some distance that he could be pacified. I now returned to my tents and dined, after which the tents were struck, and, all things being ready, at sunset I resumed my journey. You may feel surprised that I did not endeavour to destroy the panther; my answer is as I have before stated, that I consider it downright insanity to seek an encounter with such powerful brutes on foot, more particularly single handed. Had there been any other European on the spot, I might have been induced to raise the whole population of the town and have tried our luck, but it would have been, in my opinion, a most foolhardy undertaking; and as for trusting to the co-operation of the natives, that would have been greater madness still, although I must in justice say that occasionally instances occur in which the natives display as much much courage as Europeans. The panther and leopard tribe, although not so large or so powerful as the royal tiger, are much more active and equally as fierce, and would scratch and tear a man to pieces in a very short space of time. Under these circumstances you will agree with me that discretion was the better part of valour. When we started the moon was above the horizon, and an hour or two elapsed before it became necessary to light the torches. We had now quitted the level plain, and had got into an undulating country with rocky ground, and the jolting of the cart became quite terrific. As for sleeping, it was entirely out of the question; so I occasionally got out and walked, or rode on horseback, and, by dint of smoking cigars at intervals, managed to get through the night. At length the day dawned, and I ordered a halt to prepare coffee. My servant had procured a bottle of milk on the previous evening, and had tied it to my travelling cart to be ready for my use in the morning; but it was found that the jolting it had sustained during the night had completely churned it into butter: this will convey to your mind at once the nature of the discipline I had suffered in my cart. Having taken a cup of coffee and a biscuit, and my men having refreshed themselves at a river in the vicinity, we resumed our journey; I lighted a cigar and mounted on horseback. At eight o'clock, having come to some eligible ground, the tents were pitched, and we remained there until daylight the next morning to give my people and the horses rest. At length we reached the Ghauts,\*

\* The two ranges of mountains extending parallel with the Malabar and Coromandel coasts are styled the Western and Eastern Ghauts; but the term Ghaut is the general designation of all mountainous passes throughout Hindoostan.

and had a tremendous job to get the baggage up to the top; we were obliged to hire four extra bullocks for each cart, and even then it took a long time to ascend the steep mountain pass. So slow, indeed, was our progress that I walked the whole way, and had ample leisure to admire the beautiful and wild scenery which met my eye on every side. Having ascended the Ghauts the road became tolerably level again, and a very marked difference was perceptible in the temperature; taking advantage of which, I travelled principally by day, halting from eleven o'clock until three o'clock during the extreme heat, and again from sunset until sunrise. In this manner, on the sixth day after leaving Wandroopore, I reached my destination. I found the gentlemen I had to meet encamped in tents on the banks of a beautiful rivulet, in a grove of mango trees, and my tents were quickly pitched amongst them. The scenery was very beautiful: there was a complete amphitheatre of hills around us, the summits of many of them assuming the most fantastic forms resembling castles and towers; here and there the hand of man had erected forts and temples, but they looked insignificant when compared with Nature's handicraft. The sides of some of the hills were covered with trees and underwood; others, again, presented nothing but dark frowning precipices, or a succession of rugged peaks gradually rising one above the other.

You may judge how pleased I was to find that the party I had joined was provided with elephants, and that a large party of natives had been sent out in quest of a tiger. The first day of my arrival was passed in walking about near our camp, and in examining the beautiful scenery which everywhere met our view. We dined at seven o'clock and retired to rest early, so as to be prepared for the fatigues of the next day, when, from the nature of the country, we anticipated at least moderate sport. The next morning, just as we were about to sit down to breakfast, two horsemen rode into camp with the exciting intelligence that a tigress and two full-grown cubs were marked down and surrounded within two miles of camp. The elephants had had the howdahs placed ready on them early in the morning, and they were immediately sent off with one of the horsemen—our guns, ammunition, &c., being placed in the howdahs. After swallowing or rather bolting breakfast, such was our anxiety to start, our horses were brought, and we were very soon in the field of action. We had three elephants, being one for each of the party. I must here enter into a full detail of all preliminary proceedings, so as to make you thoroughly comprehend all that occurred during that morning. I remember, when it was first intimated to me that I was to visit India, having heard the most extraordinary stories relative to tigers, and I was led to believe that every thicket swarmed with them. I had resided twenty years in India, and had travelled in all directions, without once meeting a tiger in a state of nature. It is true I have several times had my attendants alarmed when travelling by night, and have frequently had my gun ready for an emergency, but had never had the luck, good or bad, to meet with one. I merely mention this to let you understand that, however numerous tigers may have been all over India in former days, they are not now so plentiful (as some of my Cockney friends imagine) as partridges or hares are in England.

The party I had joined were amply provided with every requisite for tiger-hunting. Their elephants were steady and well trained, and they had a band of about twenty of the most experienced shikarrees (huntsmen) in the country. These shikarrees were all Bheels—men born and bred in the bush, and had been trained up under some of the most experienced European tiger-killers (one of whom was now with us), and had acquired extraordinary tact and fearlessness in finding these ferocious and cunning animals. The tiger, as you must be aware, seldom, unless disturbed, leaves his lair or cover during the day, but sallies out at night in quest of his prey. From his weight he generally leaves the marks of his paws on the sand and ground where he treads, more particularly in climbing up the banks of rivers and ravines, when, making use of his powerful claws, the marks are more deep and defined. It is by finding these marks on the ground that the shikarrees are enabled to track the tiger to his lair or to any spot he may have chosen for his retreat. By constant practice they can distinguish between old and recent marks. Fixing on the

latter, they trace them up to the cover, and then, making a circuit, they examine the ground all round, and if no new marks are discovered leading from it, they are pretty certain that the tiger or tigers are within a given space; they then climb up into trees and surround the brute, and despatch horsemen (who are always in attendance) to convey the intelligence to camp. The ravage committed by tigers amongst their cattle induces numbers of the villagers to volunteer; and, in many cases, a small gratuity is paid them for their services, which are most useful in surrounding tigers, as a loud cough or any kind of noise makes them slink back and prevents their leaving cover. I would here remark that smooth double-barrelled guns are preferable to rifles for tiger-shooting; the reason is that the brute should always be allowed to come up as close as possible before fired at, even to the elephant's trunk. At so short a distance the sights on a rifle, combined with the breathing of the elephant which causes a considerable rise and fall in the howdah, are apt to disappoint the marksman.

You must now, after this long digression, consider the tigers surrounded, and your humble servant mounted in the howdah with three double-barrelled guns, the mahaut or conductor seated on the elephant's head, and a man with my ammunition behind me in the howdah; a party of about a dozen horsemen stationed round the cover to watch the tigers and point out their retreat should they break through the circle. The three elephants being placed in line, with an interval of from thirty to fifty yards between each, we commenced operations by moving into cover. A few minutes sufficed to convince us that the tigers had chosen what sportsmen style very stiff ground for their retreat. Whilst riding on horseback to the spot the country appeared to be pretty level, and merely covered with large-sized bushes; but when we got into cover we found it cut up in every direction by deep rocky nullahs (ravines), each of which during the rains becomes a watercourse, but in the hot season quite dry. Most of the ground was covered with moderate-sized trees, with close underwood thickly interspersed with large prickly-pear bushes; the former, growing across from bank to bank of the ravines, frequently met in the centre and formed quite an arch. Occasionally a clear spot was met with, covered with rank grass and reeds, now burnt up by the sun. Our progress was but slow; the position of each of us was indicated to the others by the crashing of the boughs or trunks of the trees as the elephants forced them down with their trunks or by leaning against them. At times we were a considerable distance from each other. I occasionally had to make use of a hatchet to extricate myself from the foliage and small branches, which threatened to scratch my eyes out. At length, as I was approaching one of the clear spaces before mentioned, I saw one of the tigers slinking away across it with its belly to the ground, like a huge cat, within twenty yards of me. I immediately ordered the mahaut to stop the elephant (a practice I would always recommend to my brother sportsmen), to allow me to take a steadier aim than I could have done had the elephant been in motion. The brute having its back towards me, I fired both barrels and struck it in the neck; it immediately fell on its back. It was quite terrific to see its futile endeavours to get its mouth near the wounds, growling and gnashing its teeth in agony. I now ordered the mahaut to take the elephant on towards the wounded animal, imagining that I had nothing to do but to go up and settle it; however, immediately the elephant began to move, it sprang upon its feet, and in two or three bounds reached the opposite cover. Shortly after this an accident deprived us of the co-operation of one of our party, and might have been attended with the most serious consequences; as it was, he was obliged to ride back to camp. His elephant had slipped into a deep hole, which was covered over with brushwood, and had so injured one of his hands that he could not use his gun. We were now only two; but, having already seen and wounded a tiger, we determined to proceed with our sport; besides, it is a general rule with sportsmen in India to use every possible exertion to kill a wounded tiger, as it usually becomes very furious and attacks and destroys every living thing it meets, even man. Our companion having rode off, we placed some men on his elephant, which luckily was not materially hurt, and proceeded in quest of the wounded animal. On arriving at the brink of the circle we learned from

the horsemen that the tiger had left it, and had taken cover about a quarter of a mile off. We immediately went in chase, and the sound of my companion's shots soon afterwards, a hundred yards to my left, told me that he had come up with the brute. I instantly closed towards him, and, coming upon a deep ravine, it was determined that I should go into its bed whilst my companion remained above on one of its banks to my right. Proceeding along the centre of the ravine, the banks of which were thickly covered with trees and bushes, and which on either side were not more than four yards from me, I found myself in the howdah on a level with about the centre of each bank. I now commenced a rigid scrutiny into all the bushes, and had not gone very far when, looking into a prickly-pear bush to my left, I saw the brute on an exact level with me, lying with one of its flanks towards me; the branches of the bush were so thickly interwoven that they formed quite a strong grating between me and the tiger. The elephant was made to stand still, and, as I could not see a vital part, I fired two barrels into its flanks. How shall I describe the efforts of the savage brute to get at me? With its eyes glowing like living coals, its formidable teeth displayed, it tore at the branches with its claws, and endeavoured to get through them; luckily, however, they resisted its efforts, and two more barrels fired at it made it rush up the bank, and, finding an opening, it was in the act of charging down at me with great fury right opposite to my companion, who placed two balls into its head and killed it at once. Such close quarters with so formidable a brute was anything but pleasant, and I hardly know what the consequences might have been had the tigress (for such it proved to be) got out of the bush and leaped into the howdah. The excitement of the moment prevented me from feeling the extent of my danger; but I have often thought of it since, and have congratulated myself in having escaped so well. Having inspected our victim and taken some soda-water, we proceeded in search of the two cubs which had been tracked with the mother. A good deal of desultory work now occurred, and we found the cubs at first wide awake and very lively; at length, however, they took to cover in a large patch of prickly pear, one of them having been severely wounded. It took some time before we could find them. My companion discovered one of them in a hole several feet below him, and killed it without much difficulty; I came upon the other cub suddenly in a portion of the same cover, in a ravine. At first I could only see two eyes glaring at me through the bush; I soon, however, found that they belonged to a tiger, and, being within five yards, I aimed between the eyes a little above them and fired; the head immediately sank down, and the brute died without a struggle. I fancy I hear you exclaim, "Why, this was but tame sport!" And so it was in comparison with what I had with the tigress. I had ordered the mahaut to approach nearer to examine the dead cub; but the elephant had scarcely made a step when another tiger with a fierce growl bounded over the dead one and proceeded up the bank in the direction of my companion. This sudden apparition completely frightened the elephant; he gave a loud trumpet, turned tail, and ran off with great speed along the bed of the ravine, through trees, brambles, and every other obstacle. I expected every moment to have the howdah torn off; and at length, when the mahaut recovered his control over the affrighted brute, we were completely embedded in the branches and foliage of a large tree. A thick branch was projecting across the front of the howdah, and, had the elephant gone on further, nothing could have saved the howdah, and I should most likely have had my neck broken, to say nothing of the risk from the explosion of the guns. Being extricated from my jack-of-the-green-like situation, I hastened to rejoin my companion, and informed him of what I had seen. We soon came upon our friend; he had taken cover in a patch of prickly-pear bush, in a small dell not more than fifty feet square. We took our elephants all round the cover, trying to find an opening and endeavouring to force the elephants in; but the sagacious brutes did not like the sharp thorns of the bush, and refused to go in. In the meanwhile we could hear the tiger pacing about in the cover, uttering growls low and deep, and occasionally charging furiously towards us, but without showing himself. Having in vain endeavoured to penetrate the cover, we were obliged to throw large stones, and, at length succeeded in forcing the tiger out. He made a glorious charge

towards me, with his eyes glaring, his ivories displayed, and his tail on end. I was all ready for him; he did not, however, charge home to the elephant, but, stopping suddenly, turned short off, and, instead of putting a couple of bullets into his head, I was obliged to fire them *à posteriori*, and they quickened his movements materially. He immediately rushed down the bank to cross the ravine before named. My companion, observing his motions, made a dash across the ravine. Thus I was on one side of the ravine and the tiger on the other side, 'about twenty yards off, with his left side towards me, when my companion reached the opposite bank, within ten yards of the brute, without being perceived. I immediately fired, and struck the tiger on the left side of the head, which completely turned him round, and, moving on, he came right under my companion's elephant, where he was quickly despatched. We now called the shikarrees from their stations in the trees, and collected our sport—a large tigress and three full-grown cubs. The elephants were now brought up to smell the tigers, and some sweet balls were given to them to encourage them on future occasions. It was curious to see how chary they were; the balls, composed of ghee and gaugree (clarified butter and coarse sugar), were laid on the dead tigers; the elephants halted at a respectful distance and stretched out their trunks to their utmost to reach the sweetmeats. It was some time, however, before one, bolder than the rest, managed to reach one of the balls, after which the rest took heart, and the balls speedily vanished. We left the shikarrees to bring in the dead tigers, and, mounting our horses, reached camp shortly after noon; having, in the space of about three hours, killed four tigers. The rest of my proceedings during this journey must form the subject of some future letter, as I find I have barely time left to send this off so as to reach Bombay in time for the overland mail of the 1st proximo.

Yours faithfully,

SHIKARREE.

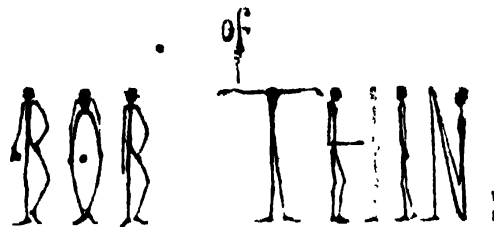
## WHOM THE WORLD UNDERSTOOD NOT.



WHOM the world understands not! Truly He,  
 Who, up the steep of life ave hurrying,  
 'Neath his love-burden goeth stumblingly,  
 And walks not stately as one whose knee  
 Bows not to the Divinest;—even One  
 Who trampleth o'er his friends in the fierce assault  
 On the Unlovely, battle-blind;—a Sun  
 Leaping through clouds tear-rent—a spring-time fault.  
 "Woe to the Weaker!"—Woe unto the Strong,  
 Whose giant love him and the world between  
 Stands dazzlingly! how shall his heart be seen?  
 Needs must the world deem harsh a battle-song,  
 Since the sweet Word that hung o'er Calvary.  
 Woe-liveried Hours! whom are ye burying?

\*\*L\*\*

THE  
LIFE  
AND  
ADVENTURE



A POLITICAL—PHILOSOPHICAL—HISTORICAL—BIOGRAPHICAL—ANECDOTICAL—ALLEGORICAL—  
PARENTHEFTICAL—PROPHETICAL—POETICAL—LOGICAL—METRICAL—AND MORAL  
NEW FOUR-LAW TALE.



EN like not prosy tales : we'll try  
How doggrel rhyme fits history.



ime was when every man was free  
To manage his own cookery :  
Whether he got it in the chase,  
Or grew and eat it in same place.  
This was old time, long ere the days  
When "merrie England" bask'd in the blaze—



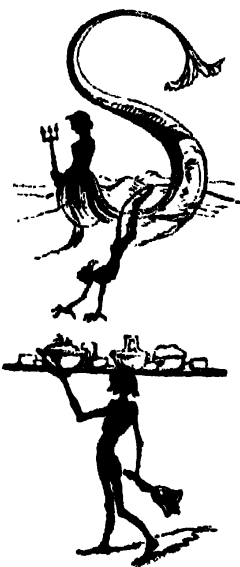
ow, blessings on her wrizled face!—  
 Of royal Betty's summer glory :  
 Those were the days to come before ye.  
 And here, though it delay our story,  
 We must indulge our loyal pen  
 With a laudatory paren-  
 hesis, to tell of Betty's goodness,  
 Trusting to be excused our rudeness.



Bet's sire (well, Liza's, at your pleasure)  
 Was one who knew no law but the measure  
 Of's will—a most elastic tether :  
 e had (and some make question whether  
 'Twas done of grace or despotism)  
 Taken advantage of a schism  
 Among the shepherds who care for souls,  
 To spoil some of their fishes and rolls.  
 That is to say, he turn'd adrift



undry friars, out of whose thrift—  
 Rogues as they might be, ne'ertheless—  
 The poor had succour in distress.  
 Beggars and monks were told to shift.  
 Woe to the poor! till glorious Bess  
 (Who wink'd not, save at manliness)  
 wore by 'od's teeth, her father's oath,  
 (A practice to which she was not loath)  
 That every man had a right to live,  
 Even though his labour might not thrive.



Who bars the claim of one past labour  
 o share the abundance of his neighbour,  
 Denies the right of pity, sent  
 By Heaven to be the muniment  
 Of Justice, else most justly shent.  
 This was the law by Nature given,  
 When man, unbreech'd, unshod, was driven



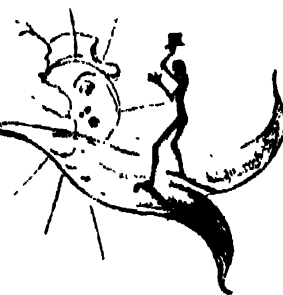
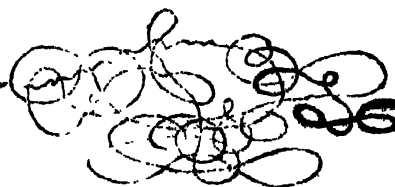
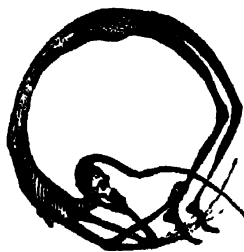
rom the untailor'd paradise—

That garden of content which lies,  
According to our clearest notion,  
Some leagues beyond the extremest ocean ;  
Or, in more measured words express'd,  
Just fifteen paces to the west



f the angel with the flaming sword :

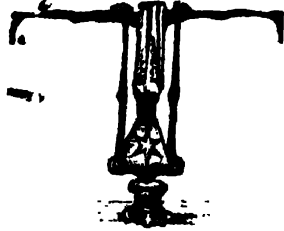
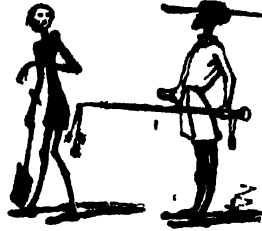
But, quitting this, which (take our word !)  
Is an insolvent speculation,  
To jog along with our narration ;  
Let us endeavour to unravel  
The tortuous track of human travel,  
Out of the naked innocence,  
Through the rude windings of offence,  
To that sophisticated morn  
Which witness'd our tale's hero born.



ell, as we said, in the olden days,  
When ladies never miss'd their stays  
(Because, in truth, they'd not been granted :  
A cherub might as well have panted  
For a dandy pair of pantaloons,  
Or whale have sigh'd for table-spoons :)  
ays more than "golden," double-worth'd,  
When horrible gold was all unearth'd—  
The days of Natural Equal-  
ity and property for all ;  
There were no Poor-laws, for this good  
Reason, that no man wanted food ;  
nd none on's neighbour any ravages  
Committed ; till at length some savages,  
A lordly, idle set of stoats,  
Seized peaceful husbandman by th' throats,  
And over Nature's gentlest code,  
On roaring Rapine rough-shod rode.







ere is the origin of what

Is call'd the law of scot and lot.

After a time, a cunning rascal,

Almost as 'cute a chap as Pascal

Was in geometry, to invent

A plan by which to circumvent

he aristocratic testament,

Set wits to work, and money made,

Merely to accommodate his trade,—

A sort of circulating medium

By which men might redeem the tedium

Of the antique clumsy bartering,—

ow to swop all and e'ery thing.

Then ships were built, and cities stood

On site of many a noble wood ;

And, 'stead of breaking lances featly,

Men learnt to bleed a pocket neatly,

Till war, defrauded of his "sinews,"

ay a bound 'Triton 'mong the minnows—

Like Gulliver at Lilliput,

Or knight head-stuck in muddy rut.

So stepp'd our world from times as Goth wild,

To the very presence of a Rothschild ;

'Till even "this corner of the west "

ot shares in civilization's best.

Now, to apply the application

To the back of our own happy nation :—

We've had our scions of misrule,

Of the illegitimate Norman school,

Who've laid our husbandmen in bond—

ike eels pent up in shallow pond—

Curfewing us, and then with "charters "

Just lighting some to adore their garters ;

All this we've borne, and worse behind,

The money-men who "sow the wind,"

And "bills of rights " by taxes paid—

ike child by its mother overlaid—

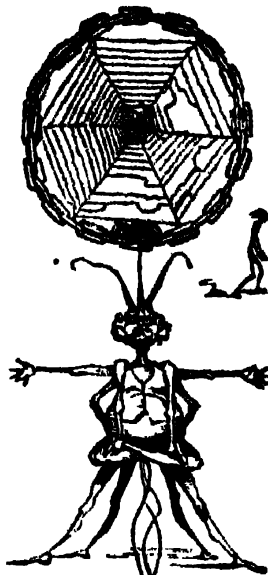
Till, what with thief's and murderer's ration,

We've cross'd to a tarnation station—

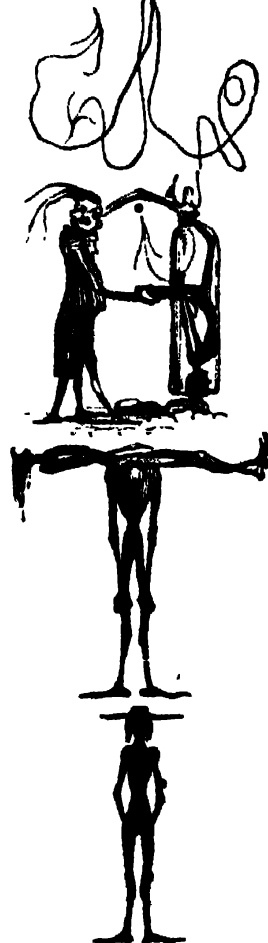
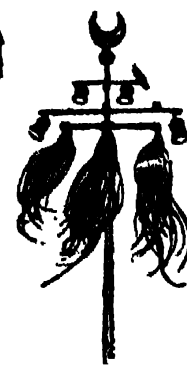
At least a break-leg elevation.

We've told how royal Betsy swore,

That rights of right belong'd to the poor :

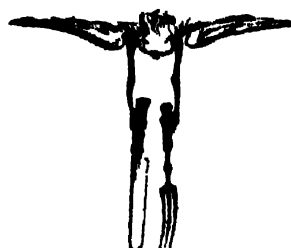
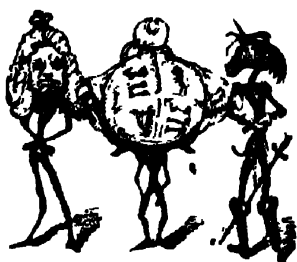


f late the Solons of the nation  
 Out of their bag of legislation  
 (The bag o' the spider, not o' the bee)  
 Have spun a web, a twist of three,  
 Of such a monstrous complication—  
 Good meanings it is said pave hell :  
 There's not a doubt but they meant well—  
 It threatens the poor with worse starvation  
 Than when bluff Harry kick'd the monks out :  
 Our tale will show you what 'tis about.  
 " Your introduction tires the reader :  
 Directly with your tale proceed ! " Y'ur  
 Honour's will shall be obey'd.



BOB THIN a weaver was, by trade ;  
 An honest lad and most industrious—  
 Therefore, we dare to say it, illustrious.  
 One who would ply his busy loom  
 From dawn to the very " crack of doom " ;  
 Of kindly nature ; one who never  
 Turn'd back on needy brother weaver.  
 These were Bob's virtues ; place he had, too,  
 In the 'bus that every man is cad to—  
 And woman eke, since Eve bit apple—  
 Sin's 'bus, that thunders thro' Whitechapel,  
 The regularest 'bus of fifty :  
 In plain terms, Bob was not owre thrifty ;  
 He had (the truth, Sir, must be told)  
 A most immoral scorn of gold. •  
 He hadn't learnt it from his vicar ;  
 Nor he from the extra-reverend thicker-  
 Bodied and crowned bench of pastors,  
 Who, cheek by jowl with our lay masters,  
 Make Poor-laws for us working folk ;  
 Playing the parts of nave and spoke  
 In the common wheel that over-rolls,  
 Like Juggernaut, the prostrate shoals  
 Of worshippers, with an oppression





ost damnable ; excuse the expression !

To our tale :—One day, in 's Sunday coat,  
Bob heard out of the parson's throat—

One Dr. M. ; not M. who wrote—

God's holy law and warranty

For man to "increase and multiply";

and found not in the sacred text,

To "pause, lest overspers be vext."

So, though his household gear was scanty,

And scant the furniture of pantry,

Zealous for virtue, Bob got wed ;

Too soon more mouths had to be fed.

ill, what with more of bairns than money,

Bob's hive was stock'd with want of honey.

No matter—trade was brisk ; and Bob

'D work till his finger-ends would throb :—

But hold ! let us philosophise.

Whoever send us mouths and eyes,

is plain as pikestaff, Providence

(We say it, meaning no offence)

Don't always send a weaver work,

Or even an extra knife and fork,

Because his family increases :

The inference is just what pleases

he reader ; we resume our story.

Years roll'd along in honest glory

Bob fed two children—three—and four ;

But when a fifth knock'd at the door

(No-Work had just proclaim'd a fast)

It must be own'd Bob look'd aghast.

hat's to be done ? a host of neighbours

Have had (some whim of Trade) their labours

Suspended ; Misery looks gaffish :

I can Bob must come upon his parish.

As shipwreck'd seamen come on rocks

To starve, secure from tempest-shocks,

form-driven Bob and family

Must quit—few know how ruefully—

The home of their prosperity.

But wherefore this ? will none lend aid

Until a kindly turn of Trade

Shall set Bob on his legs again ?



las ! the poor man pleads in vain.

Christian Respectability

Just gives out of its charity

A cold, "I lay by for a rainy day";

And Poor-law mediciners say,

Out-door relief induces fraud,



except when granted to a lord,

And spoils the incentive to endeavour

In all but the gentleman-receiver.

Poor reasons why the innocent

From their own hearth-stones should be sent

To a cold workhouse ! yet no better



ere given in the Bishop's letter.

In Campden-gardens, Bethnal-green,

Bob's homestead was, not over clean.

Not in most healthy atmosphere ;

Lying unfortunately near

To Lamb's-fields' marsh, a stagnant pool



f some three hundred square feet, full

Of the spawn of dire contagion, which

Dwelt rankly there and in a ditch

That skirted North-street, neighbourly.

The weltering ditch crawl'd filthily,

Yet with most kind, though lame, endeavour

o drain the place, which landlord never

Attempted : he could let his hovels,

Why pay for sanatory shovels ?

No law sets bounds to the landlord's wealth,

Albeit his rent is his tenant's health

Transmuted. This locality



as a Mr. Christian's property ;

He leased it of one General Fever,

Ground landlord of the estate of Weaver.

The fine, an occasional weaver's life

(No matter if 'twere child or wife),

Paid regularly to the thrilling

f the owner's heart and pocket filling

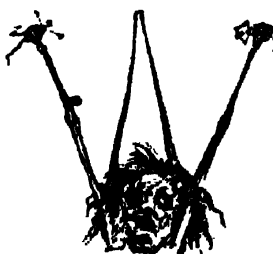
Alternately : 'twas very strange,

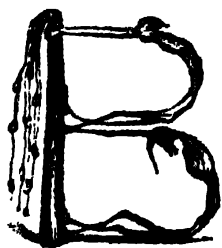
Good tenants were so given to change.

The atmosphere, we said, was sickly,

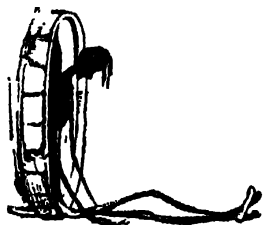
With wretched dwellings planted thickly,

Weavers' "and else," all sons of toil,

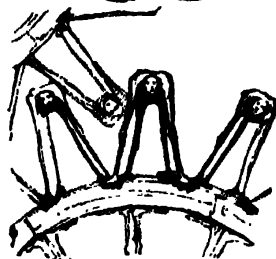




orn serfs of this most loathly soil,  
This drainless swamp, by landlords clogg'd,  
Whose lives unholy gain so fogg'd,  
No charity might enter in  
To cheer the misers' wintering.  
Even in this place of misery  
lived Bob in his prosperity ;



In a poor-furnish'd, "two-room'd" hole,  
Undrain'd, unventilated, foul,  
Mean, miserable as the soul  
Of landlord Christian: yet Bob spun  
From morn till "dewy eve," was one



hose labour never was relax'd,  
Who had been duly christen'd, tax'd,  
And rated; and thus lived in the lees  
Of a fat-bishop'd diocese.



But Bob's was no uncommon case:  
He fared like others of his race,  
f the working Pariah caste, who meet ye  
In the heart of London's wealthiest city—  
London for "charities" renown'd;  
Despite the daily traces found  
Of hoary Squalor's crippled feet  
'Twixt Lambeth and Threadneedle-street.  
qualor resides in Bethnal-green!



And there, oftimes, our gracious Queen  
Cheereth not with her lustrous face  
The common dimness of the place;  
Though she delighted, it is said,  
To see Van Amburgh's lions fed;  
od bless her Majesty's sweet features!



Lions are interesting creatures.  
Yet, Lady! would it not be grander  
To feed the hungry poor who wander,  
Through all weather, early and late,  
To and fro—for they dare not wait—



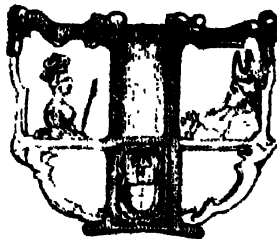
efore your guarded palace-gate:  
With whom even Piplico abounds,  
Worse cared for than your Grace's hounds?  
The very dogs lick'd Lazarus' wounds.  
Good God! The court-fool stops us short:—  
What! Famine introduced at Court?



ease, grumbler ! it has been determined,  
At the suggestion of an ermined  
Prime Minister, whom we would rather  
Not mention, that the reverend father  
In God, his grace the Metropoli-  
Tan, so eminently quali-



ied for any liberal act  
Tow'rd Christian poor—we give no fact,  
But state it on authority—  
That he and her dear Majesty  
On voyage of discovery  
Will start, early some sunny morn,



o visit Christianly the lorn  
Abodes of labour to be seen  
In the province of far Bethnal-green.  
We've paced the distance, and have found,  
To cross the intervening ground,  
From Buckingham Palace to Bob Thin's door,  
ould take the Royal Coach just one hour.



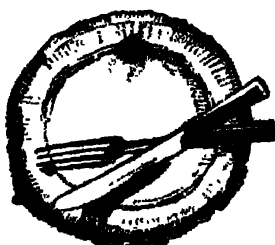
'Then there's the guards' and horses' trappings,  
Not to be donn'd like beggars' wrappings  
(So that, indeed, 'twould be a feat  
Worthy the poet-laureate,  
Bob's namesake): and his holiness,



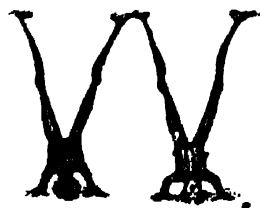
n imitative humbleness,  
Might walk as far 'twixt lunch and dinner,  
Bussing it back, and be no thinner.



If it be only food, indeed,  
The wretched Bethnal-greeners need,  
He will prescribe, with looks right rueful,  
ust eight or ten new churches, pew-full.



If these suffice not, we believe  
Our generous Queen is surt to give,  
Her famish'd subjects to relieve,  
Ungrudgingly, suppose we say;  
Out of her thousand pounds a day,  
ne hundred ; and the holy bishop  
A tithe out of the profits of his shop,  
Split into shillings, and so given,  
At the labourer's weekly rate of seven,  
'Twould clear some thousand homes of sorrow.  
But Queen nor Father 'll go to-morrow.



What odds? the Poor-law fills their places  
With its vice-royal, saintly graces.  
Back to our tale. Bob's family  
Quit, as we said, most ruefully,  
The home of their prosperity.

Who loves not home, however poor?

Ourself the master of the door;

There, though sore hated, to be free:—

What wretch would choose captivity?

Bob had no choice; relief forbidden

To all but those in a workhouse hidden,

Under the "regulations." He

might choose to starve at liberty,

Alone, but, for his family's sake,

Must bow his honest pride to take

The felon chain and prison rations

Of the "amendment" regulations.

Alas! he may not claim a bone

even in the workhouse:—be it known,

Though Bethnal-green might own his sire,

That Bob was born in Monmouthshire:

And, therefore, 'twas most fit and proper

He should be deemed an interloper

In Bethnal Union, where abound

such men as the Samaritan found,

But few Samaritans—no libel;

They're Christians, and believe the Bible.

Nor may their justice tolerate

Any addition to the rate,

To burden men of wealth, whose profit

is spun, though he might share none of it.

"But had he no right to relief?"

None. "Why?" We'll answer you in brief:

What claim has the beggar on his thief?

The "Guardians" smiled their sage approval,

And duly order'd the removal

of the strange paupers: so they sent

The wretches to their "settlement"—

Let no man call it punishment.

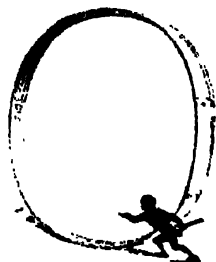
'Twas for his own convenience' sake:

When the now-slumbering trade should wake,

He'd be so handy to resume



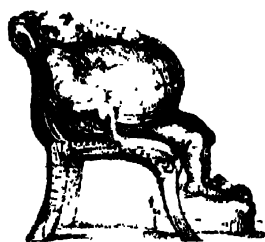
is place at the accustom'd loom :—  
 So care they for the poor man's doom.  
 Now, as the cart of charity glode  
 With easy carriage on the road,  
 Bob thought he might as well beguile  
 With converse close his travel-while.



uestion and answer came as follows :—  
 Quoth Question, out of Bob's cheek-hollows,  
 While Answer sate with arms a-kimbo,—  
 Pray tell me why I'm set in limbo ?—  
 Answer—Because the Well-to-do  
 Can find no better use for you.—



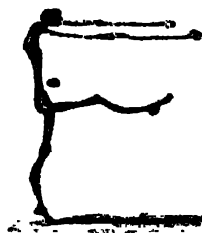
hat right have they to order me ?—  
 Answer—The right of property.—  
 Question again—But how invented ?  
 It can't be shown that I consented :  
 And every compact doth demand  
 Two parties.—You will understand,



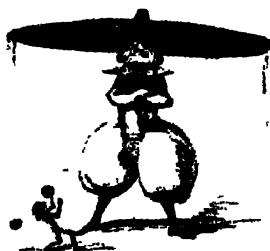
eplics the other, your assent  
 Was duly given by Parliament,  
 Your representatives, and—Stay !  
 Will you be good enough to say,  
 How these same representers got  
 At the will of one who had no vote ?—



nswer—My friend ! you are not able  
 To comprehend this veritable  
 Fair feature of our Constitution,  
 Which—Favour me with a solution  
 Of that fine-sounding word ! What is't ?—  
 Hereupon Answer clench'd his fist,



loquently.—Will tell me where  
 It may be found ?—Reply, a stare,  
 And sort of clutching at the air,  
 After a phantom ; then a frown,  
 Which fairly knock'd the Question down :  
 At last came words :—It is not fit

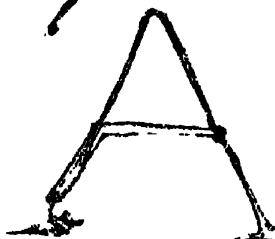


hat poor men should in judgment sit  
 On this most reverend mystery.  
 If you examine history,  
 The courtly Hume's, where he relates  
 Of 1688's  
 Most Dutch and glorious " Revolution,"





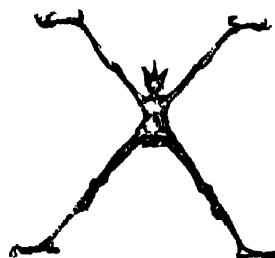
ing William and his Constitution,  
And the "Convention," you will see  
How Parliament right loyally  
Confirm'd the Hollander's accession,  
For having ratified their session.



It follows, as a thing of course,  
As good things ever must grow worse  
By alteration, that the code,  
Even the horse King William rode.  
Which our wise ancestors approved  
Should by their sons be ne'er improved  
Throughout all time.—Bob heard no more



until the party reach'd the door  
Of Godstone Union poorhouse, where,  
After the usual courtesies,  
And introduction of the keys,  
They were admitted to the care  
Of the poorhouse king, a sort of human



yster—May the Lord keep you, man,  
And all who read this true relation,  
Out of his sphere of operation!  
Here man and wife were torn asunder:  
God-join'd, but to be parted under  
The "regulations": each one buried  
From the other's wretchedness; both hurried  
Into their lonely graves. For the rest,  
Their treatment was not of the best.  
One item may suffice to show  
How careful of each other's woe  
Are human things, albeit extremely



calous to wear a visage seemly  
As fairest-whiten'd sepulchre:—  
Look at that tomb of the labourer,  
Yon profit-plaster'd villain; Sir!  
Though his hoarded wealth is the charnel-dew,  
Though he stole the byword of the Jew,  
Only he will prate to you



Of the great Improvidence; nor tinge  
His corpse-face, though a man should twinge  
His "soul" with the workhouse "dictary"—  
Food being ruled a necessary.  
Pray you to note how the profit-monger



aters for those who can work no longer !

For breakfast—bread, not without stint :  
The men have seven ounces, and a pint  
And half of skilly—a thin kind  
Of “gruel,” such as you can find  
Nowhere except on the hard tables

“regulation” human stables.



For dinner—meat, five ounces twice  
Each week ; “potato-hash” ; soup ; rice,  
Nearly a pound ; coarse bread, and cheese,  
Two ounces of the latter : these  
Are their alternate luxuries.



hen millionaires can wring no more

Out of the earnings of the poor,  
Thus does their charity atone  
For their cupidity. ’Tis done  
(At least, so poor-law doctors say)  
For the labourers’ benefit, that they



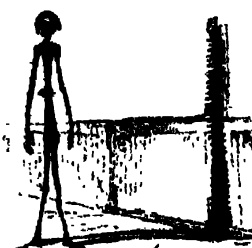
ay hang upon their own resources ;

Meanwhile in his plethoric courses  
The master wallows. Who shall wrest  
The portion of the poor opprest ?  
Bob, from his wife and children parted,  
Droops in his prison, broken-hearted.



e dreameth not of better days,

His sorrow-glazed and stolid gaze  
Shutter’d with hopelessness ; and curst,  
As of all criminals the worst,  
He buries in his “infamy”  
The care of life, and fain would die.



is very life is lifeless torpor :

Bob Thin is changed into the Pauper.  
So crept long years upon the dark  
Sands of his life ; nor left a mark.  
Even as a mouldering desert-stone,  
Was he in the human world—alone.



t length the dropping of despair

Outwore his patience, even there,  
In the poorhouse ; so the pauper fled  
Into the air. Long wandered  
The unpursued, unknowing aim,  
A rugged way, until night came ;



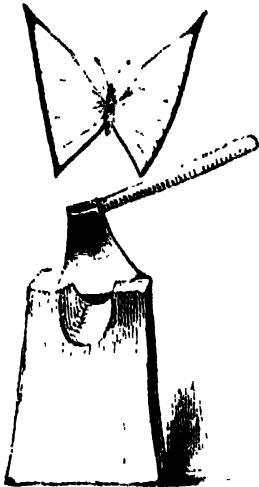
hen, on the road-side's dreariness,  
O'erladen with his weariness,  
He sank exhausted; there, around  
His shatter'd form, kind Slumber wound  
Her arms:—Let no rude stir unbind 'em!  
Would you know more of him, you'll find him,  
In the next part, beneath an 'oak.



## THE RECREATIONS OF MR. ZIGZAG THE ELDER.

## CHAPTER IX.

ELIAS ASHMOLE.



HAT the will gains by the exertion of overstrained faculties on the one side, the claims of outraged nature will surely balance on the other, in the penalty of reaction or collapse. Such a subsidence is especially noticeable about the middle of the seventeenth century, when the great event of political emancipation and the destruction of prelacy, had been effected with the sacrifice of a monarch, and of a primate, in the establishment of the Commonwealth of 1649. From this time the signs of exhaustion are to be detected in an access of empiricism, and likewise of the restless spirit which ministers to its influence, effecting a revival of such abuses and superstitions as had excited the censure of Chaucer upwards of two centuries before:—

“For each of them made other for to win.”

During the contest between the Royalists and the Parliament, each party had its astrologers; and, while the lower world was distracted by the debates and intrigues of the various interests which fomented that great struggle, the stars above were ingeniously ransacked by the sages, Wharton, Gadbury, and Lilly, for oracles and portents to guide the counsels and abet the movements of their clients on either side. But when at length the Restoration had wholly solved the political interests of these partisans, and reduced the character of their relations with such as behoved to employ them, to the simple difference between knave and dupe, their pretensions became more varied, and their ingenuity and audacity increased with the gullibility of the time.

The history of deception is a thing which dates from the temptation of our universal mother; and since that event the world has never been without a plentiful seasoning of such as thumbed the constellation like a hornbook, or by their sleight changed men into divers appearances, but especially that of asses:—

“Sotil enchauntours and eke negrymauncers,”

lifters of the mysterious veil of Isis, augurs, soothsayers, witches, and tregctours.

The accession of the anointed reprobate, his Most Sacred Majesty Charles II., is a period which seems to have been graced by an extraordinary congress of such wily cozeners, both native and from foreign parts. •

The recondite virtues of gems and minerals, the mystical properties of vervain, the mandrake, and other supernatural herbs, are among the least noxious agents which we are referred to in the transactions of such proficient; but matters of a more loathsome and revolting description were used in the course of their empirical practice. For instance, to cure an ague or the gout, it was deemed expedient to take the hair and nails, cut them small, mix them with wax, and stick them to a live crab, casting it into the river again. The cure of a dropsy was to be effected by swallowing a live toad. Mummy worn near the heart was held to be a preservative from infectious diseases and malaria; and treacle of mummy, taken in the morning, prevented the danger from poisoning all that day. Various preparations of the mummy were applied to as many different forms of disease; and so great was the demand for the embalmed remains of ancient Egypt, and their substance so costly, • that certain Jews are said to have carried on a prosperous trade in the desiccation of human bodies, so as more readily to supply the faculty with a spurious article. In other cases a malady was conveyed to another party through the medium of certain agents, in pursuance of a belief, still prevalent in some parts of Italy, where it is supposed that the tertian ague and malignant fevers are to be transferred by a rose, which, the patient having breathed upon it, is then presented to some stranger or unsuspecting traveller, who, it is understood, receives the evil influence in this manner, and carries it away to the relief of the sufferer. The vulnerary powder and tincture of the sulphur of Venus were esteemed a powerful and speedy remedy for desperate wounds. The case of Mr. Poole, who was run through the body, is recorded as an instance of the efficacy of the above preparations, which were promptly applied; and the sufferer, on being visited by his physician next day, was found in the act of “gnawing tough, ill-boiled mutton,” and discussing a quart of ale.

The sympathetic powder, a potent nostrum, was composed of human fat, human blood, the moss that grows in dead men’s skulls, hog’s brains, &c. Touching the preparation of this powder there arose a violent schism among the masters of the science, as to whether it was absolutely necessary that the moss should have vegetated in the skull of a thief that had hung on the gallows, and whether the precious compound should be stirred with a murderer’s knife during the process of concoction. The true sympathetic cure, however, was a more abstract refinement upon common practice, and the doctrines relating to it were fanciful, elegant, and, in most cases, at least, harmless. A lute being tuned with another, it was said that the one would vibrate as often as the other should be struck, however far apart; or a ring, being suspended by a hair within a drinking glass, it would infallibly strike the hour against the side of the vessel. Sir Kenelm Digby, whose character Lord Clarendon describes, with singular felicity, in a few words, as “very eminent and notorious throughout the whole course of his life,” was a promoter of the method of curing wounds by sympathy. And though, according to ordinary notions, it might scarcely be imagined that the anguish of a desperate flesh wound could be much alleviated by salving the weapon which inflicted it, yet it is to be believed that in some cases it might happen that, while the steel would fare none the worse for being thus anointed, the curative resources of Nature, a goddess who is too often overlooked by her medical rivals, would proceed none the worse for lack of external aid. But it would appear that faith, enhanced perhaps by the impressiveness of the operator, “the gravity of his motion, and the tune of his voice and delivery,” could even render the sufferer capable of an immediate sense of relief; as in the instance of Mr. Howell, who, in endeavouring to separate two friends that had got engaged in a dangerous contest, had his hand cut to the bone. While in a state of extreme suffering from this mishap, Sir Kenelm Digby was applied to in his behalf. “I told him,” says he, “I would willingly serve him; but if haply he knew the manner how I would cure him, without touching or seeing him, it may be he would not expose himself to my manner of curing,

because he would think it, peradventure, either ineffectual or superstitious. He replied, 'The wonderful things which many have related unto me of your way of medicinment make me nothing doubt at all of its efficacy; and all that I have to say unto you is comprehended in the Spanish proverb, *'Hagase el milagro y hagolo Mahoma'*—Let the miracle be done, though Mahomet do it.'

"I asked him for anything that had the blood upon it; so he presently sent for his garter, wherewith his hand had been bound, and, dissolving some nitre in a basin of water, I put in the garter, observing, in the meantime, what Mr. Howell did. He suddenly started as if he had found some strange alteration in himself. I asked him what he ailed? 'I know not what ails me, but I find that I feel no more pain: methinks that a pleasing kind of freshness, as it were a wet cold napkin, did spread over my hand, which hath taken away the inflammation that tormented me before.' I replied, 'Since, then, that you feel already a good effect of my medicament, I advise you to cast away all your plaister, only keep the wound clean, and in a moderate temper betwixt heat and cold.' To be brief, there was no sense of pain afterward; but within five or six days the wounds were cicatrized and entirely healed." It is said that the King obtained from Sir Kenelm the discovery of his secret, which he professed to have learned from a Carmelite friar, who had acquired it in Armenia or Persia. Where Sir Kenelm learned the art of making his extraordinary cosmetics is not recorded; nor is it stated whether in dining with his lady, he partook of the diet which he prescribed in order to preserve her youthful bloom, viz., capons fed with the flesh of vipers. In spite of his care, however, the fair Venetia, "a lady of an extraordinary beauty, and as extraordinary a fame," died at an early age.

Physiognomy, chiromancy, and astrology helped the dissipated ladies of the Court to while away their time, or lent their aid to the intriguing spirit which pervaded all classes; and Lilly, who trimmed the stars according to his own interest, and had foretold the Restoration, still predicted the various concerns of "all or most countries of Europe, part of Africa, Ginny, America, and the West Indies, as likewise the prospects of Spain and Portugal, the affairs of France, certain revelations touching the Pope, the quarrels of the Venetians with the Grand Turk, and the wars betwixt the Polander and Muscovite." Merlini Anglici Ephemeris, the minor exhibitions of the dark glass, and the interpretation of dreams, still kept above water the head of the unscrupulous student in astrology. Dr. Dee, a learned divine, who introduced several mathematical instruments, and an improved means of astronomical observation, was probably stigmatized in consequence as a dealer in the black art; and either flattered by the awe which such attributes inspire, or finding that it was easier to influence men through their credulity than by the medium of their common perceptions, the philosopher thus took upon him the character of a magician. But as an astrologer he had enjoyed the confidence of Cecil, Lord Dudley, and other important personages in the previous reign of Elizabeth, and was employed to fix, according to the principles of ancient astrology, a fortunate day for the coronation of the Queen. Dee's intimacy with Albert Laski, palatinate of Siradia, a Polish nobleman of great erudition, but devoted to the mysteries of the Hermetic science, and his connexion with Kelly, a wily but corrupt professor of the Rosicrucian doctrine, were the means of flattering him to such a pitch that he first became a deceiver of others, and, finally, of himself. Among other occult practices of these associates, they professed to "take and bind to their service, and imprison in a ring, mirror, or stone, some fairy, sylph, or salamander," compelling it to appear when called, and answer such questions as they were pleased to propound. The sage himself, in this case, had not the power of witnessing the apparition; but a young girl or boy, without offence, was introduced, who was required to officiate as viewer or reader of such revelations as were vouchsafed by the oracle. The similarity between this practice and the recent exhibitions of the Egyptian magician at Cairo, are evidence of a common origin. A globular crystal about seven inches in circumference, which Dee used in such performances, and called his show stone, is preserved in the British Museum.

The transmutation of metals was the rock which the credulous adept finally split upon; and, whatever might be the loss, he ascribed his ruin to the circumstance of his



HOUSE OF ELIAS ASHMOLE.

rascally associate having absconded with the precious powder of projection, leaving the doctor a beggar.

Dec's observations on the true nature of comets, and his reformation of the calendar, with other evidences of learned and philosophical research, are a testimony of higher qualities, and are sufficient to justify the esteem in which he was held by many of the wise and eminent of his time.

Of this number was Elias Ashmole, founder of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, a scholar and a man of considerable attainments in the sciences of chemistry, natural philosophy, and heraldry, and, for his time, an able prosecutor of antiquarian research. Although introduced by his intimacy with Wharton into the unprofitable mysteries then prevalent, and claimed as a friend by the pettifogger Lilly, who dedicated the account of his own life to "the most honourable esquire Elias Ashmole," yet the communion of worthier associates, and the possession of good natural abilities and common sense, served, together with great industry, to raise him from an humble origin to wealth and consequence, and likewise preserved him from the catastrophe of several of his more sanguine contemporaries, who squandered their means and brought themselves into contempt by a blind pursuit of the delusions of the philosopher's stone and the transmutation of metals.

In 1649 Ashmole married Lady Mainwaring, and settled in London, where his house was a gathering place for the most learned and ingenious men of his time. This was probably the house situated in Little Shire-lane, near Clement's-inn, of which the accompanying woodcut is a representation. It has been a large residence with projecting wings, but it is now divided into petty tenements; and the consequent alterations have left no feature of its original character except a marble chimney-piece of some little pretension, in the taste of the seventeenth century. The

neighbourhood is one where few but the prying antiquary or the parish officer, would think of intruding, or, should some naturalist be induced, in veneration of its former inhabitant, to visit the decayed and squalid domicile of departed science, he may, at least, find plentiful means of testing the experiment maliciously ascribed to Sir Joseph Banks, and by which he discovered the astounding fact,—

“ Fleas are not lobsters, &c.”

Under the name of James Hassole, Esq., an imperfect anagram upon his real name, Ashmole published a treatise, entitled “ Fasciculus Chemicus; or, Chemical Collections expressing the Ingress, Progress, and Egress of the Secret Hermetic Science,” a work supposed to have been concocted by Dee. Afterward he produced a work of greater importance, being a collection of the writings of such English chemists as had remained in manuscript. This work appeared in 1652, under the title of “ Theatrum Chymicum Britannicum;” and obtained for its compiler a considerable share of reputation, in behoof of the evidences of learning, research, and great industry which appeared in its composition. Meanwhile the study of Hebrew, the science of medals, and the practical operations of seal-engraving, goldsmith’s work, and casting in sand had occupied his leisure intervals, and his productions and collection evinced indefatigable zeal in whatsoever he undertook. The study of antiquity and the collation of ancient records introduced Ashmole to the intimacy of Dugdale, to whom he addressed a letter on the Roman road between Weedon and Lichfield, called Bannevanna, in the Itinerary of Antoninus. His erudite and admirable work, “ The History of the Order of the Garter,” is another instance of his great assiduity, and furnished a favourable recommendation of its author to the notice of Charles II., who bestowed upon him the appointment of Windsor herald. He likewise obtained the office of commissioner of excise, and was employed to conduct the examination of Hugh Peters, touching the contents of the royal library, of which that worthy had undertaken the responsibility of a sort of unauthorized guardianship. Ashmole was afterwards called to the bar in Middle Temple Hall. His first wife dying, he afterwards married the daughter of his friend Sir William Dugdale; soon after which event he resided in the Temple, where his library, the collection of thirty years, was destroyed by fire, but his manuscripts, being at another house of his at South Lambeth, were happily saved. By this time honours and emoluments had been largely bestowed upon the ingenious and indefatigable student; the University of Oxford, in consideration of his merit and the many favours they had received at his hands, granted him the diploma of doctor of physic; he likewise received several other appointments, and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. In the composition of this society the first blow was struck at the visionary delusions and undue assumptions which had hitherto proved the snare and the reproach of scientific inquirers; under its auspices true learning and genuine research superseded the dogma of the Hermetic school, and philosophy became divested of the patched and fantastic tatters in which she had been wont to figure along with Jack Pudding and the mountebanks. In entering this society Ashmole may be supposed to have recanted, and to have repudiated much of his early labours, and the intercourse of men who, while styling themselves Philomaths, were prosecuting studies and practices most directly opposed to those peculiar to the exact sciences.

Although, in consequence of the unfortunate fire in the Temple, not only the books but likewise a portion of the valuable collection of medals accumulated by Ashmole, as well as a rare assemblage of seals, charters, and other objects of curiosity and antiquity, were destroyed, still the more important portion of his museum remained at Lambeth. This was increased by the accession of the curious medley of which the cabinet of the Tradescants was composed. The following selection from the “ Museum Tradescantianum” will suffice to show what an amount of credulity had been associated with the evident zeal and earnest love of science which do honour to the memory of those enterprising travellers. Among many objects of zoology, botany, &c., which at that time must have been highly esteemed, we find such marvels as

"Divers sorts of eggcs from Turkie; one given for a dragon's egg; the beak of a gryffen; the claws of the bird rock, who, as authors report, is able to trusse an elephant; a hare's head, with rough horns three inches long; a natural dragon, two inches long; cup made of a unicorn's horn; a purse made of a toad's skin; a giant's thigh-bone; hornes of a dog; a monstous cat, with two bodies, one head, eight legges, and two tayles; a sea-elephant, or rock fish's head, as big as a bushel; a strange fish's head that did belong to the King of Bohemia; a sea-mouse—this fish, contrary to the nature of other fishes, shrieks in the water and out of the water like a mouse; a very perfect, great, and true remora of India, whose property is to hinder or stay great ships as they swim; a rib of a Triton or mere-man; a stone that is hollow and does appear as if it had a hole quite thorough, but it has not; a mermaid's skin; the hearing bone of an elephant; a gryffen's foot; a beast called jack hals, that provides meat for the lyon." These, together with many objects of a more veritable description, including the dodder, from the island of Mauritius, which it is said "is not able to fly being so big," but whose curious bulk is now dispersed, with the exception of the head preserved at Oxford, and a foot in the British Museum, were made over to Ashmole, and he came into possession of them on the death of the younger Tradescant, by virtue of a deed of gift, in true astrological form, dated "December 16, 1657, 5 hor. 30 minutes post merid."

The house of the worthy traveller was visited in the year 1749 "by two respectable members of the Royal Society, who found among the ruins some trees and plants which evidently were introduced here by the industrious founder."

In 1683, the University of Oxford having finished a noble repository near the theatre, Ashmole placed there that great and valuable collection which is now known as the Ashmolean Museum, and which attests to this day his industry, his love of science, and his attachment to that ancient seat of learning.

On the death of his father-in-law, Sir William Dugdale, January 10, 1686, a second offer of the place of Garter King-at-Arms was tendered to Ashmole, but he declined it, recommending his brother Dugdale in his place. However, this was not complied with, the office of Norroy being given to him instead.

From this time Ashmole lived in honourable retirement at Lambeth until his 76th year, when he died May 18, 1692. His remains were interred in Lambeth Church, and a black marble stone over his grave contains a Latin inscription, "in which, though there is much to his honour, there is nothing which exceeds the truth."

## CHAPTER X.

### THE BOAR'S-HEAD TAVERN, EASTCHEAP.



"Ost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" quoth Mr. Zigzag the Elder. "Yes, by Saint Anne," he continued, when he was interrupted by Master Cobweb, a gentleman who has dusted the covers of many volumes, and has even been known to pry curiously into the contents of some of their title-pages.

"Gadzooks, Sir!" exclaimed Master Cobweb, "what concern can you have in Eastcheap, with your crotchets and quiddities, and your flights about Gogmagog and the Romans, with the rest of your superannuated kings and heroes?" "I declare, and I speak not without authority (for I have held office), I declare we know nothing of kings and heroes in the City, unless, indeed, when

it behoved the Lord Mayor to invite them to dinner at the Mansion-house; then,



of course, it was the recorder's business to make history of it." "Or if, forsooth, they were admitted into the Tailors or the Goldsmiths, or any other of the twelve honourable companies, why, well and good; their names are upon the books, a fact, in black and white, not to be gainsaid. But for the rest we wash our hands of them: the parish entries know them not, the guilds disown them, and, had they so much as shown their heathenish faces at Temple-bar, it was the porter's duty to slam the gates upon them, and bid them troop back to no man's land, or the back o' beyond—where I fancy they all came from." "But," rejoined Mr. Zigzag, mildly, for the spirit of him who had held office was evidently grieved, "no design have I of raising the ghost of an ancient Briton within your bounds, neither am I Jack Straw, nor Fitz-Osbert with the beard, that I should break the peace of the ward. Good sooth, I have but come in love and amity, to quaff a cup of sack to the memory of Prince Hal and the fat knight, at the Boar's Head. We'll 'crack a quart together,' Ha! will you not, Master ———; I cry your mercy, Master Cobweb."

But the disquiet of Master Cobweb was not yet appeased: he had come to look upon the ward of Candlewick, and its concerns, as though it were a child that had been bred at his expense, and nursed by his labour. Not a prentice had been bound therein but he had clapped his thumb upon the indenture, nor the lease of an ale-house transferred, but he had wagged his beard over the articles thereof; and when the pulpit of the parish church received a new sounding-board, or the landlord of the Woolpack, fresh gilded his sign, who but Master Cobweb was to chronicle the same for the benefit of posterity?

Now, it happened that while hunting out the names of the different tenants who



had occupied the tavern in Eastcheap called the Boar's Head, and in the course of investigating the conditions and tenure by which it was held at different times, the name of one William Shakspeare, and those of certain odd customers who were wont to frequent the tavern of yore, became manifest; and these appeared to expand upon his observation, and to become even of more consequence than the various worthies who had, in succession, been thriving landlords of the same.

The consequence was that the poor man became Shakspeare-ridden—the name, like the rod of Aaron, swallowed up all the rest; and instead of contenting himself, as heretofore, with such piddling matter as he had been in the habit of copying in a fair hand from the registry-book, or extracting from the long-winded reminiscences of the oldest inhabitant, he now talked of "Will" as familiarly as one might do of

his godson, and had, moreover, achieved the discovery that the said William loved good ale and was the author of certain plays.

And now, as one who had undertaken the guardianship of the immortal's immortality, and had become the self-elected arbitrator of all that related to Sir John, Prince Hal, and eke Bardolph, Poins, and the rest of 'em, he took his post over against where stood the Boar's Head in the old times, and questioned each one who might happen to glance at the goodly sign which still marked the spot, as a jealous and watchful sentinel might do, having a trust which he was resolved to guard and maintain to the outrance. Thus it happened some time after, when such sad doings had taken place in merry Eastcheap that the mere site of the ancient tavern had become a mysterious thing, and the sign of the Boar's Head was taken to Guildhall, where, not being suitable for my Lord Mayor's table, it was cast into a corner with certain Roman vessels and other lumber. And Mr. Zigzag, who, in the course of his wayfarings, had almost wept like another Marius over the ruins of the ancient city, and had especially lamented the sweeping away of the last reminiscence of the venerable tavern,—“even its ruins ruined,” came now to dedicate a sigh to the forlorn relic which, O reader, is herewith limned in order that, in contemplating its touching expression, thou mayest unite with him in sympathy, and that thou, O fair and tender-hearted ladye, who readest these lines, mayest shed a tear over its desolation. Howbeit, when Master Cobweb saw how matters stood between Mr. Zigzag and the sign of the Boar's Head, he looked as though some varlet had “put lime in his sack;” and, pinning himself to the skirts of the ancient gentleman, he followed him.

“As when a gryphen through the wilderness  
Pursues the Arimasbian, who by stealth  
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd  
The guarded gold: so eagerly”

did Master Cobweb dodge the steps of Mr. Zigzag the Elder, until the latter gentleman was moved to the remonstrance which appears at the outset of this veritable chronicle.

It has been said, “the world cannot contain two Cæsars;” but it now occurred to Master Cobweb, who had become somewhat mollified by the forbearance of the supposed rival, that these same Cæsars might do a better thing than cast lots which of them should eat the other, in order to secure the peace of the universe. This mode by which the dilemma should be solved was conveyed in the following proposition. As the world cannot contain two Cæsars, argued Mr. Cobweb, were it not a wise thing to unite the forces of the two in fellowship, and thus wold them into one very great Cæsar indeed? Mr. Zigzag, who was struck with the magnanimity of the idea, behoved to acquiesce with such cheerfulness that, like the king in the ballad, “he laughed loud laughs three;” upon which it was resolved, to the end that the truce should be ratified with becoming solemnity, they should forthwith betake them to a neighbouring hostel, and there settle the details of the treaty over a tankard of especial stingo. The upshot of this *symposium* was a resolution that Mr. Zigzag should be bound thenceforth to eschew all new readings of obscure passages in Shakspeare, and that, whenever he should, right as it is, be absolutely compelled to make mention of the said immortal, such allusion should be explained to the reader, as being accompanied by a sort of—“a-hem!—Cobweb”; but all the aforesaid refractions of Shaksperian criticism were to be the exclusive property of the said Master Cobweb, and to go towards the making up of two folio volumes, the first chapter of which should contain the actual life of the bard of Avon, the rest being dedicated to the more important considerations of what he probably said and did on various occasions, and such other adventures as it is just possible he may have played a part in: a work for which Master Cobweb is already provided with abundant materials, and which will be given to the world whenever that gentleman shall have fixed upon a patron worthy of being allowed to incur the expenses incidental to its effective publication. These matters being amicably settled, the subject of Eastcheap, with the particulars of its history, &c., were now entered upon, and commenced by Master Cobweb chanting

the following ancient ditty, which he dealt forth with a solemnity that would have done credit to a parish clerk.

**The Chant.**

"There has been great sale and utterance of wine,  
Besides beer, and ale, and ipoeras fine,  
In every country, region, and nation,  
But chiefly in Billingsgate, at the Salutation;  
And the Bore's Head, near London Stone;  
The Swan at Dowgate, a tavern well known;  
The Mitre in Cheape, and the Bulles Head,  
And many like places that make nrses red."

To which Mr. Zigzag responded, after the manner of Blondel and Richard of the Lion Heart, with the following version of one of "Dan John Lydgate, his verses of London Lykpenny":—

"Then I hyed me into Eastchepe:  
One cryes 'rybbs of befe,' and many 'a pye';  
Pewter pottes they clattered on a heape;  
There was harpe, pipe, and minstrelaye;  
'Yea, by cock! nay, by cock!' some began crye  
Some songe of Jenkin and Julian for theyre mede,  
But for lack of money I might not spede."

After this, Master Cobweb proposed a mug of hippocrass, giving mine host the following directions for concocting the same, viz.:—"For a galon and a pynt of red wyne, take cynamon iij vneces, gynger tryed an vnec, greynes and longe peper do. vnec, cloues and masys, a q'rt of an vnec, signard a quater of an vnec, sugar ij lb." Meanwhile they proceeded with the grave matter in hand, Mr. Zigzag taking from his pocket a portly, comfortable-looking edition of Stowe, from which he read as follows:—"Candwicke Street, or Candlewright Street Ward, beginneth at the east end of Great East Cheape, it passeth west thorow East Cheape, to Candlewright Street.' Pish!" he muttered, "we are not going to walk the boundaries. A small ward this, Master Cobweb," he said. "'It is governed by an alderman, eight common councilmen, seven constables, thirteen inquest-men, and a beadle,'" replied the man of office. "Humph!" said Mr. Zigzag. "'This East Cheape is now a flesh market of butchers, there dwelling on both sides of the street; it had sometime also cookes mixed amongst the butchers, and such other as sold victuals ready dressed of all sorts. For of old time, when friends did meet, and were disposed to be merry, they went not to dine and sup in taverns, but to the cookes, where they called for meat what them liked, which they always found ready dressed, and at a reasonable rate, as I have before showed.'" "In John Stowe's time," continued the Elder, "it would appear that the butchers and tavern-keepers had ousted the cooks, and ruled over the realm of Eastcheap in their stead; but John Lydgate, who lived in the reign of Henry V., tells not only of the roast and baked of the cooks, but likewise of the clattering of pewter pots. It appears, thereby, that hunger and thirst were then both separately provided for; and, doubtless, the clattering of pewter, and the other dulcet sounds of harpe, pipe, and sawtric, heard by the Monk of Bury, proceeded from no less an hostel than the venerable Bore's Head. A merry place this Eastcheap has been of yore; indeed, in the remote time, it was the very heart and centre of London; and its market, which was afterwards removed to Leadenhall, was probably the first of the kind established in the City." "Have you been in St. Michael's Church?" inquired Master Cobweb. "Not since you were born," was the reply, which was delivered in an austere tone; but mine host appearing with the hippocras, the countenance of the Elder resumed its serenity, while he dispensed a jorum round, and bade the rosy vintner to assay the drink. "Wa's hael," said Boniface, who was by no means a nincompoop. "Drink hael," responded his guests; and they mutually declared the tipples was worthy to have been brewed by Dame Quickly herself—

"Fill the cup, and let it come,  
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom,  
And a merry heart lives long-a,"

chirruped Master Cobweb. "Ah, Sir! there were merry doings at the Old Boar's Head, in Mrs. Quickly's time," quoth mine host; "and, if all be true that I've heard, things went not amiss then, in my great-grandfather's time, when he kept the tavern, before the Great Fire. My great-grandfather's name, gentlemen, was John Tims; it was to be seen for many a day after upon the old sign. He was the last landlord of the original Boar's Head; and when they built upon the foundation of the ancient tavern, the sign was put up on the front, and the date, 1668, was carved thereon, to set forth when the new tavern was opened. The Boar's Head, my masters, had been in the family from the time of its first appearance among the cooks' booths in East-cheap. The other house was the Swan; but the old tavern held its own to the last. I have heard from my grandmother, who had it from hers, as it had been told by them that went before her, that there was a sad to-do there when Henry IV. was King in England." Here Mr. Zigzag read the following passage from Stowe, relative to the above event:—"In the year 1410, the 11 of Henry IV., upon the even of St. John Baptist, the King's sonnes, Thomas and John, being in East Cheape, at supper (or rather at breakfast, for it was after the watch was broken up, betwixt two and three of the clock, after midnight), a great debate hapned betwene their men and other of the Court, which lasted one houre, till the Maior and Sheriffes, with other citizens, appeased the same; for the which, afterwards, the said Maior, Aldermen and Sheriffes were called to answer before the King; his sonnes and divers Lords being highly moved against the Citie. At which time William Gascoigne, Chief Justice, required the Maior and Aldermen, for the citizens, to put them in the King's grace: whereunto they answered, that they had not offended, but (according to the law) had done their best in stinting debate and maintaining of the peace: upon which answer, the King remitted all his ire, and dismissed them." "That's not exactly like my grand-dame's story," said mine host, "but I suppose there's difference in the old histories."

*Cobweb.* "You are, I think, assured I love you not."

*Zigzag.* "I am assured, if I be measured rightly,  
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me."

*Cob.* "No!"

How might a prince of my great hopes forget  
So great indignities you laid upon me?  
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison  
The immediate heir of England! was this easy?  
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

*Zig.* "I then did use the person of your father;  
The image of his power lay then in me;  
And in the administration of his law,  
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,  
Your highness pleased to forget my place,  
The majesty and power of law and justice,  
The image of the king whom I presented,  
And struck me in my very seat of judgment."

*Cob.* "You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well;  
Therefore, still bear the balance and the sword;  
And I do wish your honours may increase  
Till you do live to see a son of mine  
Offend you, and obey you, as I did."

"P'fegs! but there was something like that, in my grannum's history! Sure, good gentlemen, that's said as though you had heard it at first hand," exclaimed the host.

"Proceed with thy narration touching the Boar's Head," quoth Mr. Zigzag.

"My grand-dame was wont to say that in her great grandfather's time, there would come a pleasant, comely gentleman for his cup of sack, by name, Master William Shakspeare, of the Globe. As often as he dropped in there would presently appear likewise one Benjamin Jonson, a bricklayer by trade, but a monstrous wag, flattening his nose against the lozenges of the lattice; and two others, Beaumont and Fletcher, who, it is said were never far apart at any time; and a few more of 'em, that they would peep round the door-post, to see an' if sweet Will, as they called him, were there, in a way so moving that my ancestor was fain to muffle his muzzle in his sleeve, to preserve his decorum. And when they had all sat them down, and gotten each one

his flagon, such quips and rare fancies would fly between them, that the very drawers, Tom, Dick, and Francis, would forget to chalk their scores; while Master Shakspeare would slyly engage Francis with his sorceries, the others calling 'Francis! Francis!' till my ancestor would turn red in the face between laughing and the fear of offending his guests; and then Master Shakspeare would dismiss the puzzled varlet with a grave rebuke for not attending to the worshipful gentlemen who were calling him beyond the measure of their patience. And I have heard, that to make the matter worse, they put him in a stage play for the Queen to laugh at, over the water, at the theatre they called the Wooden O."

"Good, mine host!" said Mr. Zigzag; "drink, and go on."

"Well, Sir, my great-grandfather John Tims kept the tavern in King Charles's time; and roistering games they had there till the Parliament took matters in hand, and would have muzzled honest skinkers, belike that they might have the more for their own noses. But when the merry King came home at the Restoration, a few of the choice spirits gathered together at the Old Boar's Head. There were Will Davenant, Tom D'Urfey, Betterton, Mohun, and smock-faced Noakes, as they called him, for that he was smooth-chinned, and acted Desdemona at the playhouse in Lincoln's-inn-fields."

"Fill the cups," quoth Mr. Zigzag, "and jog Master Cobweb."

"Eh! Gadzooks! what!" exclaimed Cobweb, starting out of a profound slumber; "Fire! fire! save the parish books." "Dip thy nose in a cup of hippocras, good Cobweb," said Mr. Zigzag, "and no worse will come of it. Go on, mine host."

"I was going to tell," proceeded the host, "how that the set I mentioned were wont to meet every Monday night, at the old tavern, to carry on the business of the Shakspeare Club. Once in the room, never a man of them heard further tidings of his true name, but no other than such as 'Save your highness;' 'Good morrow, Master Gadshill;' 'Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?' and so forth. And when my great-grandfather had taken the chair—and well he filled it, as I have heard—(he weighed something over five-and-twenty stone) he was 'Sir John' for the rest of the night. Then, every man had his tankard: there was the Falstaff tankard for the chair, another had the Bardolph mug, and Master Noakes sipped his driblet out of the Tearsheet jorum. Sir John, my great-grandfather, wore a broad ribbon over his shoulders, to which there was hung the honourable badge of the Boar's Head, or, as it was sometimes called, the Lesser Boar's Head."

"Off with his head!" snuffled Master Cobweb.

"Never heed him, mine host," quoth Mr. Zigzag; "he is dreaming; let the pig have his grunt. But you spoke of the Lesser Boar's Head."

"Sir, I have seen it with my own eyes; it would cover the palm of my hand for bigness, and seems like to a proper boar's head, carved in wood; it is set in a framework made of two boar's tusks joined together at the ends, and it has a ring to suspend it by. On the back is the date, 1568; and under that appears the mark where Francis, the drawer, pricked his initials." "Where is this precious relic?" exclaimed Mr. Zigzag the Elder, with great animation. "It disappeared, in the Great Fire of 1666," drawled Master Cobweb, in his uneasy slumbers; "and was afterwards found at Whitechapel Mount, among the rubbish carted there after the fire. The relic is now in the possession of a gentleman, by whose permission I have had it smoothly copied in lithography; wherefore, as the thing has cost me certain moneys, let no man meddle with it henceforth." This piece of history was delivered much in the manner of an oration from a somnambulant bellman, the proclamation at the end being finished off with a succession of snorts, by way of "Oyez, oyez, oyez;" and the sleeper awakened with a start. Mr. Zigzag, who looked upon the communication he had just heard in the light of a secret mentioned by the poor man in confidence to himself, during a vision, behoved not to comment on the same. "Alack!" said Mr. Zigzag, "alack for the Old Bore's Head! that fatal fire was the end of its glory." "And of my grandmother's history," quoth mine host. "Atten," said Master Cobweb.

## ZARA, THE RICH MAN'S DAUGHTER.

BY C. WELLS.



IN an ancient city of Arabia there dwelt a very rich man. He had one great failing, that of being very proud; and to such an extent did this blind and self-perplexing fault reach, that he sacrificed every feeling to his selfishness and rage. Woe to the slave who spoke not on his knees, and to the embassy that shouted not his name. He was more feared than loved; for he hated independence, but would enrich adoration munificently. He was a widower, and had three daughters: the eldest of whom, named Zara, was the image of her deceased mother; the others were reflections of their father, both in shape and nature.

This rich man's palace was ever thronged with princes, warriors, and noble strangers; and many had been the attempts to gain the hand of Zara, but it was handmaid to her heart. She, not having entered into the gates of pride, of pomp, and empty gorgeousness, as the rest of her family, overlooked the possessors of mines, of armies, and of kingdoms; and, although she was diligent in her search, she never could find a good and sound heart amongst all this greatness; and, consequently, no reciprocal feelings with her own. Fair time, however, was before her, for she was but just a woman; and her beauty was as a glowing summer that cometh after the spring.

It chanced that Zara passed a mausoleum where they were burying the dead; and, as her breast was always open to powerful excitement, she delayed her suite, and went alone to the door of the sepulchre; here she sat herself on a stone, by a pillar; and, sighing, she began the painful office of noticing the feelings of those who mourned. One figure, the peculiar beauty and power of which was subdued by inward sorrow to a declining tenderness, engrossed her wholly. Her interest waxed

great, and her heart soft; but when his gentle hand removed the mantle from his face to look once more upon the cold bed of death, her heart beat violently, and an enthusiasm at the noble sorrow of the countenance stifled her tears; and, though the mantle again fell in a moment, enveiling the face, yet it and the inward agony of feeling that was in the look were stamped upon her heart for ever. Her eye followed the figure, as the procession moved to perform some other rite, and when it passed the buttress of the mausoleum, her imagination became busy with its image. She thought it to be a face familiar to her (though she had never seen it before), and that it was the same countenance she had looked for all her life, though she had never known it. She might have sat in this dream of fancy till night (for it was painfully sweet), had not the keeper of the keys aroused her. She went, looking upon her feet, with a melancholy aspect, to her attendants, and the gates closed upon her. They jarred upon her soul. Then, mounting her mule, she returned home and shut herself in her chamber.

The fruit of much restlessness was to make inquiries respecting this young stranger. She learned that he was poor, but gentle; that he and his mother were the purchased slaves of her father; that his mother had died of excessive grief, and had left him alone in such great sorrow, a pauper and a slave.

With much smothering, Zara hid her feelings during this recital; and, when it was ended, her grief and tears struggled in vain with her tongue; and she spoke, desiring her servant to carry gold to buy his freedom, and skins, and raiment; and promised comfort, and to bid him be of good heart. For all this she was much easier; and one week, and then another, went over; but her fancy thickened with his image. His face, with that heart-breaking look, was everywhere; her flowers were not her pride; solitude was her only comfort, wherein she got pale; her spirits grew aerial and refined; and the pomp and noise of her father's palace was a grossness no longer tolerable. Another week passed; when one morning, having had a light sleep and gentle dream, she arose, and with a smooth and quiet mind passed unattended from the garden to the road. The sun not being up, and the air of the morning cool, she strayed on (well knowing where, though she did not confess it to herself) until she reached the thatched habitation of this sad youth. When she came to think of what she was about, she trembled, but still went on. She paused at the threshold, and knocked, but no answer came. Upon looking round, she saw him asleep beneath a tree at a well's side. At the sight of his countenance again her heart beat violently.

He had been wandering and watching with a miserable heart through the night, with a sorrow that knows no custom; and, being wearied, had cast himself down in the morning, to snatch a few moments of oblivious sleep. Zara went gently to him, and sat herself at his feet, watching his uneasy slumber. His face had recovered some colour, and his eyes were a little stained with weeping. Three hours she sat and stirred not, but gazed upon his face. At length he awoke; and, having assured himself that it was no dream, his sorrow gave way to courtesy, his courtesy to tenderness, and tenderness increased to love and affection. The lady well believed all he said--not only because she was willing, but, moreover, her life existed on in such a speech; so she cast off her purple and gold, put on a dress of skins, and walked with him; and married him that day.

When the morning came, no whit repenting of her great change, she sent one to her father, telling whom she had married, and saying, "I love the choice that my heart has made, better than gold, or price, or kingdoms, or renown; and am content with the little honour that is in the result of my act. But as I know you, my father and my sisters, affect the honour that is in the world's eye, I must leave your house; which I am willing to do, though I shall not love you the less. It was in my power to have taken money and jewels, and to have enriched myself as a princess; this I have not done, as I wot well all these were the price of my obedience. As, however, I have wedded myself to nakedness, your anger will demand that which the fulness of your defeated hope bestowed; being therefore without money, it is my request that you will enrich me with a little gold, so that I and my dear lord may not starve at this present."

As the messenger reported this, the rich man trembled, and was dumb with rage, and suddenly he smote him so hard that it nearly killed him; and he went raving about, mad, vowing that he would have their blood. He shut himself up in his chamber, to think on what orders he should give to lay hands upon their lives; but when his rage abated, some touch of tenderness came unconfessedly to his breast. He walked out, called upon his daughters, his friends, and all his relatives; summoned his vassals, gathered them in the great hall, and told them all the sorrow of his proud heart; saying, "Put ye on your gay attire, and take with you the cymbal, and the pipe, and the dulcimer, and make music; and proceed ye with songs and rejoicing by the highway, until ye shall come to this woman's house; take ye, also, my daughters, in your hands, a young camel, a map, a bag of pebbles, and four dried skins; and say ye to her, without pity, ridiculing her estate, 'Thy father sends the portion thou deservest, and fitting thy most honourable marriage. For thy five hundred camels, take thou this one; for thy lands, thy woods, and springs on this tracked earth, take thou this map; these pebbles be thy jewels and thy gold; and these hard skins be all the tender raiment for thy cherished limbs.' Then leave her to the shafts of the world." And they all went as they were bid.

When Zara heard the sound of her father's music, and saw the banners and the array that approached, she said to her husband, "Be of good cheer, and grieve not; for you see that my father's heart is turned gentle, and that thou hast not plucked me from such high fortune, which has given thee so much pain." The numbers came to her, and the music ceased. And when they had said with scorn all they had been desired she turned not pale, but, looking in her husband's face, she kissed him before them all. Then she took the skins, the pebbles, and the map, and put them upon the camel, and, turning to the multitude, smiled sweetly and said, "Tell my father that I am content." So she bowed, and put her arm upon her husband's neck, and, leading the camel by a string, she turned her back to them and journeyed toward the desert. And the multitude returned shouting.

Here the virtuous were content and happy, and the proud heart plagued to the amount of its folly: but "Heaven, that hath the hearts of princes in its own hand," worketh after its own way.

These two built them a house, and the continual content and cheerfulness of Zara at length shamed away the melancholy that existed in the fine feeling of her husband; he knowing that for him she had become an outcast, and that he was a beggar without any worldly comforts. The remainder of the money that Zara in her charity had sent to her husband was now their daily life and anchor; it was soon gone, and they bethought themselves how they might live. Zara said, "Heaven did not put it into the head of my dear father to bestow on me the camel to no use; howbeit, I love the animal with almost a holy love, not only that it fondles me and is so gentle to kneel when I shall mount it, but that it is allied to the best remembrances of my home. Why should we not turn this gift to our use? Hew thyself a bow and arrows, and a spear; hunt thou the beasts for their skins; and with the feathers of birds, by the rareness of the art taught me in my infancy, I will weave mats and fans for devices above all common powers. We will from time to time load our camel with the labour of our hands, and take our tent to a far market; and thus live to love and bless one another." Her husband was astonished, but comforted, and did as she had said; and her singing and her converse made the way short and the labour sweet.

Thus led they for some months an enviable life; but one morning, when two months longer would have made her a mother, a fever seized her; at night she grew dumb, and on the morrow died. Her husband fell in an oblivion of despair, and was as a single weed in the garden of paradise—misery's heir. On the third day he buried her with his own hands. When the sharpness of his agony was somewhat past, he loved to linger about her favourite haunts, and bestowed all tenderness on the camel she had so dearly loved; and this patient creature, missing the gentle hand that had fostered it daily, showed a dumb sorrow by a thousand signs, that found a way to his breaking heart.

His way of life became wild, he loathed all intercourse as intrusive; and, finding



that he must follow the same means as hitherto to live, he loaded his camel and went his way to the market.

Each step that he took reminded him of his happy estate the last time he had travelled that way ; the thought of the many things that his dear wife had said in the places they had passed, of the songs she had sung, and the tears rolled from his eyes by night and by day ; yet these musings were comfortable to him. He sold the skins, and returned full of the soothing thoughts of the past and agonizing certainty of the present reality.

Not having eaten or drunk that day, he stopped his camel, and, looking for the skins containing the water (which he had filled as usual from the great spring), found that they had come unloosed and were gone. Parched with thirst, and thinking that he had dropped them many miles off, he knew not what to do ; sighing at such mean persecutions of fate, he mounted his camel and retraced his way ; but they were nowhere to be found. As a whole skin of water would not have been enough to have carried him back to the spring, he bethought him that his time was come, and that Heaven would at length release him. So he unloaded his camel that it might go whither it would, and cast himself on the sand.

The night came on, and was very dark ; his bowels grew fevered and raged with heat, and he passed the night in horrible torture. When the morning was come, his eyes were starting forth, and he was bent double with pain ; his tongue was parched and clave to the roof of his mouth, and was dry and pursed like a fig. He saw the camel lying beside him, and bethought him of the way among the Arabs, who, when they are in danger for want of water, slay these beasts and open the pouch that is in the chest, which Nature has provided for them to store their drink for many days. When he arose to do the same, he thought upon the service that this gentle creature had done him, and of the love his dear wife bore to it ; and, notwithstanding his physical agony, the tenderness of his mind was above the act, and he could not do it. He again threw himself down, and soon died.

The camel staid by him three days ; but, when the water was gone, and the pain of thirst came on, he made madly for the desert to find some spring, but as there was none there he must have perished.

O

## A WARNING.



He took his heart away from his fellows,  
And gave it to angels fair ;  
But the angels cannot commune with the human,  
"Nor, if they could, would they dare.

Then took he back his heart from the angels,  
And over it long he mourn'd ;  
For he either could not or would not offer it  
Back to the race he scorn'd.

But all things die if utterly self-bound ;  
And slowly this lone heart died :  
And ever the scorner is doom'd to wander,  
Meaner than all beside.

EBENEZER JONES.

## POPULAR RATIONALE OF GHOSTS.



THE age of superstition is fast giving way to the age of science: the occult elements of our nature are now dismissed to the shades by the great modern tyrant, Matter-of-Fact; we shall soon come to "lord it" superciliously over all those subtle feelings and apprehensions which cannot be clearly accounted for by the School-master, the doctor, the chemist, the mechanist, the grave-digger, and the stone-mason. When we are dead, buried, and epitaphed, it will be sheer impertinence "to walk," as of yore, frightening respectable people in bed, or at table, and disturbing them from their business. As the Genius of Philosophy advances, seated aloft on his steam-chariot, attended by his stern, remorseless train of analytic reasoners and experimentalists, the appalling adumbrations of Signior Goblin or Baron Bogie retreat, appalled in their turn; while those who were unluckily gifted with "the vision and the faculty divine" (say rather with the peculiar temperament and idiosyncrasy) of beholding preternatural shapes, and hearing inorganic voices, are now almost as few in number as "the elect" among poets. The reign of supernatural terror is nearly at the last phase of its final lunation; and thousands of doughty Ghosts in sheets, in armour, or in airy robes, breathing phosphoric fire, pointing with an awful straight finger, and leaving their cards behind them, in the shape of a warning scroll, together with a strong perfume of naughty-place sulphur, are now trooping back—like bad ministers turned out of office—sad, forlorn, and unpitied, to seek companionship with the preposterous Shades of ex-giants, in those by-gone days when such cubit-lubbers *were*.

Before we dismiss them, however, to their eternal rest, it may not be improper—indeed we are not sure but the omission would even savour of ingratitude—to allow them a last "squeak and gibber," in the shape of some analysis of the principles on

which we have been affected by their various appearances. In doing this, we shall have to demonstrate the paradox of seeing that which does not in itself exist; or of hearing that which has no sound. Should we succeed, it is manifest that we shall do much to enhance the past respectability of Ghosts, even in bidding them their long farewell.

Travelling one cold winter in the north of England, we found ourselves, towards nightfall, entering a sombre avenue of bare trees, whose broad dark trunks, as we advanced, were gradually expanding into the general shade that was slowly overcoming all the scene. The road would have been a rich slough had the weather been anything but a hard frost; but this apparently fortunate circumstance did not much better our condition, as the frozen ridges of earth, with deep and tortuous trenches between and ugly holes at awkward intervals, rendered it about as dangerous a horse-road as one could well imagine. It seemed made on purpose to break legs and overturn carts. We accordingly dismounted without loss of time, and began to lead our snorting friend by the bridle.

We will not detain the reader with an account of our disastrous wayfaring; of the many shifts and turnings and pauses we were compelled to make, nor of the monosyllabic ejaculations at the sundry false steps, accompanied with our renewed endeavours and desperate setting of the teeth. Having accomplished about a hundred and fifty yards in the space of somewhat more than an hour, stoppages included, we at length arrived at a tolerably level road, and discerned a light from a window glimmering in the distance. We accordingly remounted, and, setting off at a gleeful canter, reached the overhanging wooden portal of a small inn, just as a heavy fall of snow was commencing, the flakes of which were as large as those generally used at the minor theatres, though by no means so orderly in their slant, or so regular in their sequence.

We saw our horse lodged in a tolerably good stall, though very unequal to his deserts; and as soon as he had finished his pot of porter and his corn, we entered the house and were ushered into the parlour. It was a small room, furnished as usual, with an old-fashioned mahogany table, leather-bottomed chairs, a huge clock that might have been used by Gog or Magog as a sentry-box, sanded floor, &c. There were six or seven people in the room; and a grave-looking man, in a pepper-and-salt coat, kindly rose and offered his seat by the fire. Courtesy might have induced us to give a faint declination to "robbing him of his seat;" but the fact was the cold had by this time made us insensible to the existence of our toes, finger-ends, and tip of our nose; so that we took him at his word without more ado. The room was very warm, full of smoke and argument as we entered, and the subject was "Ghosts."

The company present was composed of a young fair-haired gentleman, attired in a fancy travelling dress, not unlike the Polish costume; a dapper little pug-nosed man, having the air of a grocer, or something in that line; and an elderly hard-featured gentleman, with short dark hair that looked as though it had been recently cut with a saw and dressed with a rake. These three we soon discovered to be strangers, who were travelling up to London, being subpoenaed on a trial. He of the pepper-and-salt vesture turned out to be the landlord. The rest, two in number only, were small farmers or graziers, living in the neighbourhood.

Addressing the fair gentleman, who seemed to have been the principal speaker, we requested that our frozen and hungry, but fast-reforming condition might not at all interrupt a discussion that appeared so interesting. By degrees the subject was renewed, and the debate soon rose to a very amusing height between the said gentleman and the dapper pug-nose; the latter being frequently seconded by horse-laughes from the graziers, and provokingly dry queries emanating from the old gentleman in the corner.

"I do maintain," exclaimed the pragmatic grocer, "and, what is more, I do insist, that the instances you have adduced in favour of Apparitions are without any sufficient proof or credible attestation; and I make bold to say that no respectable jury in the United Kingdom would listen to any such statement in evidence, for one moment!"

"What!" exclaimed the young gentleman contemptuously, "would you have a ghost tried by jury?"

"Certainly; or at all events, why not, if you are determined to make us believe in him? But to return," pursued the grocer, "to return to the other story you were about to relate when this gentleman entered. You say it is well authenticated by many individuals. Now, let us just hear this."

"There's no arguing against a vulgar prejudice;" answered the fair-haired young man, rather superciliously.

"True," muttered the old gentleman in the corner.

A general request, however, being made, the advocate of essences and shades, after a few more demurs, related the following story:—

"A young lady, the daughter of a merchant whom I well knew when I was a boy,—she resided a few miles from the town of L——, in Northamptonshire,—fell in love with a young artist who was making a tour through those parts. He painted her portrait, and that of her father also; and very like they were. But it was not only to his abilities as an artist that he owed the young lady's affections: for he was a very interesting person in many respects, and wrote verses, some of which I have seen, that were really charming, from their unaffected beauty and the love of nature they displayed in every line. Well, his profession had led him frequently into the society of many fascinating women, among whom he was a great favourite, which had, perhaps, spoiled him a little, so that he was by no means an apt subject for falling over head and ears in love. The young lady's affection wrought imperceptibly upon his feelings, and eventually he became as much devoted to her as she was to him. He accordingly proposed to her father to marry her, and wished the union to take place immediately. Her father strongly objected: not—to his honour be it said—on account of the young man's circumstances, for he declared that his daughter's happiness was his chief object, and he had enough wealth for both of them—but on account of her youth. He feared that her affection was only the ebullition of first feeling, and that it would not last. It was in vain the young lady insisted that her love would never know change or diminution; in vain the enamoured artist argued that first feelings were the strongest. The father only replied, they were not often the most permanent—(he was wrong in *this* case)—and peremptorily refused his consent. At the intercession of her mother, however, matters were so accommodated, that, if at the end of two years they were both of the same mind, the father would then freely give his consent. Meantime the youth was to withdraw himself, and they were not to correspond. To this arrangement the lovers made a strong resistance; but the old gentleman remained inflexible, and they were obliged to submit. The young artist departed, and it very nearly cost the poor girl her life. She recovered her health, however, in a few months, and lived upon hope. Her father took her about to parties and balls, and introduced a great many agreeable youths to her at his own house; but it would not do. She kept them all at such a distance that only two of them had the face to make her an offer. To make short of the story, gentlemen, the two long years at length were worn away, and back came the artist on the very day the term expired. Now was the season of flushed cheeks and palpitating hearts, and all was enjoyment and happiness in the house. The father gave his consent, and the day was fixed for the marriage. In the meantime, the youth lived with them as one of the family; walked out with his fair mistress alone; read poetry; made sketches—very bad ones, no doubt, his hand shook so; sang duets; picked fruit; in short it was a love match in the genuine sense of the word. One morning, however, when it only wanted three days to the wedding, being too restless in mind to follow any of their previous amusements, the young man, by way of novelty, and no doubt in order to be more alone with his mistress, proposed to her to go with him in a little boat for the purpose of fishing. Now, she had always had the utmost antipathy to the water, and found it impossible to overcome her dread. But he, in the unreflecting way of many men, treated it as a mere feminine weakness which she ought to overcome, and the more she objected the more he persisted, as if it had been so ordained by

fate; and finally announced that, if she were so much afraid of herself, he would go alone. This threat (in making which he showed himself to be selfish, by the very fact of accusing her of the same) had the desired effect, and she declared she would rather risk being drowned with him, than that he should go without her. Well, they went; and he rowed the boat out into a deep part of the stream, flung over the little grappling-iron to keep the boat steady, and began to watch his bobbing float. 'This, you know, gentlemen, is what is called 'fishing.' I'd wager my head he caught nothing; but I dare say that, in the long interval between the 'bites,' they gained in golden moments of pure love far more than the amount of the fish lost, so that the time did not hang at all heavy upon their hands. Whether it was during one of these moments so rife with interest to all true lovers, and so little interesting to everybody else—except as matter of envy—it unfortunately happened that a little bouquet of flowers fell out of the young lady's hand into the water. Her lover made a catch at it, and missed it. 'I'll have it yet,' said he, and made a second attempt, but it had floated too far. 'I *will* have it!' he exclaimed, and ran to the other end of the boat; but overreaching himself he fell in. He could not swim, and rose struggling and gasping. The young lady screamed, and, seeing him sink a second time and the water close over him, threw herself in after him. It happened that a large Newfoundland dog was passing that way—saw the accident—and, like a sensible man, jumped off the bank directly, and swam towards them. I beg your pardon, gentlemen, I did not intend to make you smile. The dog, of course, made for his young mistress, and, just as he arrived at the spot, her long auburn hair—all the combs out—was streaming, like sea-weed at sunset, along the water. He seized a large mouthful, and dragged her safely to the bank. He then left her, and ran off to the house—bolted into the parlour, shaking the wet about in all directions, and barking, and jumping upon everybody. Her mother was the first to understand him, and, uttering a faint cry, rushed out of the house, but fell fainting before she had crossed the lawn. The servants, however, followed the dog, and soon reached the bank, where they found the young lady lying quite insensible. She was carried home, and brought to herself; but her unfortunate lover, when got out at last by some drag nets, was quite dead."

"Could not the dog have saved him too?" asked the grocer.

"Don't you understand that he was at the bottom of the stream?" said the landlord, and resumed his pipe consequentially.

"Allow me to proceed," said the fair-haired gentleman, "for now comes the extraordinary part of the story. The unfortunate artist was buried in the vault of the family, and the young lady lay upon her bed raving with a brain fever. I omit to mention several wonderful things that occurred during this state, because they may perhaps be naturally accounted for by the disordered excitement of her faculties. She recovered, after a long course of illness, but walked about more like one who had come back from the grave, than a real human being. One thing was particularly remarked by everybody who had seen her lover; and this was, the painful and pathetic circumstance of her expression of countenance being stamped with a most striking resemblance to that of her dead lover. She continued in this melancholy state, in spite of all the efforts of her friends, till the anniversary of the day on which her lover had returned. On this eventful morning, a loud scream, that seemed rather of joy than horror, was heard above stairs; when the family, all rushing up, found the poor girl extended senseless in the passage leading to her room. On coming to herself, she declared that she had met her lover; and repeated the assertion, in answer to all their subsequent questions, with a steady consistency and minuteness of detail that perfectly astonished and perplexed all who heard her. She never left her bed again; and on the very day twelvemonth from that on which he was drowned, she died, calling upon his name, as though he were close at hand and struggling in the water. After her death, the expression of her face for several hours was more than ever like that of her ill-starred lover; and, moreover, the surgeon that attended the family declared it resembled that of a person who had been drowned."

A silence pervaded the room at the conclusion of this story. There was a sentiment of devoted passion in it, and a tragic pathos that overawed for the moment both the vulgar and the pertinacious, almost as much as it would those capable of entering into its subtle feelings with sympathetic imagination. Perceiving the effect it had produced, and misinterpreting the cause, by supposing it was owing to his victory over their prejudices as to supernatural appearances, the young gentleman resolved to clench the matter by introducing an instance of his own experience in that way.

"I see, gentlemen," pursued he, "that you are struck with this anecdote, nor am I surprised at it; but I have one other story to relate, which happened to myself, that I think will set the matter entirely at rest, and convince you of the truth of these spiritual visitations. It will not detain you long, and is no less extraordinary than what I have just related."

"Ah! let us hear *this*!" exclaimed the pragmatic grocer, settling himself afresh upon his seat. "This is a case in point; I never before met with any one who had seen a ghost."

"That is very likely," retorted the other; "you are one of those incorrigible people who, if they saw a ghost with their own eyes, would swear it was a mistake—as soon as they had quite recovered themselves, and saw their friends all round them."

"So I would," said the grocer.

"I thought so. Well, gentlemen. I had a very dear friend some years since—an old schoolfellow, in fact—and we two were always together. During four years we met every evening at a house that belonged to him, a few miles out of town; and we always sat on a garden-seat, when the weather permitted, talking together and taking a glass of wine and a cigar. He was very fond of his cigar. At the end of these four years—the happiest I ever passed in my life, for he was a most amiable man, of very interesting conversation, and had the strongest hold upon my feelings—he met with a dreadful fall from his horse, and, after lingering a few weeks, he died. From that time he was never absent from my thoughts; nor is he, even to this day. Some months after the fatal event, I chanced to be passing in the direction of the house, and I could not resist the melancholy satisfaction of going and paying a visit to the garden-seat where we had so often sat together about that time, in the evening twilight. I entered the garden with deep feelings of sorrow and awe, and these increased as I advanced, so that even the rustling of a leaf made me start. I had just arrived near the corner of a walk, facing which the seat was placed, and from which spot I had so often heard his well-known voice calling to me, when a rustling sound in the air, as if something thicker than wind was brushing past, made me start, and it set all my teeth chattering as I stood holding my breath. The next moment I heard his voice, as distinctly as I ever heard it in my life, calling my name! In the terror of the moment, and impelled by a kind of desperation I know not how to account for, I rushed to the corner of the walk; and at the other end, sure enough, there I saw the apparition of poor Johnstone—seated upright upon the garden-chair, with a mist all round him!"

"That," interrupted the grocer, "was no doubt the smoke of his cigar!"

A roar of laughter filled the room at this most unideal and destructive joke, in which it was almost impossible to help joining. The old gentleman in the corner, however, maintained his gravity unshaken.

"I did not say," ejaculated the narrator, indignantly, "I did not say, Sir, that his ghost was smoking a— You are an unfeeling fellow, Sir, and you want ideas."

"Pray, Sir," asked the old gentleman, interrupting the pause that followed this angry reply, "pray Sir, what do you mean by a 'ghost'? Define the term, for I do not understand it."

"Why, Sir, as to defining the term, it may be called by a dozen different ones; all I know is, I *heard* the voice and I *saw* the thing."

"What thing?" asked the inflexible old hard-heart.

"Why, the apparition or ghost of my friend—his soul, or his spirit—that which enables us 'to live and move, and have our being'—the indestructible portion of our life. I take it for granted that the gentleman I am addressing does not believe in annihilation."

The old gentleman slowly laid down his pipe, as though preparing for something, and, gathering his l<sup>d</sup>. g brown great-coat round his legs, bent his head forward into the light, displaying to our eyes, for the first time, a really fine specimen of that class in physiognomy vulgarly denominated the 'hatchet-faced.'

"How is it possible," demanded he, fixing a dark keen eye upon the young man; "how is it possible that any one can hear or see that principle which gives you and me the power to think and move?"

A long pause intervened. The old gentleman had made his blow, and sank back again into his corner.

"That principle," we now ventured to observe, "is the grand difficulty which has defied all the philosophers that have lived, as it probably will all those who follow. Can we suppose that such an essence may be seen and heard?"

"Very true," exclaimed the grocer, "and exactly my own opinion." "Hugh-a-ugh," laughed the graziers. "Humph!" muttered the old gentleman. The landlord continued his pipe.

"Do you mean, Sir?" asked the Polish-looking narrator, "to infer that I have been hoaxing you with premeditated untruths?"

"By no means, Sir. I have no doubt that you firmly believe every word you have spoken. But you must suppose that in a subject like this few will agree with you. The rarity, however, is not in the 'ghosts,' but in that singular and subtle disposition of the sensibilities and imagination, which are requisite to constitute the *seers* of ghosts. For my own part I coincide with you in the belief of all you have said."

"Why, what the deuce is this?" ejaculated the grocer. "I thought just this minute you were exactly of my own opinion? You set out with saying so."

The graziers stared, with open mouths, and a testy grunt was uttered by the old gentleman. The landlord held his pipe with a tenacious finger and thumb in front of his withdrawn nose, and sat pricking up his ears and looking all caution.

"It was not I who said so," we answered. "You declared that what I had remarked was exactly your own opinion. This partnership, however, I can have no objection to our dissolving."

"But you said you believed all that gentleman had said," pursued our grocer.

"Allow me to qualify it according to my notions, and I certainly do."

"Let's hear, Sir, let's hear," uttered several voices somewhat tauntingly, as we fancied. And now a difficulty struck us for the first time of a very awkward nature. We had undertaken to explain a subject which, if demonstrated with all the acumen of philosophy, or even with the truth of a ghost itself writing an autobiography, was certain not to be comprehended by the majority. We could not however retract, and commenced without hope.

"Allow me to offer a few observations on the story of the young lady whose devoted attachment terminated in so tragic a manner. The first thing, no doubt, that struck you as singular, was the resemblance her face assumed to that of her lover after his death. Be assured this is a fact which has not unfrequently occurred. The resemblance of lovers to each other, in the expression of their faces during a long absence, has frequently been noticed by close observers of nature, and is easily accounted for by the imagination continually dwelling on the features of the object beloved, and thus eventually bringing to the surface a corporeal manifestation or expression of the subtle movements within. Intense sympathy and sensibility, long foiled in hope, and disappointed of the possession of their object, often cause the death of an individual without any outward signs that can be identified with the cause; but the peculiarity of the individual, or an apt coincidence of certain faculties, may readily occasion the above phenomenon. The physiognomical appearance of the young lady after death is explicable in the same way. The powerful excitement which caused her death was closely connected with the whole story of her intense

affection; and the awful resemblance showed the visible form and feature of that catastrophe which her imagination had identified with her own last moments. Am I intelligible thus far?"

"Go on," muttered the old gentleman."

"Pray, Sir, continue," exclaimed the young traveller.

"Not so *very* intelligible, neither," said the grocer, looking towards the graziers interrogatively. "But you say nothing about the *ghost*!—let us come to that."

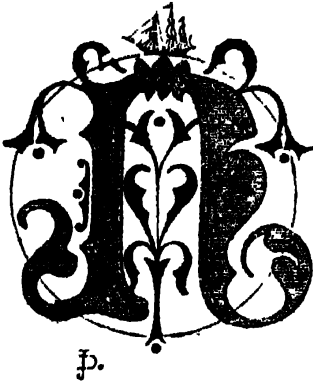
"I will endeavour," we resumed, "to explain my own opinions on the subject. I must promise, however, that what I have to say has nothing to do with the various hoaxes and chemical impositions that have been practised at various times. You may laugh; but I only mean to deal with the sincere and conscientious seers of ghosts, who are intelligent withal; and I do not by any means allude to the green-lane sprites or churchyard goblins of country people, the haunted houses of vulgar town's folk, nor to those of the romancers, with their blood-stained apparitions dragging great iron chains about ruined abbeys, or pulling the bedclothes off honest persons, with other mischievous impertinences. We hear and see,—as I never yet knew of anybody affirming that he had touched, smelt, or tasted a ghost, I shall leave these latter senses out of the immediate question,—we hear and see by means of the corresponding outward senses. They act upon the perceiving power within; and to effect this they must put certain organs into motions and positions coincident with the impulse. Whenever the memory presents objects to our mind, an operation similar *in kind* to that which first conveyed it to our perception must take place. At all events, this is my theory of the medium or mechanical part of memory. But when these secondary phenomena are preternaturally excited, as in organic disease, delirium, or the entire dominion and tyranny of the passions, the inflamed imagination may so react upon the sensibility of the external senses, as to reproduce, in a degree, the operations of certain original impulses. And thus visions, phantoms, and other delusions of the senses (differing from those ordinary and commonplace delusions under which, by the law of nature, they constantly act) have flitted before the eyes, corresponding in their appearance with the peculiar cause of excitement under which the individual has been labouring. According to this theory, ghosts have really been seen, and will be seen again as long as the world lasts. We say this on the assumption that there will always exist some individuals in whom the imagination and the nervous system are unhealthy."

We leave the reader to imagine the discussion that ensued. On our moving to withdraw, the fair-haired gentleman rose, and, deferentially tendering his card, said some very civil things, and wished us good night. Just as the door closed behind us, we heard him entering into a sort of reproachful remonstrance with the "grave senior;" in which we just caught the words "your hard-headed matter-of-fact men—march of intellect," and something about "a primrose on a river's brim."

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THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE POSSIBLE; OR, PASSAGES  
IN THE LIFE OF A COSMOPOLITE.



or from any peculiar instruction, not from any purpose aforethought, not from any settled plan, did I become a cosmopolite. Nature determined it for me before my birth, and many kinds of circumstances have aided to develop the free growth of the principle.

A father of Welsh descent, born and nourished in an agricultural district, and subsequently trained to trade and manufactures, his brain and hands his only endowments to carve out his way in the world; a mother born and bred in New England; a stern Scottish loyalist grandfather, who sacrificed his property to his principles; a grandmother of the blood of the ancient Dutch colonists of New Amsterdam; uncles who died in prison for resistance to arbitrary power in the war of printed words for American Independence; cousins of island growth in the West Indies; and with London for a birthplace—the universal centre of progressive change—it was not possible for one compounded of such varied blood to be other than cosmopolite.

With no regular education, gaining knowledge as I best or worst could, applied rather than trained to various arts and manufactures, thrown into contact chiefly with the republican spirits called into action in England by the French Revolution, there grew up in me a spirit of resistance to existing power; an impression that kings and queens and nobles were mischievous persons in society; a conviction that the republican form of government was the *ne plus ultra* of human perfection; a reverence for the names of mark in Greek and Roman story; a spirit of antique heroism, mingled with a strong feeling of what may best be described as bigoted liberality. The ignorant abuse of power by a “church-and-king” government, upheld by a brutal mob, blinded me to the defects of their opponents. To my vision the rulers were all tyrants; the oppressed all virtuous martyrs; Oliver Cromwell was a hero who, in the words of Boswell “had gart kings ken they had a lith i’ their neck;” and John Wilkes was a gallant champion of freedom, in that he tried “how far an Englishman could carry his contempt of kings.”

“In a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom.” So also in a variety of knowledge dwells the remedy for pedantry. A Londoner of the olden time, confined to his city precincts, was usually one of the most pedantic of mankind; but, to balance this, he was and is the most adaptive to all novel circumstances, when fairly placed in them. From an early age—scarce emerged from boyhood—my life was that of a wanderer and sojourner in many lands. France, with its exiles and with its restored Bourbons, Italy and the Peninsula, were alternately visited; and I learned that forms of government were but a small part of the circumstances operating on mankind for good and evil. The wide field of Spanish America was my next school for a long period of time. The savages of red and white blood were carefully studied, and also the pseudo-civilized. Canada and the United States—the Royal Colony and the Republican Union—came next, serving but to confirm previous experience, that in the circumstances of races are to be found the chief causes of happiness and misery; that governments are for the most part a consequence rather than a cause in the progress of nations—that they may retard, but can rarely destroy—that they may excite, but cannot make permanent. In conclusion, that the natural circumstances of nations bring forth the surest results, if men be only provided with knowledge; that to make knowledge free, and to exercise no restraint save on physical violence, are the chief good offices of government. The removal of the obstacles to progress is a very

practicable thing. The natural tendency of man will do all the rest, by slower or faster processes, according to the qualities of the race.

By the powers of Epaminondas and Pelopidas the glories of Thebes rose; and with the lives of their creators they passed away. The people of Thebes were plastic, but not self-sustained. Not so has it been with the noble English race. With bad or with good, with or without, government—in either hemisphere and in all countries—their practice has been in consonance with the foremost type of the universe—  
PROGRESS.

“You must keep within doots during the whole winter, live on milk, puddings, and fish, and avoid all excitement, if you wish to recover. Your constitution is delicate, and will not bear any work. If the spring you must take gentle exercise on horseback, and afterwards make a journey in favourable climates.”

The speaker was a man of fifty, standing like an oracle in a mysterious-looking apartment, lighted through stained and ground glass. The apartment was crowded with every variety of philosophical instrument then known, and an indescribable heap of “curiosities.” The genius of Sidrophel’s cave might have planned the arrangement. The unlearned amongst the doctor’s patients might well “wonder how his head could hold so much;” though the critic could readily discern that the matter was mere furniture “to make up a show,” and never applied to use.

My twenty years were but just completed, and my activity was intense; the world seemed hardly wide enough for its exercise; and here was a sentence of sudden death on that activity. I looked at the speaker in half despair, and then round the apartment. At a glance I saw they were not *working* tools of knowledge it contained, and my nerves were re-strung with the conviction flashing on me, that the man was only a quack, though a licensed one.

His business-like fingers were withdrawn from his breeches pocket to clutch the guinea, and add it to the others he had been jingling as a sort of accompaniment to the stereotyped words he had been uttering, and I hastily withdrew.

But a short time elapsed ere I found a physician of whose skill and knowledge there could be no doubt. “Talk to me,” I said, “not as to a patient, but as to a hospital pupil, and regard my body only as a subject. Must I die or live?”

He confirmed the opinion of the quack. The case was the common one of pulmonary attack; and nothing but extreme care could save me, and even that was problematic. The snow lay thick on the ground.

“Go home,” said the physician, “and stir no more out of doors till you can breathe warm summer air.”

A newspaper lay on the table, and while I gloomily pondered on the sentence of imprisonment and possible death, an advertisement caught my eye:—

“To sail. In all this week. From Liverpool, bound for Buenos Ayres and the Pacific, if the ports are open, the fast-sailing ship *Aguila*, 300 tons burden; coppered. Duncan Muir, commander. For freight or passage, apply to Pfeil and Scrooman, Water-lane.”

“I will, then, breathe the summer air in a month,” I exclaimed. “I may as well risk dying in reaching it quickly, as in waiting till it comes to me. Buenos Ayres! Good airs! A land of promise, wherein new elements are upheaving—a land of adventure, of romance, of passionate Spanish romance—a land where all shall be new to me.

“If you could at once be placed in a warm latitude,” said the physician, “it would be a wise course. But the exposure in getting there would be too great. You know not the hardships of a merchant vessel bound on a distant voyage to a lawless country, probably manned and commanded by men of questionable character. A smuggling affair, at best.”

“If,” I replied, “I am successful in going through a winter’s imprisonment, shall I not be obliged to reside some years in a fine climate, to prevent a return of illness?”

“Undoubtedly!”

“Then I am decided. I will not be a permanent source of anxiety to others.”

It wanted but two days to the end of the week, and that night I was in the mail for Liverpool. I felt my illness and weakness increase on the road very sensibly, and on reaching Liverpool drove direct to the agents. Mr. Pfeil presented himself. I never saw a file that looked keener, though his manner was bluntness itself.

"Is there a berth vacant in the Aguila?"

"After-cabin passenger, of course, Sir. I am afraid we are full, but I will see."

"I wish to have a cabin to myself!"

"Impossible, Sir—that is to say, unless—Captain Muir will you step this way?"

"What is the price of the passage?"

"Forty-five pounds with ship's provisions; but I recommend you to live at the captain's table, who will find everything, wine and spirits included, for seventy-five pounds."

Captain Muir now entered. His physiognomy was anything but prepossessing. Keen grey eyes, under shaggy sandy brows, and over high prominent cheek-bones, with a wide mouth garnished with tobacco-dyed teeth, constituted his face. His person was athletic, but meagre; and his dress was the round blue jacket and dreadnought trousers customary to the skippers of those days.

"Well, Captain Muir," said the worthy Pfeil, "this gentleman wishes to take a passage and have a cabin to himself. I have told him that there is none but your state cabin, and I am afraid that is out of the question."

"Why, I'll no say absolutely that I could na accommodate the gentleman, but doubtless it would interfere much with the arrangements o' the vessel; though, if it could na be helped, why"—

"In short, Captain, you want to know what consideration I am willing to pay. Now, to make few words of the matter. Mr. Pfeil says the passage is forty-five pounds, and that if I pay you thirty more I can mess with you. Is that so?"

"Undoubtedly. I'll make you vera comfortable. You shall live as I live."

"And, in consideration of having your state cabin to myself, what more am I to pay you?"

The skipper looked at the agent, and the agent at the skipper, and then the skipper hesitatingly said, "I'm thinkin' thretty pounds 'ill no be too much, considering"—

"You shall have it. So for one hundred and five pounds I am to be landed in Buenos Ayres free of all further charge."

A glance of the agent's eye seemed to say the skipper had let me off too cheaply, considering my manifest greenness.

"Aweel! I'll no say but it is so; but of course ye'll hae to find your own bedding."

"Well, and what extra charge will that be if you save me all trouble?"

After a little hesitation, he replied, "ten pounds."

"Agreed; and now, where does the ship lie?"

"In the dock."

"In the dock, and to sail to-morrow morning?"

"I'll no say that it 'ill just be to-morrow morning."

"Is not that your advertisement?"

"I'll no deny but it is. But all the cargo has not yet come down."

"So that's the way you deceive the public. Now, tell me truly when you really do sail."

"Well, then, it 'ill just be in all next week."

"Then I go on board next Saturday at latest, whether you sail or not. I shall be at the George Inn, where you can send to me."

I was about to depart, when the agent requested me to pay my passage-money, in order to secure my passage and cabin.

Grown what I thought wise, I refused to pay more than half till I was on board, and retired to my inn, where I shut myself up entirely from the external air. At the same place there was a Spanish-American boy, of about twelve years of age, returning homewards from Spain, where he had been sent to school by his parents,

and in consequence of the revolution in Buenos Ayres his relatives were sending him back again by way of England, for which purpose his passage had been taken in the *Aguila*, on a return voyage from Cadiz.

At the week's end, in company with the boy, Juan Aguirre, I went, bag and baggage, in search of the vessel. She was out of the dock and lying in the stream. I went on board and asked for the captain.

The mate, a thick, burly, weather-beaten man, replied he was on shore.

"Is my cabin in readiness? When do you sail?"

"In all *next* week."

The whole vessel was in confusion; the decks and cabins alike crowded with goods; but the air was blowing in from seaward and seemed to refresh me, therefore I determined to remain. A golden argument to the mate soon made way to my state-room, and ere the captain came on board I was slumbering between blankets in a kind of dark cupboard of about twenty feet area, with Juan Aguirre sitting by my side, watching me.

A soft voice waked me to tell me, in Spanish, that "El Señor Capitan wanted to speak to me."

The Scotch skipper's head was protruded within the door.

"I'm thinkin', Sir, you'll no be able to stay here on board till the ship sails."

"Why not? and why does not the ship sail?"

"The merchants are fashous bodies, and are no ready with their cargo. And there are no provisions on board yet."

"Well, I can have provisions from the shore."

"You'll no expect me to find the provisions till the voyage commences."

"Very well, Captain Muir, we understand that. I'll find my provisions till you sail; but here I remain, being too ill move. And now, Juan," I asked, in Spanish, "will you stay on board with me, or go on shore?"

"I have no friends on shore; you are my friend."

And there I laid almost lifeless for the space of three weeks, the vessel rocking nearly the whole time in a heavy wind. I was weak, but not otherwise worse, and I scarcely touched nourishment. The inflammatory symptoms seemed to abate, and Juan, during the intervals of sea-sickness, was constantly ready to help all my wants. The boy had become attached to me at first by the tie of language, and the attachment had grown by my helplessness. And little quiet was there in the vessel. The noises were incessant in stowing the cargo, much of which was brought in the night-time. It seemed a strange thing that a human being, who, surrounded by what are called comforts in a city dwelling, grew gradually worse, could, surrounded by such people, amidst such noises, and with a kind of rude box to serve for "parlour and kitchen and all," gradually grow better.

An unusual bustle brought Juan to my bedside to tell me the other passengers had arrived, and the vessel was getting under way. Sea-sickness soon disabled him, and he disappeared for nearly a fortnight, during which time I scarcely ate or drank, from the same cause, and was reduced nearly to a skeleton. We had crossed the Bay of Biscay, and the weather was becoming milder, when Juan again appeared, yellow as a guinea, but delighted with a now-found appetite, which he was exercising on a dried herring. The skipper a day or two afterwards put his head in at the door with a "Weel, Sir, I'm thinking ye'll begin to want some dinner before long." For the first time since I had come on board I began to be sensible of an inclination to eat, though unable to rise, and I requested him to send me anything that he thought would stay on my stomach. I fell into a dose, and was awakened by the cabin-boy Dick with a plate, and on it a round substance of bluish-white colour. "Captain sends you a doughboy, Sir," said Dick. I cut into it, and the sight and weight were sufficient for my dinner.

"I can't eat it, Dick; is there nothing else? what did the captain send me this for?"

"He said that would be sure to stop on your stomach, cos it were good heavy stuff, and wouldn't swim."

There was nothing else but salt beef, pork, biscuit, and potatoes. I had some of the latter.

After some tea and biscuit for the next morning's breakfast, I found my appetite increase, and commissioned Juan to secure me something edible at the dinner hour. He returned with an account of the bill of fare—salt beef, salt pork, doughboys, pea-soup, potatoes, and biscuit, water and whisky.

"Nothing else?"

"Nada mas, Señor."—Nothing more.

A little cross questioning gleaned the further information that at the outset of the voyage there were a few fowls, ducks, and a pig. Some had died and were made into broth, and some were drowned, but all had been eaten except the pig, who had been washed overboard to "cut his own throat" against the waves of the Bay of Biscay—a fitting slaughter for the supply of any passing shark. The butter and cheese had come to an end, and this was the last day of the white biscuit. There was every probability that the tea and coffee would be of no long duration, but there was a large supply of oatmeal on board to replace it.

"Grande picasro es este capitan!"—a big rogue of a captain,—was the philosophic comment of Juan, as he concluded his tale of stores.

This was startling information for an invalid. The Scotch skipper had been too far north for me. He had taken my money, and in return for it there was nothing for me but the common sea stores of the crew.

I felt my choler rise at the iniquitous dealing, but reflection told me that the exhibition of choler would not procure redress. I was naturally impetuous, but I had also a vein of caution very essential to the shaping of results.

"But, Juan, how many passengers are there altogether?"

"Eighteen in the cabin, and twelve in the steerage."

"And what do they say to their fare?"

"I don't well understand what they say, but they look very angry."

"Well, Juan, let me have some pea-soup and biscuit, and when I can get up we will inquire into the matter."

It was a week longer ere I could well stand on my feet. It was Sunday, and, gaunt as a skeleton, I sought the deck to recline on a mattress near the stern. We were in the tropics, gliding along with a delicious breeze at ten knots per hour, and with scarce a consciousness of movement, under a bright sun and clear sky. My sensations of enjoyment were rapturous. For the first time I felt the charms of a tropical sea and trade wind, and the craft beneath me was one of unrivalled speed. Long and low, with a straight sheer on the water, and a flush deck, she made no alternate heave and plunge, but went *through* the water occasionally taking the crest of the faint undulation over her bow, and passing it to leeward within a few yards of her stern. A new life seemed to fill my veins; death had passed away, and every fresh object I looked on was a source of pleasure. The vessel was of Baltimore build, originally constructed to run as a packet between New York and Havannah, and thence purchased to serve as a French privateer. She had been taken on her first cruise, and, being put up to auction for the benefit of her captors, she had been purchased by Messrs. Pfeil and Scrooman as a great bargain, with a view to certain objects not contemplated by the passengers. She was pierced for ten guns, but had none mounted, trusting to her heels for safety in case of meeting an enemy. She carried very lofty spars, and her rig was perfect symmetry.

The passengers were pacing the decks in cleanly guise to do honour to Sunday; the distinction of caste marked by the tross-line of the mainmast, steerage passengers forward and cabin passengers aft. I was as much an object of curiosity to them as they were to me. From time to time they stopped in knots of two or three to converse, and the chief subject was the total absence of fresh provisions and their indignation with the skipper. Juan, who sat by me, at intervals pointed out their peculiarities with much shrewdness. One of them attracted my particular attention. He walked apart from the rest, and in the lee scuppers, with bare feet, evidently enjoying the dash of the water. He was upwards of six feet in height, larged-boned and of clumsy form, though muscular. His head was large, his hair red and curled, his eyes grey, nose turned up, and mouth capacious, with an expression of humour,—a

sort of light-looking Hercules grown ugly but not unpleasant. His clothing was peculiar in its cut, manufactured of Irish frieze—the poor man's material; but he was assuredly not a poor man, neither was he gentleman in manners, though he might be gentle blooded. In short he had the national character of Daniel O'Connell; and he might off hand be pronounced an Irishman, though he opened not his mouth.

"Dinner!" shouted boy Dick, and the quarter-deck was soon cleared. I followed down the companion ladder and took a seat at the table. The countenances of the sitters looked black when the eternal pea-soup in its greasy tin was deposited on the table. A passenger by a modern steamer or an American liner can form but little idea of what was called accommodation in those days. Three tiers of berths on bed places, with tawdry red curtains, lined the sides of the cabin, to which access could only be procured by rolling in edgeways. When the passengers were in them they must have looked like the packages on a draper's shelves.

"What's for dinner, Steward?" said the skipper, gracing boy Dick with the title of honour, while he took his seat between two pieces of crooked timber that pretended to be an armchair, in the middle of the stern locker. The skipper felt that his passengers were ready for an outbreak, and he meant to soften it by a catalogue of unlooked for delicacies.

Dick grinned while he enumerated pea-soup, ham, boiled tripe, corned beef, and plum pudding.

Tripe, ham, and plum pudding were unwonted dainties, and the black faces grew more cheerful.

Pea-soup was passed round, and the skipper shouted lustily, "Steward, bring a dozen of bottled porter."

Passengers' eyes glistened. What could have come to the skipper? The announcement of nectar could not have startled them more.

Boy Dick dived head and shoulders beneath a lot of bedding on one of the lower shelves called berths, with a key in his hand, and bottle after bottle was handed out. More than one glass apiece of a black liquid covered with froth was swallowed by the majority of the passengers, and after some sufficient delay the skipper proffered a plate of ham and tripe.

But the crafty spell had taken its effect. Bottled porter and pea-soup were fatal to the chance of swallowing anything in the shape of food.

"Old birds not to be caught with chaff!" said one of the passengers—a disbanded purser or purser's steward—as he took the proffered plate.

Dinner passed off; those ate who could, and those who could not looked angry. Doughboys stuck with raisins far apart passed muster for plum pudding, and a large bowl of whisky toddy smoked on the board.

"Here's to General Breezo," said the purser, emptying his glass.

"We shall need all his help to save us from starvation!" grumbled more than one of the pea-soup-and-porter deluded, in answer.

The barriers of restraint were broken down, and a torrent of vituperation was lavished on the skipper, whereat the mate took his departure to his duties on deck.

The Scot bore it all quietly, with inward satisfaction at the profit to be reaped by starving his passengers.

"Well, gentlemen, and what have ye to complain of?" he at length asked.

"We paid you for fresh provisions, wine, and spirits, and have nothing but salt meat and whisky."

"If you have eaten up all the fresh provisions, that's no my fault," said the imperturbable skipper. "There war owre mony o' yecum aboard just at the last. Besides, ye have your bargain. I promised ye sud live as I lived, and sae ye do. What more do ye want?"

"Live!" cried a redfaced man. "Do you call this living? I'll have law for it when I get ashore."

"Much law ye'll find in Boney's Airs, I'm thinking," muttered the skipper to himself.

Leaving them to their quarrel, I sought the deck, and noticed the Irish Hercules

still pacing the lee scuppers; he had not been at the dinner table. He came up to me and held out his brawny hand.

"Young gentleman, you'll do me a mighty favour if you'll belong to my mess during the remainder of the voyage. You look too ill to be starved by that big blackguard of a skipper."

I thanked him, and inquired where he held his mess.

"Follow me, young gentleman."

I followed him into the steerage, where a rough but rather roomy cabin had been parted off by rough planks. A large chest was covered with a clean cloth, and on it were placed tin cases of preserved provisions—fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetables—all smoking hot, having been heated by spirit lamps. In a basket was the finest white biscuit, and bottles with two or three varieties of wine stood in a kind of temporary locker.

"Sit down, my boy, and ate, for mighty glad I am to have a messmate. Ate first, and we'll have a talk afterwards."

And I did eat, and with such eager appetite that my new acquaintance stopped me.

"Gently! gently! my boy, not too fast. Take it asy for a day or two, or we shall have mischief; I am an old traveller, and know that starving people must be checked. I did not know till this morning that you were on board, and the only jontleman besides myself. You're green, and that blackguard of a skipper has taken you in like the rest. I don't like you the worse for it. A young man who can't be taken in once must be a bad man; if taken in twice in the same circumstances, he must be a fool. Come! another glass of wine to bring the colour into your cheeks. And don't ye feel stronger already?"

"Indeed I do. And now enlighten me as to how you happen to be so much better off than myself."

"Because I happen to be thirty years older, and have not forgotten anything that has happened to me in those thirty years. I know by long experience that a merchant ship with a Scotch captain is a mighty queer affair. But I was obliged to make this voyage, and there is no choice of vessels for Buenos Ayres. I saw at once that Pfeil, Scrooman, and the skipper were three knaves, so I made my bargain for this cabin to be fitted up for my especial use—a space equal to six steerage passengers; and there is a hatch in yonder corner communicating with a store-room below. This done, I shipped all my own provisions and water."

"Water!" I said, in some astonishment.

"Yes. I saw that the blackguards had shipped the greater part of their water in a lot of old porter casks, and, if you have not found it out yet, you may some of these days, when they broach one, and you are obliged to hold your nose while you drink. But, come, take a cup of this coffee; it's genuine Mocha."

"With your arrangements you seem independent of all external service."

"A man is not fit to travel till he can serve all his own personal wants. If he needs a servant he had better stop at home. When you sail in a war-ship you have slaves enough at your beck; but it's mighty unpleasant, for a man's made a slave himself to so many forms. I'd rather be a savage than be dependent. I'm mighty fond of my ease, and like to ate and drink well, and in a voyage like this, one has little to do besides; so I've all the luxuries that give no trouble. Blessed be the man that invented preserved provisions. I can starve, too, when it's less trouble; and I like to be solitary when I can't get good company."

"And how came I to be the only one on board to suit you?"

"In the first place, you've been very ill, and want help; secondly, I can help you; and thirdly, that South American boy, Juan Aguirre, has told me to-day how kind you have been to him."

"Then you speak Spanish?"

"You may say that; there are few places in Spain, or in her colonies north of the Equator that I have not seen."

"And which do you prefer?"

"On the whole, the colonies, for there the people are more natural. Respectability in most parts of Spain means cash and position. In most parts of the Spanish colonies a 'respectable man' means 'a tall fellow of his hands.'"

"Then there will be few people more respectable than yourself, when we arrive?"

A shade of gloom passed across his face at my remark, and he continued—

"Are you going to stay long there?"

"Years."

"Then I'll give you a piece of counsel. Most of the Spanish colonists are mighty pleasant people to deal with, but for the most part they are not to be trusted. They are like cats when they are pleasant and you rub them the right way of the hair; but they are very tigerish and treacherous when offended. I won't say there are not such things, but I never yet met with a lovesick heart or an unquiet conscience in all South America!"

"That seems a hard stricture on a romantic people."

"Romantic, is it, my boy? I've been a bit romantic myself, but I'll tell you that Spanish romance is mixed up with a good deal of self-seeking. A Spanish girl will stab her lover when he offends her as readily as she would a rival. Och, the devils! Here, boy Dick, take away these tins and you may eat what's inside for your trouble. And tell that young Spaniard to come down here to have some dessert."

Dried fruits of various kinds appeared from some miraculous hoard; and Juan Aguirre was quite at his ease.

"And now, my boy," said my new friend, "I suppose you don't yet understand that we are in some peril in this vessel if we should happen to be in bad weather?"

"She seems a gallant ship."

"It's not the ship, but the captain and crew. I've had some observation in these matters, and would not have embarked if I had known all."

"What is amiss?"

"The captain is a swindling Scot, and is besides a sly drunkard; the mate is an honest, stupid fellow. The crew consist of just six men and boy Dick. Last night, when the watch was called, a lame man, a one-eyed man, and boy Dick composed it, one man being below, invalided."

"But we have plenty of passengers for an emergency."

"I've looked over them too. In the first place I myself tell as one, and rank below nothing as a working seaman, and such a set of helpless bagmen as the cabin passengers I never set eyes on. The best of them would be that purser or purser's clerk, and there is little good in him. What do you expect from that man who wears the gold spectacles, who never expresses an opinion, and chimes in with everybody with his eternal phrase of 'very much so?' He with the eyes like boiled gooseberries, who fishes with a bucket over the quarter all day long for sea-monsters, and examined a drift of the cook's slush for three days with the microscope before he could determine that it was not animalculæ,—the rest of the passengers lost in wonderment at his learning? What do you expect from that quarrelsome vagabond with the red face? A mighty queer lot. There are two or three stout mechanics in the steerage that some good may come of; but they are at war with the skipper, who has stinted their provisions. As for the crew, they seem starved. Beef like old rope, salted instead of tarred, and bad biscuit and bad water, form the whole of their food, and not enough of that."

"Is there no remedy?"

"If the provisions are not on board, they can't have them, that's clear. The mate does not know what's in the hold, for the cargo was put in by the stevedores, and the mate was shipped afterwards. The men are on short allowance of water already. Have you noticed the arrangement?"

"No."

"Did you not see the gun-barrel kept in the fore-top? No man can get a drink of water without fetching it down to dip in the cask on deck, and then returning it to the top. And, being obliged to ascend and descend their rigging twice for such an operation, the poor fellows naturally put it off as long as possible."



Juan Aguirre, who, by our gestures and words together, made out the subject of our discourse, here remarked,

"Yes, and the gun-barrel was locked up by the captain for half a day because two men drank together."

Here was matter enough for anxiety, and I became thoughtful.

"Come, my boy," said my new friend, clapping me on the shoulder, "perhaps we shall carry the fine weather to the end of the voyage, and meanwhile you will get stronger. You, I, and Juan here will mess together."

"Agreed, provided I pay my share of the expenses."

"If it will please your pride you may. But my stock was laid in for a long voyage, and we have made a short one hitherto. You may be sure I shan't leave any for the skipper; and as for those sharks of bagmen, I don't take to them."

And in this mode another week passed away, my appetite becoming enormous. My Irish friend, whose name was Daniel Bourne, grew more and more communicative, and I only felt compunction at the thought of feasting while others were fasting. But my strength was returning, and I felt that ere long I should be a very "respectable man," according to Bourne's definition. As the weather grew hotter he concocted spruce, swistles, sangarees, and all manner of drinks; and the mechanics in the steerage were made partakers in some of the good things, as it grew more and more evident that the provisions were in surplus.

Two weeks more had passed away, and we were in hourly expectation of making our landfall at Cape St. Mary's, the mouth of the River Plate. It was a beautiful Sunday, and all were anticipating with delight a speedy escape from the vessel. As it grew dusk I betook myself to the staysail-net, where I lay gazing at the southern heavens till sleep overpowered me. I was suddenly awakened by the sound of strife, and, starting up, beheld a number of persons at blows on the quarter-deck. Quickly mingling with them, I found them to be the whole of the crew and a number of the steerage passengers in a state of intoxication. The mate was vainly endeavouring to restore order. The skipper was nowhere to be seen. The cabin passengers were gazing in startled wonderment at the *mêlée*.

"What is the meaning of all this?" I said to the mate. "Where have the people got their liquor from?"

"The captain has been giving them and the steerage passengers a keg of whisky to make merry over the landfall."

"The captain!" I exclaimed, as I called to mind his usual penuriousness. "The captain giving liquor to the crew while on the eve of making land!"

Numerous circumstances flashed on my memory, and I exclaimed, "Then, by heavens, he means to lose the ship! Is he insured? Messrs. Pfeil and Scrooman, your secret is out. Where is the captain?"

"Below in his cabin. I fear it is as you say, Sir," added the mate, in a whisper.

I flew to the door of the villanous Scot's cabin, but it was fastened, and no answer was returned. I passed to the cabin of Bourne, and found him in a nervous tremor.

"Rouse yourself," I said.

He made answer, "My dear boy, I told you before that I was worse than useless in an emergency. Don't waste time on me now. I'll tell you all hereafter."

I turned away half in despair. My position was so new, and there was little time for thought. I went again on deck, and found the mate with the helm in hand. All else was confusion, and there was no one to advise. There were twenty-five full-grown men in a state of sobriety, and no one to direct. I took my own resolution.

"Gentlemen, let us adjourn to the cabin."

They followed me down like sheep, and I addressed them.

"Are you all disposed to lose your lives quietly?"

"No! no! no!" answered many voices and brogues. "What is the matter?"

"There is a foul plot to lose this vessel for the purpose of plundering the underwriters, and, if we would save ourselves, we must be prompt, and not too nice in our mode of procedure. There is a mutiny of the crew, apparently fomented by the

captain, who is nowhere to be found. We must depose him, and give the command to the mate. Who says 'ay' to this?"

"It would be piracy," said one or two fainthearted bagmen.

At this moment the body of a man, bleeding from a wound in the head, fell across the hatchway.

"It grows serious," said the purser. "Gentlemen," we had better resolve on something."

"Elect one of our number as leader," I said, "and the first thing to be done is to take possession of the vessel."

Many voices proclaimed me for the leader.

"Be it so. I will take the responsibility of the act if you will bind yourselves to obey me in all things. Those who obey me come on this side the cabin."

I counted sixteen. Two only slunk away.

"Now, what arms have we?"

Some pistols were produced, and a gun or two. I believe some were charged.

"Well, never mind, we are sober. Now, follow me to find the captain."

We arranged ourselves round the door of his cabin, and I knocked loudly, but without an answer.

"Stand back, gentlemen!" Saying so, I threw the whole weight of my body against the door, and it burst open.

A pistol flashed in the pan, and the skipper, who wielded it, sunk back in his berth staggering with liquor.

"Mutiny!" he cried.

I laid hands on his collar and dragged him out. "Behold, gentlemen, we make this man a prisoner in defence of our own lives. There is a mutiny on deck, and he is drunk!"

We took away his arms, and rushed on deck. My followers, I found, only wanted leading. In a few minutes we had secured all the crew, and, tying their hands and legs, left them to grow sober. The steerage passengers, who had been their opponents, slunk away. I approached the mate at the helm.

"Will you take the command of the vessel, and we will obey your orders."

"I dare not, gentlemen. To resist my superior officer would be mutiny."

"Then we must compel you to navigate the ship under our orders. Now, gentlemen, the ship is our own. Who shall be captain?"

My name was repeated; and thus, in the space of little more than an hour, from a simple passenger I had become in the eye of the law a pirate leader. Many a man has been hanged for less upon well-got-up testimony. I appointed the purser my second in command, and our party was divided into two separate watches. For my own part, I inwardly forswore rest till we reached our destination. My new command did not sit easily upon me, for I was ignorant of my duties; and fear is in most cases the result of ignorance. However, I put a bold face on the matter, and, going up to the mate, I said, "Now, Mr. Bolt, if you attempt to resist my authority I shall order you to be hanged. You will keep by the helm, and see that the ship is kept to her course by my people, till these drunken rascals of sailors grow sober."

Mr. Bolt rolled his tobacco in his cheek, and promised obedience with great alacrity, when his responsibility was removed by this outward and manifest coercion.

"I think, Sir, there's one very good lad amongst the crew," said Mr. Bolt.

"You mean Tom, the fairhaired athletic young man, about nineteen."

"Yes, Sir, he's worth any three of the crew. I know he'll be ashamed when he comes to himself. He promised his sweetheart, before we sailed, to behave well on board."

The mate's voice fell to a whisper as he continued:—"You'll excuse me, Sir. I know you're right in what you've done, and mayhap have good friends to bear you harmless; but if a poor man like me gets concerned in a charge of mutiny it's all over with him. I hope we shall make the land safely. I shall keep on the look out, and so, perhaps, will you."

None of my crew of landsmen could mount the rigging. Boy Dick was the only sober one of the crew; but I thought it was of no use to send him up, for fear "gentle sleep should seal up his eyes and rock his brain." Reflecting that I could watch the deck and look out for the land equally well from the foretop, I mounted thither, first in my capacity of commander selecting two pair of the best pistols, and securing them round me in a belt, taking care to charge them efficiently. Scarcely had I reached the top when I perceived some one half way up the rigging.

"Who goes there?"

"Juan Aguirre, Señor. I want to be with you."

"Come up, then. What have you been doing?"

"I have tied fast that picaro of a capitan."

"You have tied him!" and I recollected my inadvertence.

"Yes; I watched you all through, and, after seeing the sailors tied, I recollected the capitan was not tied; so I crept to his cabin, and he was so drunk he did not know anything about it. He won't move much when he grows sober. But poor Don Daniel—what have you done to him? He has been crying like a boy."

"Crying, Juan?"

"Yes, Señor."

"Well, I'll see about it in the morning. And now go you to bed."

"No, Señor; I won't go to bed any more till I go to bed in my own land."

"Well, go down again and bring up a couple of boat-cloaks for us. You shall sleep in the top while I watch, and when I sleep you shall watch."

And the boy slept soundly. I watched till the sun arose. Juan awaked, and we descended the rigging.

I went to Bourne's cabin. He grasped my hand and sobbed in agony. It was an awful thing to see this strong and powerful man thus cast down.

"Are you unwell?" I asked.

He whispered in my ear, "Do not despise me! I am a coward, a physical coward. My reason tells me it is wrong, but my imagination cannot be controlled. When danger is afar off, my mind confronts it; when it approaches, my body quails."

I started. But a moment after grasped his hand. "And what then? We are not all born alike; some of us possess one good quality in excess, and some another. I honour you for your generous impulses. There are plenty of what are called brave men, caring for nothing but themselves. Keep your cabin and your secret."

"God bless you, my boy! Do not think ill of me till you have heard the causes of my misfortune."

"Not a bit. And now I have a favour to ask. I am captain, and I shall be glad to throw our fresh provisions and stores into common stock, if there be only enough for two days."

"With all my heart."

We made a sumptuous breakfast on deck. I began to feel the insidious attacks of ambition as I sat on the taffrail, lord paramount. Power, felt for the first time in youth, is very fascinating. The weather was delicious, the wind favourable, and the sight of land momentarily expected. Besides, I had won my position by my own energy in seizing circumstances at the right time. I was getting quite piratical, though my crew were a sorry-looking set of long-tailed landsmen, and I almost began to fancy myself a legitimate son of Ocean. Self-satisfaction induced a merciful spirit: and, having inspected the warlike appointments of my retainers, from pocket pistols to crowbars and handspikes, I ordered the now sober crew to be unbound and brought before me.

I had added a cutlass to my personal ornaments, and the motley six, so mutinous the night before, looked on me in wonderment. The steerage passengers began to allege their complaints.

"Silence," I said. "All that is past is pardoned, provided these men promise to obey all the orders of Mr. Bolt, the mate, who acts under my command. Captain Muir is our prisoner, till we reach the port."

The rascals promised obedience with a shout. They believed we were all turned

pirates in earnest, and about to buccanier along the coast. Only Tom seemed to have any qualms.

"We hope your honour will increase our allowance of provisions," said the one-eyed man, touching his hat.

"Let them have their breakfast. Mr. Bolt, and we will examine what provisions there are to-morrow, if we don't make land to-night."

The captain was kept a prisoner in his cabin, where he maintained a sulkily silence, and an armed sentinel was kept at the door. In the course of the day he requested to be supplied with paper, pen, and ink. His request was complied with, and I then began seriously to reflect on the lawless position in which I was placed, and the awkward turn that might be given to it. Obtaining possession of the log-book, I wrote in it a succinct account of the whole transaction, which I read over to the passengers and mate, and then obtained their signatures to it. Having secured an attested copy of this, I felt at ease, and paced the quarter-deck with a more legitimate air. But my quietude was doomed to be of short duration.

"I don't like the look of that cloud, Sir," said the mate to me, just as the sun was setting on the verge of the horizon. "We shall have bad weather!"

I strained my eyes, but could not detect the cause of his fear. But the experienced seaman was right: the wind, which had hitherto been favourable, chopped round directly in our teeth. Just before midnight it suddenly increased to a gale, and the mate ordered all hands into the rigging to take in sail. Ere they could spring from the deck, a violent gust laid the ship on her beam-ends, and before she righted the main topmast was carried away, and the whole top-hamper fell to leeward.

The energy of the mate seemed to rise with the occasion. "Let all fly forward!"

"Ay, ay! Sir," was the answer; and in a few moments the sails were flying loose, with the vessel before the wind. The men were ordered up to take them in, and were spread along the fore-topsail-yard, when a peculiar sound fell on the ear distinct from all others, and, though faint, clearly heard through all the howling of the wind and hissing of the waters.

"Down! down! every man of you," shouted the mate, in an almost agonized tone of voice. "The fore-topmast is sprung! Down! I say!"

One only was left on the yard, when the fore-topmast went over the side, and he was projected far into the sea.

"Help! help!" he shouted, as he rose on the crest of a wave, which bore him within a fathom of the ship's side. "Help! help!" still rang in our ears, as he sunk down in the abyss, and went far astern of us.

"Lower the boat," I exclaimed.

"Boat, Sir!" replied the mate; "you might as well lower a basket. If she could swim at all, it could not be in this sea. Poor Tom's days are ended. He is a mile astern. Hold on every man, and look out!" He rushed to the helm as he spoke.

I seized the mizen shrouds, and beheld a giant wave towering above the weather quarter. Like an avalanche it burst upon us. As I again breathed, loud shrieks rang from the cabin below. The passengers rush'd upon deck half drowned.

"We must batten down the hatches, Sir," said the mate.

I rushed into Bourne's cabin. He was in a violent paroxysm of sea-sickness. Juan Aguirre had followed me.

"What shall I do, Señor?"

The boy's dark face was brave and calm.

"Carry this basket of biscuit and these bottles of brandy on deck, and wait there. Hammers, nails, and battens!"

Two cabinet-makers in the steerage produced some tools, and we tore down a boarded partition or temporary bulkhead for battens.

"Now, who stays below, and who keeps the deck?"

Only eight of the whole number thought the chance of drowning on deck preferable to drowning below. There were no tarpawlings to be found, and we cut a sail from the wreck to cover the hatches. They were safely battened down, and I began to breathe again.

"What next?" I asked the mate.

"She rolls heavily, Sir, without canvas. We must get a storm-stail on her to steady her. The topmasts are striking her side violently with every lurch. If we start a plank it will be all over with us."

"Can we not lash them to the lower rigging?"

"We have not hands enough. Landsmen cannot do it."

"Then cut all adrift."

"No, Sir, we must save the fore rigging if possible. We have no spare stores to replace it. Stand clear all aft."

As he spoke, a water-cask, which had broken loose from its lashings near the foremast, came rolling along the deck impelled by the upheaving of the vessel forwards. I had but just time to seize Juan Aguirre by the arm and drag him away from the vessel's side, when the cask went cracking through the bulwark, carrying all before it.

"A narrow escape for you, my poor boy."

"It has missed my basket!" and he sprang forward to regain his charge.

An attempt was now made to cut away the wreck from the mainmast, but no instrument was to be found save the cook's axe, and the edge of that was so hacked and blunted that the attempt was given up in despair. The gale seemed to increase every instant, and the violent strokes of the broken spars against the ship's side made us shudder. In vain we tried to secure them; it was like dwarfs attempting to cope with giants. At length a storm-sail was bent to the mainstay, and the vessel was at last steadied.

"Now, Sir, to the pumps!" said the mate. "Landsmen can work there. There are three feet water in the hold," he added, in a whisper.

I set the first example, and wrought till I could scarcely stand, and then threw myself down on the deck while the water washed over me. Another and another succeeded for two successive hours.

"There is no leak, Sir!" said the mate, "and you may take it easier. The water has come in over the hatches. Had you not better let all hands splice the main brace?"

The brave little Juan served out the spirits under my directions. The effect seemed as nothing on the exhausted people.

"Do you see anything hopeful, Mr. Bolt, in any quarter of the horizon?"

"One thing, Sir, the gale is off the shore, and we have plenty of sea-room. And our hull is all safe as yet, though how long it will remain so I don't know. She's a beautiful craft as ever swam, but there's no saying how old she is; and these Yankee clippers are sometimes not very sound in their timbers. We must hope for the best."

Day broke upon us grim and lowering, and still the gale ceased not. We ventured to open the cabin hatch for a few minutes, at intervals, to get at dry clothing and provisions. Raw salt pork, biscuit, spirits, and water were our only rations, save a few remaining cases of preserved provisions of Bourne's stock. He himself still lay sea-sick.

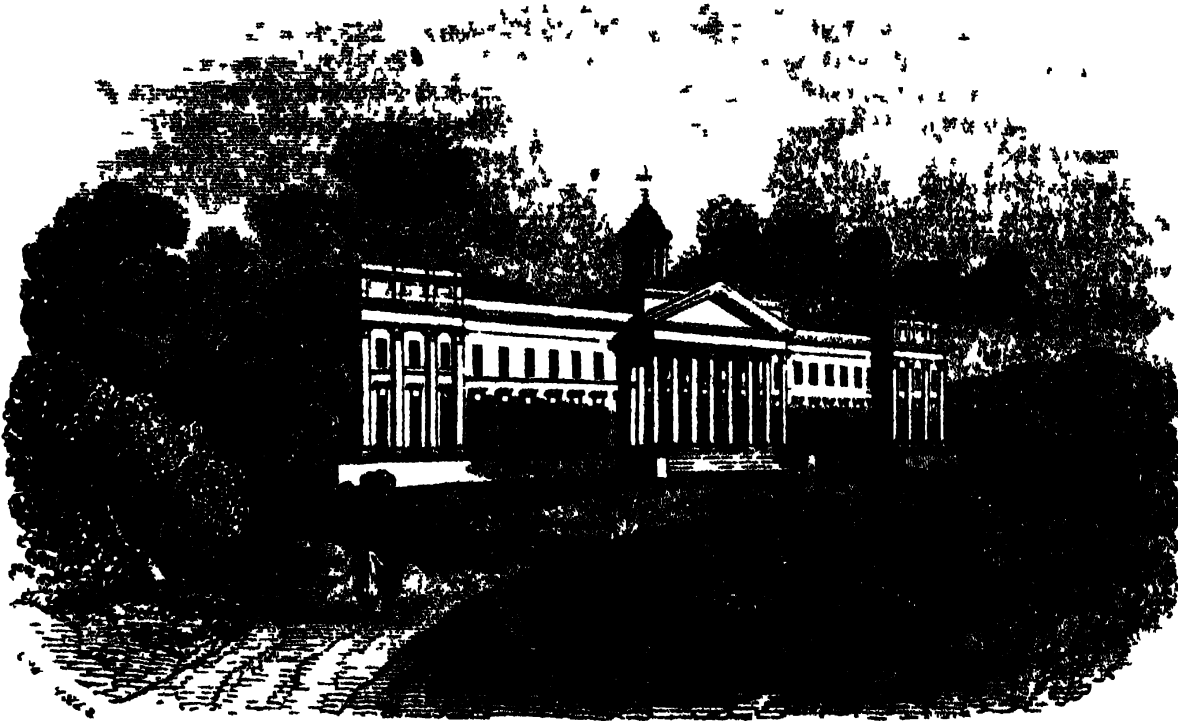
We worked as hard as we could, but it was two days before we succeeded in getting in the wreck of the fore-topmast. We had commenced on that of the main-topmast, but the gale came on with increased violence, and our storm-sail was carried away. With saws and knives the wreck was at last cut loose, and we saw it drift astern.

J. R.

*(To be continued.)*

## REVIEW OF BOOKS.

TORRINGTON-HALL • being an Account of Two Days, in the Autumn of the Year 1844, passed at that magnificent and philosophically conducted Establishment for the Insane. By ARTHUR WALLBRIDGE. How, Fleet-street.



TORRINGTON, HALL

‘ ‘ What are the natural causes of insanity with your patients ? ’ ’

‘ ‘ The principal causes, the doctor informed me, were disappointed affection, religious enthusiasm, excessive dissipation, and the cares of earning a livelihood and maintaining a position in society, but the last was more especially injurious, and was, in fact, often the real cause of the others. ’ ’

‘ ‘ Indeed,’ continued he, ‘ insanity—even in the popular, partial interpretation of the term—smoulders much more commonly than most people believe. Who that contemplates the social condition of all civilized countries—and, in particular, of Great Britain—can be astonished at this ? Hypocrisy, unmorality, ignorance, crime, and insanity are produced as naturally from a system of *intense competition*, as apples are produced from the apple-tree. ’ ’

‘ ‘ That is a very gloomy doctrine,’ exclaimed Bryant

‘ ‘ By no means gloomy,’ said Dr Elstree, ‘ on the contrary, it is a doctrine that inspires us with the brightest hopes. If we can ascertain that certain effects result from certain causes—by removing the causes we get rid of the effects. That a society based upon the principle of *competition* must necessarily be had, I consider to be a fact now as demonstrable as any other fact in science which is universally accepted as established. The world will admit this *great new fact* by-and-by, and wonder how, in the middle of the nineteenth century, it could have been doubted. In the meantime, I acted upon it here. Each available patient is trained to some branch of manufacture, and all the men, who are sufficiently convalescent, till the land. But, in fostering the industrial tendencies, we take great care not to stimulate the selfish competitive instinct, and proscribe entirely the lust for *individual accumulation*. ‘ Each for all, and all for each,’ is our cardinal motto. ’

‘ ‘ What !’ exclaimed Bryant, opening his eyes to the widest extent, ‘ ‘ each for all, and ———’ do you mean to say you make these poor devils work, and pay them nothing for it ? ’

‘ ‘ Recollect they are *mad*,’ said Dr Elstree, smiling. ‘ They are sent to me from the *same* world, and I am obliged to adopt measures suited to their unhappy condition. The system of buying cheap and selling dear, of overreaching and underselling, of giving kicks and suffering kicks, to save halfpence or get halfpence—as practised by civilized man—is one which seems not to have agreed with them ; and I must try what I can invent better. Now,

it appeared to me long ago, that, if the influences of general society render so many people mad, they must have a tendency to *keep mad* those who are so. Therefore, in combining a set of influences to act upon my patients, I made them quite unlike the influences of general society. As *they* all proceed from the principle of competition, *mine* all proceed from the principle of co-operation. As, in the great outer world, agriculture and manufactures stand scowling apart from each other, in my little inner world they are brought up as affectionate brothers. Seeing that the choice of residence was between an ugly, unwholesome, thickly-populated mass of buildings called a *town*, and a dull, thinly-peopled expanse, called the *country*, and that either continuously is detrimental, I constructed a residence with the advantages of both and the disadvantages of neither. Seeing also that the most necessary industrial occupations were pursued to excess, or not undertaken at all, that some suffered from doing too much, and others from doing too little; that mental and muscular exertion were seldom united in proper proportions by the same individual; and that all these matters of commission and omission were highly prejudicial to health; I reformed them altogether, and instituted such arrangements that every available patient was compelled to exercise, regularly and moderately, nearly all the faculties with which the human being is endowed. As, further, the asylum was intended to be self-supporting, by adopting the principle of co-operation as the basis of my system, I was enabled to dispense almost entirely with the existence of mere *distributors*, who, in the forms of merchants, bankers, shopkeepers, and so on, now abound so greatly, perform their office so imperfectly, and absorb so enormous a share of wealth. And as, according to the principle of co-operation, machinery must be used for the benefit of the whole, and not entirely for the benefit of the capitalist class, as at present, and would, in consequence, be universally accepted with gratitude, I took the utmost pains to procure the best machinery, and to introduce it into the processes of the establishment as much as possible. The land is cultivated by a combined method of ploughing and digging; which method causes it to yield more, and spares us the expense and unpleasantness of much brute labour. The entire produce, agricultural and manufacturing, is stored up for the common use of the inmates; and the surplus is sent to market and sold. The money realized by this is sufficient to purchase those articles which we need, but do not grow or work up; to pay a handsome interest on the capital originally advanced by the shareholders; and to leave a considerable annual sum over, which is allowed to accumulate, with the view of forming another establishment on the plan of this.'

" 'But can your patients be safely intrusted so far as this supposes?' asked I: 'there appears, indeed, to be very little restraint.'

" 'Those whom you have seen,' replied the doctor, '*can* be safely intrusted so far—under control, of course. But *they* have all been here for some time. I have upwards of one hundred in the infirmary, the greater part of whom have but recently arrived. As soon as any of these are better, and I have properly *disciplined* them, they will be draughted into the routine life of the establishment.'

" 'I will tell you candidly what seems to me an objection,' said Bryant: 'everybody is obliged to obey *you* and the *rules*, and has no voice in the disposition of affairs.'

" 'You forget strangely,' said the doctor, 'that this is a *lunatic asylum*. I am the *super-intending physician*—and must command obedience from my patients; but, as much as I can permit it with propriety, they *have* a voice in the disposition of affairs. We have a *parliament* which assembles once a week, when all matters pertaining to the institution are discussed, and laws and regulations suggested. The decisions of the majority are valid if stamped with my *royal* approval; and I assure you I have not often cause to withhold it.'

" 'I suppose, doctor,' said I, 'that Bryant, when he considers *your* institutions and customs, and those of the *world*, is in danger of mistaking the lunatics for the rational people, and the rational people for the lunatics.'

" 'I hope he is,' exclaimed Dr. Elstree, laughing; 'no, no; we are but *lunatics* here. If the population were selected from the world to *form a society*, instead of merely to be cured, things would be somewhat different. We should have a proportion of children; marriages would take place in the community; and the whole establishment would be strictly under the government of the majority of adults. But, as it is, we must content ourselves with as near an approach as possible to a truly wise set of social arrangements.' "

\* \* \* \* \*

" 'Pray, answer me another question,' said I; 'do the patients here belong to any particular class in society, or do they consist of all classes? I do not at all understand your arrangements in this respect.'

“ ‘I have already hinted to you,’ said the doctor, ‘that, in my opinion, the exaggerated and thoroughly artificial differences of class that prevail in civilized society are a fruitful source of morbid feeling. I therefore banish conventional distinctions altogether from the place. No money is required, or accepted, from any one on entering, whilst remaining, or when quitting; the treatment received is paid for in *labor*. All who choose to submit to the regulations of the institution, and can procure a recommendation from a school doctor, are eligible for admission, whatever their station may be, and so on.’ ” are the advantages of the method appreciated, and, as the result of this, so eager is the school doctor to obtain recommendations, that most ranks have had their representatives in our establishment. The natural effect of the great desire to obtain recommendations, on the one hand -- is consequent fastidiousness in granting them, on the other, is to send here persons of the lowest class, except the highest and the lowest.”

And, if Arthur Wallbridge's account may be trusted (and we cannot see why it should not be), the foregoing arrangements are so honestly and thoroughly carried out, that we cannot but wish ourselves madder than we are allowed to be, in order that we might be placed immediately under the care of the benevolent Dr. Elstree. Even were the book only a fiction, it would be well worth attention, for its able exposition of the demoralizing and maddening tendency of our present competitive system.

**THE FOSTER-BROTHER; A TALE OF THE WAR OF CHIOZZA.** In three volumes.  
Edited by LEIGH HUNT. Newby, Mortimer, and Co.

In an introductory preface, characterized by frankness and delicacy, Mr. Leigh Hunt tells us that the author of these volumes is his son, Thornton Hunt, who “has written anonymously for several years, with the approbation of the best judges in the metropolis;” and that this first essay in fiction “was composed at hasty though earnest intervals, during a pressure of work already too much for the writer's health, and only carried to that extreme from a sense of duty.” He gives his own opinion of the merits of the “Foster-Brother” with critical discrimination; showing that paternal partiality has not disturbed the clearness of his judgment, while it gives to his appreciation of the excellencies of the work an exquisite feeling of satisfaction that adds a zest to the reader's curiosity. But, had it appeared without any introduction, the fine qualities that raise it high above the common run of historical novels would, sooner or later, have gained for its author a reputation in this department of literature quite equal to that which he had already earned in another.

The “Foster-Brother” is a story of enchaining interest, full of stirring incidents, narrated with such distinctness and animation that the scenes pass before the reader's mind like real events. The characters are true to nature and their own idiosyncrasies, and are so vividly depicted, that their outward appearance impresses you like Titian's portraits; while their speech and actions are those of actual human beings, not mere puppets. In short, this “Tale of the War of Chiozza” reads like a domestic chronicle of Venice in the fourteenth century, with which the danger of the republic from the assaults of the Genoese and the treachery of its senators is mixed up: we seem to view historical events and persons from the inner world of family feuds and endearments,—so inseparably blended is the public and private history of the period.

The style is terse and racy, with an air of quaintness and primitive simplicity, unaffected and in keeping with the habits of the period; nor do we object to the Italian modes of expression in which the characters address each other: it helps the nationality of the story. But the qualities that we prize most in this book, and for which we most esteem Mr. Thornton Hunt as a writer, are these: the dramatic power with which he places the reader in the midst of the scenes he describes, and presents the personages in lively action; a kindly spirit of universal sympathy with the good that is in the worst human nature; the depth and purity of the sentiment of the story, and the strength and nature of the passion.



There is something Shaksperian in the clearness and calmness with which he views, as "with equal eye," the good and the bad, the weak and the strong; seizing upon essential features of character, and turning points of conduct to indicate the individual and the class, with the intuitive tact of one who reads the heart. And, although we feel that the author sympathizes most warmly with the true and genuine people, and those of the finest natures, he betrays no spites nor likings for or against particular persons; but he puts all before you as he found them, leaving the reader to like or loathe with no other clew than what the actions of each afford. We think this an indication of the enlarged mind, clear perception, and lively imagination that go to make up a great and original writer. This power of dealing with the elements of reality is also shown in the uncontaminating way in which scenes of blood and traits of grossness are touched upon; the salient points being brought out with force, but not so as to shock the sense or lead the reader to dwell upon horrible details. The intuitive delicacy of a fine mind is shown in the tact of a skilful artist.

We shall not regret the want of space to tell the story and describe the characters of the "Foster-Brother," if this testimony to the remarkable merits of the book should incite any reader to test the worth of our praise. We have preferred to speak of the authorship rather than of the subject (having to choose between the two), because the advent of a new writer of fiction such as Mr. Thornton Hunt—vigorous scion of a noble stock—who is prepared to follow up his first success by a novel of English domestic life, is an event in the annals of literature to be hailed with delight; not only for the store of amusement promised, but for the healthy tone of thought and feeling that a continuance of such writings will infuse into a most impressive class of readers. The influence of popular novelists on the moral sentiments, as well as the tastes and fancy of the mass of readers, is not, we think, sufficiently regarded by critics, who are more occupied with examining structure of fable and consistency of characters, or comparing one work with another, than in noting the spirit and tendency of the book, or the character of the author's philosophy. In the writing of Thornton Hunt we breathe a fresh and genial atmosphere of mind; sunny, yet bracing; and in this day, when morbid horrors and sickly sentimentalism vitiate our light literature and deprave popular taste, the wholesome effect of such a pure current of ideas will be most beneficial.

#### A MANUAL OF PHONOGRAPHY.

#### A PLEA FOR PHNOTYPY AND PHONOGRAPHY.

#### THE PHONOGRAPHIC CLASS-BOOK.

#### THE PHNOTYPIC JOURNAL.

Published at the Phonographic Institution, 5, Nelson-place, Bath.

In addition to the above, we have been favoured with so many tracts and pamphlets referring to this "writing by sound" and "printing by sound" that we must own ourselves fairly bewildered. The utmost we can do is to endeavour to give our readers some slight notion of the new writing and printing system; making, under correction, such objections as immediately occur to us.

"The word Phonography signifies the writing of sounds; or, the writing of words exactly as they are spoken. It has been the object of the author of it to exhibit upon paper characters which shall convey an idea of every sound of the human voice. This he has successfully effected by representing each of them by a distinct sign or letter; consequently, as one sign represents only one sound, and every sound has its own appropriate sign, when these signs are written, and a word composed of any of them is presented to the eye, it is as easily recognised as if it had been spoken. We think, therefore, that an art based on such principles cannot have a more fitting designation than the one we have given it—*talking on paper*—for, as the author of this system of writing has observed, 'it may almost be said that the very sound of every word is made visible. The signs, too, are not thrown together without order,

but are so arranged that they make a *natural alphabet of sounds*, in which each letter is in its proper place."

"The present system is founded upon a minute and careful examination of the organs of speech, and the result has been that we have deemed it expedient to arrange the vowels and articulations, not in the old alphabetical style, but according to their natural sequence. Thus the letter *p* stands first; it is the least complicated of all articulations, being formed by the very edges of the lips, and not requiring the assistance either of the teeth, the tongue, or the palate in its production. Next in order stands *b*, then *t*, *d*, &c. The rest follow in a perfectly natural arrangement; the explosive letters being taken first, proceeding in order from the lips to the throat; then the continuous consonants in the same order, and lastly the linguals and nasals.

"The articulations or consonants do not consist of a long series of different formations, but only about half of the number are *essentially varied*, the remainder being merely the flattened sounds of the others, thus *p* and *b*; *t* and *d*; *f* and *v*, &c., are precisely the same articulations, *modified by being either sharpened or flattened in utterance*. To follow nature we must make our signs for these sounds bear a similar relation to one another. *This is done in PHONOGRAPHY*; thus *p* is  $\diagdown$  *b*  $\diagup$  *t*  $\diagdown$  *d*  $\diagup$  *f*  $\diagdown$  *v*  $\diagup$ , &c.; and thus not only is the memory not burdened with a multitude of signs, but the mind perceives that a *thin stroke* harmonizes with a *thin articulation*, and a *thick stroke* with a *thick articulation*; and the hand feels the consistency of writing *pat*, and  $\diagdown$  for *pad*; &c. After a few weeks' practice in writing the system, every pupil finds that the heavy strokes are made without any additional effort; they flow from the pen with as much facility as their corresponding heavy sounds do from the lips."

We must confess that we do not see how the sign  $\diagdown$  expresses the sound of *p*; nor how, by the compound character  $\diagdown$  "the very sound" of *PAT* "is made visible:" true as it may be that "a thin stroke harmonises with a thin articulation." Neither do we see any advantage in printing or writing *journal*, *jurnul*, confounding the distinct sounds of *u* and *a*, which seems to be one of the phonographic formulas. Numerous other "amendments" of these phonographists seem to us to arise not from the false spelling of the system common among us, but from a want of nicety of ear to distinguish between sounds. Not that we would defend the present method of spelling; but we think the fault is not in the characters, but in the substitution of arbitrary sounds for the true sounds of those characters. For instance, we teach a child to spell *hit*—*nitch-i-tee*; certainly not very like *hit*. *Dog* is to be made up of *dee-o-jee*. But this blunder of ear-bothering is going out of fashion; and we confess we do not see the necessity for altering the old Roman characters. *Phonotypy* and *Phonography* seem to us to be an endeavour to remedy a bad pronunciation by adapting a new character to it.

The following will amuse our readers:—

"The following Lines, originally published in the *PHONOGRAPHIC STAR*, show what must be the effect of the monstrous absurdities of our Orthography upon the minds of Children and Foreigners.

"SCENE.—The Play Ground of a School where *Orthography* is taught, described by LINDLEY MURRAY as 'the just (?) method of spelling words.'

"'Twas a fine winter's day, their breakfast was . . . done,  
And the boys were disposed to enjoy some good . . . fone;  
Sam Sprightly observed, 'Tis but just half-past . . . eight,  
And there's more time for play than when breakfast is . . . leight;  
And so I propose, that, as cold is the . . . morning,  
We'll keep ourselves warm at the game of stag . . . worning.  
I'm stag!' With his hand in his waistcoat he's . . . off;  
And his playmates are dodging him round the pump . . . troff.  
Sam's active: but still their alertness is . . . such,  
It was not very soon that e'en one he could . . . tuch.  
The captive's assailed by jokes, buffets, and . . . laughter,  
By a host of blithe boys quickly following . . . aughter;  
But, joined hand in hand, their forces are . . . double,  
Nor for jokes nor for buffetings care they a . . . bouble,

All's activity now, for high is the sport;  
 Reinforcements arrive from the shed and shed court.  
 More are caught, and their places they straightway assign  
 At the middle or end of the lengthening lign;  
 To break it some push with both shoulder and thigh;  
 But so firm is the hold that vainly they trigh.  
 Oh, 'tis broken at last! now scamper the whole,  
 To escape their pursuers, and get to the gole.  
 All are caught now, but one, of the juvenile hosts,  
 And he, a proud hero, vaingloriously boasts!  
 "But, hark! the clock strikes, and then, by the rules,  
 They must quickly collect for their several schules  
 We'll leave them awhile at their books and their sums,  
 And join them again when the afternoon cums.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Now dinner is over; Sam Sprightly, says he,  
 'Let us form a good party for cricket, at thre,'  
 Says Joseph, 'I wish you'd begin it at two,  
 For after our dinner I've nothing to dwo;'  
 At length they agreed to meet punctual at four,  
 On the green just in front of number one dour;  
 And they thought they should muster not less than a scour;  
 Sam goes on recruit; 'Wilt thou join us, my hearty?'  
 'Yes,' says Richard, 'I'll gladly make one of the pearty.'  
 'Come, Joseph, you'll join?' Joseph languidly said,  
 'I can't, for I've got such a pain in my hand;  
 I think I should find myself better in baid.'  
 'There's Alfred,' said Sam, 'I know he will choose;'  
 I'm sure he won't like such a pleasure to loose;  
 'And Jem, you'll go with us?' 'No! asking your pardon,  
 I'd rather by far go to work in the gardon;  
 For there we get pay, perhaps a nice root,  
 Or, what I like better, a handful of froot;  
 So you'll not enlist me, I'm not a recroot!'  
 There's Charles! but, alas! poor unfortunate wight,  
 He's confined in the lodge, he regretted it quight.  
 Though Frank's a long lesson of grammar to learn,  
 He'll set it aside, not to miss such a tearn.

"Some join in the party, but some are too busy;  
 One does not like cricket, it makes him so dusy;  
 But now there's enough, so says Sam, 'Now, my boys,  
 Just listen to me—don't make such a noys!—  
 The High-field's the place; and I do not despair,  
 If the teachers we ask, they'll let us play thair.  
 So, while I get the bats and the ball, I propose  
 That Thomas, or Richard, or somebody gosc  
 And presents our request, making this a condition,  
 We'll all be good boys, if they grant us permission.'  
 'Here's the ball and the bats; just look, what a beauty!  
 —Well, Tagn, what reply from the master on deauty?'  
 'Oh! granted.' 'That's right—that is capital news!  
 Indeed, I knew well they would never refews.'

"So now they're at play; and I think you've enough  
 Of such spelling, such rhyming, such whimsical stough;  
 And, therefore, lest you 'gainst my verse should inveigh  
 I'll bid you farewell, leaving them to their pleigh."



# FOR AUGUST.

|                                                                                              | PAGE |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| The Dead Guest . . . . .                                                                     | 81   |
| The Gloaming Tryet . . . . .                                                                 | 95   |
| Master and Servant . . . . .                                                                 | 96   |
| Alfred of England; or, The Force of Love. . . . .                                            | 100  |
| Traces . . . . .                                                                             | 103  |
| Recreations of Mr. Zigzag the Elder . . . . .                                                | 104  |
| The Wife of Bath's Tale . . . . .                                                            | 121  |
| Three Weeks in Bonn . . . . .                                                                | 129  |
| The Widow of the Pond Farm. A Story of the Poor Laws . . . . .                               | 139  |
| The Thames Embankment and City Railway . . . . .                                             | 144  |
| Orpheus' Sweetest Song . . . . .                                                             | 147  |
| The Strong Box . . . . .                                                                     | 148  |
| Reviews of Books—                                                                            |      |
| "A Story Book of Country Scenes." By MRS. HARRIET MYRTLE . . . . .                           | 157  |
| "A Story Book of the Seasons." By MRS. HARRIET MYRTLE . . . . .                              | 157  |
| "Italy, Austria, and the Pope. A Letter to Sir James Graham." By JOSEPH<br>MAZZINI . . . . . | 158  |

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following papers are declined :—"The Law of Divorce;" "The Elements;" "Lights and Shadows of a Soldier's Life;" "Pampeluna and Elizond;" "Woodside Chequers;" "The Midsummer Manuscripts;" "The Pastor's Story;" "A Hychondriacal Irishman;" "On the Prospects of Dramatic Music in England;" "The Bookworm;" "An Afternoon's Walk in June;" "The Red Tower of Malmaison."

Phonotypy and Phonography, in our next.

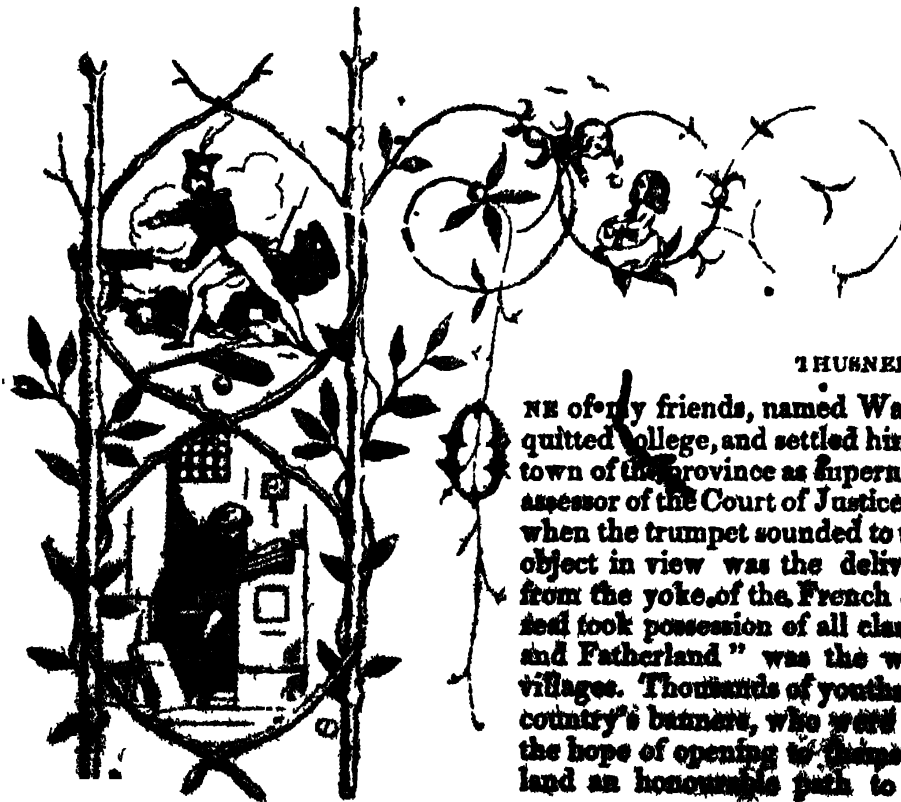


THE

# DEAD GUEST,

FROM THE GERMAN OF

HEINRICH ZSCHÖKKE.



THUSNELDE.

NE of my friends, named Waldrick, had but just quitted college, and settled himself in the principal town of the province as supernumerary and unpaid assessor of the Court of Justice, or some such office, when the trumpet sounded to the sacred war. The object in view was the deliverance of Germany from the yoke of the French conqueror. A pious zeal took possession of all classes, and "Freedom and Fatherland" was the war cry in cities and villages. Thousands of youths flocked round their country's banners, who were ~~also~~ animated with the hope of opening to themselves in their native land an honourable path to fortune, under the

protection of more equal laws and a better organized government. My beloved Waldrick participated heartily in these bright hopes, took leave of the President of the Courts, and made choice of the sword instead of the pen.

As he had not yet attained his majority, and his parents were already dead, he wrote to his guardian, asking permission to join the expedition in behalf of his country, and begging for a hundred dollars to defray his travelling expenses.

Herr Bantes, his guardian, a rich manufacturer in the village of Herbesheim, in whose house his boyhood till the period of his entering college had been spent, was an old and rather eccentric man. He sent him in reply a letter containing fifteen louis d'or and the following words:—

"My friend, when you are a year older you may then dispose of yourself and the remainder of your property according to your own will and pleasure; till then I beg you will put off this expedition in behalf of your country; apply yourself to business; fit yourself for some employment that will procure you the means of living—for this you will find actually necessary; in short, dismiss all foolish fancies from your brain. I know my duty to your deceased father, my late friend, and therefore do not send you one farthing."

The fifteen louis d'or stood forth as a strange but not unpleasing contradiction to this letter; and it might have been long ere the mystery had been explained to Waldrick had not his eye chanced upon a piece of paper which had fallen to the ground, and in which the gold had been wrapped; he took it up, and it ran thus:—"Do not let yourself be daunted; go forth in the holy cause of your poor native land. May God protect you! So prays your former playfellow—FREDERICA."

Now, this Frederica was none other than the youthful daughter of Herr Bantes; and Heaven only knows how she came to be intrusted with the sealing of her father's letter, but so it was. Waldrick stood bewildered; more enchanted with the heroism of the German maiden than with the gold which Frederica had probably sent him out of her own savings. He wrote at once to a friend at Herbesheim; enclosed a few grateful lines to the little girl (forgetting that the "little girl" had probably grown somewhat within four years)—called her his gennon Thusnelde\*; and set forth proud as a second Herrmann towards the Rhine and the army.

#### THE INCOGNITO.



SHALL not here relate circumstantially Waldrick's heroic deeds; suffice it to say, wherever the post of danger might be, there was he sure to be found. Napoleon was happily deprived of the empire and sent to Elba. Waldrick did not return with the other volunteers, but entered an infantry regiment of the line as first lieutenant. Life pleased him better in the open field than behind dusty rolls of paper in the office. His regiment made a second expedition against France, and returned amidst the rolling of drums, fife, and songs. Waldrick, who had been in two battles and several skirmishes, had been so fortunate as to escape all wounds. He hoped that, as a reward for his services, he might now obtain some civil post. He was much esteemed in his regiment for his audacity and his various acquirements; but matters did not go as smoothly as he could have wished. There were some sons and cousins of privy councillors to be provided for, who had prudently remained at home to await the rank. They also

\* Thusnelde was the wife of Herrmann, or Arminius, the old German hero, who conquered the Roman Legions under Varus.

had the advantage over him of birth, Waldrick being descended from commoner parents. He therefore remained first lieutenant; nor was he likely to rise, as Herr Bantes had long since handed him over all that remained of his father's inheritance, of which he had already contrived to spend every farthing: so he passed his time at his quarters, writing poetry, and occasionally making philosophical reflections on parade, and became a prey to *ennui*, till suddenly, one day, his company received orders to march, and were ordered into garrison at Herbesheim.

At the head of his company (for the captain, a rich baron, was away upon leave) he returned as commander to his little native town. How his heart beat at sight of the two black high-pointed steeples, and of the old well-beloved grey gate towers! The drums ceased before the townhall; two of the aldermen brought out the billets; the commander was of course quartered in the best and richest house in the



town—therefore at Herr Bantes'. The company separated, well pleased, for it was the happy hour of dinner; and the good citizens, already apprized of the intended arrival of their new guests, were well prepared for their reception. Waldrick, who had known the two aldermen well from his childhood, soon perceived that they no longer recognised him, as they treated him with much ceremony and respect, and, although he declined the honour, insisted upon conducting him themselves to the manufacturer's house. Here Herr Bantes received him with equal ceremony, and, showing him politely into a very nice chamber, said—"Commandant, your predecessor had this and the adjoining apartment—take possession of them; we shall expect to see you at meals and the like; pray make yourself at home. Waldrick was amused at his unexpected *incognito*, and determined, in order to increase the surprise, to wait till some passing occurrence should remove it. As soon as he had changed his dress he was called to dinner; he found there, besides Herr Bantes and his wife, some overseers and clerks, all well known to him, also a young lady whom he did not know. They all seated themselves, talked of the greatness of the arrival of the company this morning; and, on their expressing the grief of the citizens at the removal of the former company, who seemed to have been in favour with all parties, "I hope," said Waldrick, "you will not be less satisfied with me and my men when we shall become domesticated amongst you." Now, as the first step towards this, the commandant, who already noted an early playfellow



and creditor, naturally asked his hostess whether she had any children. "One daughter," answered she, and pointed to the young girl, who cast her eyes modestly down upon her plate. Waldrick's wondering gaze rather passed the limits of strict propriety. "Bless me, what a fine girl she has become!" he did not exactly say this aloud, but certainly thought it to himself as he regarded the modest girl attentively. He stammered out something to her parents in his first emotion, and was infinitely relieved when the old father called out, "Another spoonful of sauce, commandant." The old lady spoke of a son who had died in childhood, but still spoke of him with emotion. "It is all for the best, mamma," said the father; "who can say that in the end he might not have turned out a scapegrace and the like, like George." It was now Waldrick's turn to cast down his eyes and look modest, for the scapegrace George was none other than himself. "But are you quite sure that George has become such a scapegrace as you imagine him?" said Frederica. The question warmed the commandant as thoroughly as the glass of old Burgundy he had just raised to his lips in order to conceal his embarrassment, for in it lay the traces of their former youthful friendship, which he perceived was not forgotten. So interesting a question, bursting from such pretty lips, and asked in such a sweet, tender voice, truly served as honey to sweeten the bitter pills which Herr Bantes dealt out in full measure to poor Waldrick; for, in order to justify what he had said, he related to his guest (making him as it were the umpire) the history of his own life, from his cradle to the time of his setting out to join the army. "Had the fellow" (for he concluded his tale with a moral) "learned any good at the University, he would never have gone amongst soldiers and the like; had he not turned soldier he would now hold a place as counsel of war or of chancery, or such like, and would be earning an honest livelihood." "I cannot tell," answered his daughter, "if he were diligent at the University or not; but this at least I can answer for, that he went bravely and nobly to sacrifice himself in a holy cause." "Don't talk to me of your 'holy cause,' and the like—holy stuff! where is it all now, I ask you? The French are banished, that is true; but the 'holy' empire, in spite of that, is gone to the dogs. The old taxes are provisionally retained, and new ones are provisionally added to them; the confounded English are let back again with their merchandise, and no one cares if the holy Germans all become holy beggars. Everything was dull at the last fair; the ministers eat and drink, amuse themselves, understand nothing of trade, let the manufacturers become bankrupts, and then, groans and sighs can do them little good: things are worse than they were in the old times, and if an honest soul, who perhaps really understands the matter, should open his mouth and whistle a tune in a key different from his Excellency (with a star over and indifference under his button-hole)—Quick! away with the poor soul into a dungeon; set down, examined, punished—a demagogue, an agitator, and the like. I tell you, hold your tongue, girl, you cannot understand such matters; never look farther over your teapot than into the cups, and then you will be sure not to spill the tea over the sides." Waldrick remarked during this conversation that old Bantes was the same vivacious, irascible man he had ever known him, but one with whom, notwithstanding his oddities, no one could for a moment be angry.

The commandant now stepped in as arbitrator, and was discreet enough, first, to agree entirely with the father as to the "holy cause," which raised him a good deal in the old man's estimation; however, as he did not wish exactly to condemn himself, he also attempted to justify his mediator, touching George's having so disinterestedly sacrificed himself in the so-called "holy cause." "See now," cried the old man, "you are more sly than Master Paris with the three maidens of Troy: you settle all comfortably; cut the apple in two halves, and, handing each a bit, say, 'Much good may it do you.'" "No, Herr Bantes, your George, if he erred, erred probably as thousands of German youths did, and as I for one certainly did. I also accompanied the expedition for the deliverance of my country, and left all behind; our army was, as you know, destroyed; the people were forced then to rise and help themselves; for the army was no longer there to do it for them. It was no time to stand debating or considering, but strike hard, set money and blood upon it, and save the honour of the

nation and the throne. This we have done, and must now await with patience the result; the ablest minister cannot work by magic, and restore Paradise lost with the stroke of a conjuror's wand. I for one do not repent the step I have taken." "With all respect," said the old man with a low bow, "with all respect for your exceptions—the exceptions in this world are generally better than the rules—but, jest or earnest, it is plain to me that we citizens, peasants, and manufacturers must give up our money for twenty years to support an army during the peace, and clothe some hundred thousand protectors of the throne in velvet and gold; and then, in the one-and-twentieth year, when the protectors and the throne are all cut up together, we must stand up and put our own shoulders to the wheel." In such conversation they became almost intimates during this their first meal. Herr Bantes himself gave the tone to it, as he prided himself on what he called being free-spoken. The commandant, who was at first rather amused with his incognito, began now to wish it were well ended.

## THE DISCOVERY.



AND it had ended before he was at all aware of it. Madam Bantes, a quiet but very observant woman, who spoke little and thought much, had, as soon as she heard Waldrick's voice at dinner, recalled his boyish features, compared them with those of the man before her, and thought they were the same; his visible confusion when the conversation turned upon the scapegrace George only served to confirm her suspicions. But she neither mentioned her discovery to him nor to any of the others. This was ever her way; few women ever had so little of that feminine propensity of carrying their thoughts on their tongues. She allowed every one to do and say as they pleased; she listened, compared, and drew her own conclusions, consequently she knew more than anybody else in the house; silently conducted all the affairs and concerns; and even her vivacious and passionate old husband, who would have been the last in the house willingly to obey her, was precisely the one who, without suspecting it, obeyed her most. Waldrick's not discovering himself looked suspicious; she determined to find out his reasons without asking. Waldrick had in fact no reason, and only sought an opportunity of surprising the family with his name. When he was called to tea in the evening, he found Frederica alone in the room; she had just returned from paying a visit, and had thrown off her shawl. Waldrick approached her:—"Young lady," said he, "I must return you thanks for your defence of my friend Waldrick."

"Do you then know him, commandant?"

"Yes, and you were often in his thoughts, though certainly not so often as you ought to have been."

"He was brought up in our house; he is, however, somewhat ungrateful; once away from us, he has never returned to pay us a visit; how does he get on—is he much liked?"—"No one can say anything against him. You have more reason to complain of him than any one else."

"Then he must be a good man, for I have no cause of complaint against him."

"Pardon me, I know he is your debtor."

"He owes me nothing."

"He certainly spoke of a sum of money which he had need of for his outfit when he wished to join the army, and which his guardian had refused him."

"It was a gift, not a loan." "And is he on that account the less your debtor, Thusnelde?" At this name Frederica looked fixedly at him; the truth suddenly flashed upon her, and she blushed as she recognised him. "It is not possible!" cried she, in joyful surprise. "Well, dear Frederica, if I may presume to call you so, the debtor and culprit stands before you—forgive him; had he known earlier what he now knows, he would ere this have visited Herbesheim a thousand times." He took her hand and kissed it. At this moment her mother came in:—"Mamma, do you know the commandant's name?" Madam Bantes' pale countenance was for an instant tinged with red as she answered with a gentle smile—"George Waldrick." "How, dear mamma! you knew it and never told," said Frederica, who had not yet recovered from her surprise, and who was comparing the tall manly soldier before her, with the shy schoolboy of former times. "Yes, truly," said she, "it is he; where did I put my eyes? there is the very scratch on his left eye which he got the day he fell from the highest tree in the garden, which he climbed to get a pear for me—do you remember?" "Do I not remember everything," said Waldrick, and kissed his worthy fostermother's hand, as he entreated her pardon for never having returned to visit Herbesheim, since he became of age; he affirmed that it was not ingratitude, as he had often thought of them all with respect and affection; still less forgetfulness or indifference; but he could not explain to himself his reluctance to return to it. "Something the same kind of reason," answered the mother, "that may be supposed to keep blessed spirits from yearning after the earthly abode of their miserable humanity. You were an orphan in Herbesheim; a stranger without father or mother—that we could never make you forget; as a boy you were dependent and often in fault; no happy recollections of childhood were associated with the place which had been to you more a school than a home; and when you were free and grown to man's estate you felt as if you would be happier in any place than you could be with us." Waldrick's eyes filled with tears as he looked at her:—"You are the same tender, pious, wise mother that you ever were; you are right; and yet I have more feelings of home associated with Herbesheim than I myself was aware of, and I confess that my former and present condition may contribute a good deal towards it. Would that I had returned sooner; give me once more the place of an adopted son in your heart." She could not answer him, for Herr Bantes suddenly entered the room, and went at once to the tea-table: when Frederica explained to him who their guest was he stopped short, instantly stretched out his hand, and said, "Welcome, Mr. Waldrick; when we parted you were a little fellow, and have quite outgrown my memory. Mr. Waldrick (for I must not now call you George), are you a noble?" "No, Sir." "Then that ribbon in your button-hole means nothing?" "It means that I and my company took a fortress from the enemy, and defended it in three—four attacks." "How many men were lost?" "Twelve killed, seventeen wounded." "Nine-and-twenty human beings for half a quarter of a yard of ribbon! confoundedly dear goods your prince buys; he might have them in any shop for a few pence. Let us sit down and drink our tea; Frederica, fill it out. Gained much booty? How are your finances?" Waldrick shrugged his shoulders and smiled.—"We did not fight for the booty, but for our country, that we might save it from the French." "Very fine! I like such sentiments, and it is quite right that those who hold them should remain with empty purses; but is your father's property laid out in good security?" Waldrick blushed, and said, laughing, "I am quite sure I shall never lose it again."

## THE DEAD GUEST.



ARDLY was it known in the town who the commandant was, when all his old acquaintances flocked to see him. He was immediately invited to all the best houses, and became a universal favourite. Intellectual, witty, brave, a delightful storyteller, drew well, played the flute and pianoforte well, danced to admiration; and all the matrons and young ladies agreed that he was a very handsome, clever, but most dangerous young man; nor could the belles decide whether his modest behaviour increased or diminished the danger. Meanwhile neither the handsome nor the ugly girls were very anxious either to make a conquest or to let themselves be conquered; on the contrary, all defended their hearts with unusual care. Any person who has not dwelt at Herbesheim, or who is unacquainted with its chronicles, will not be likely to know the cause of this fact, and those who now learn it will hardly believe it; and yet, however improbable it may appear it is undeniable. This year happened to be the hundredth anniversary of the Dead Guest, who seemed to be the especial evil genius of all the betrothed girls in the place; no one could tell precisely what relation he might stand in to this guest; but it was said to be an apparition that returned every hundred years to Herbesheim: took up its abode there from the first to the last day of Advent; did not, in truth, scare children, but straightway paid its court to every promised bride, and ended by twisting her neck round: she was found in the morning dead in her bed, with her face turned to her back. But what distinguished this apparition from all others is, that he does not appear during the usual hours selected by spirits—at night between eleven and twelve; but, as it is said, he goes about in broad noonday like a human being, dressed in the fashion of the day like those around him, and introduces himself into every society. This guest is well provided with money, and what is most perplexing is, that, when he cannot find the affianced bride of another; he himself plays the part of a suitor, lays siege to the hearts of the young maidens, and for the sole purpose of turning their heads first with love's fancies and then turning them round on their necks. No one could tell whence this tradition had originated. In the church register might be read the names of three virgins who had died suddenly in the year 1720, and, as a note upon the above, there was written in the margin, "with the face twisted to the back of the neck, as it happened a hundred years ago—may God be gracious to their souls." But, though this note in the margin of the register might not be any proof of the fact to any reasonable man, still it certainly proved that the tradition was more than a hundred years old, and that probably something similar had occurred two hundred years before, as the passage in the register seemed to intimate; unfortunately the old parish registers were not forthcoming, having been lost in a fire. However that may be, the tradition was known to every one. Every one affirmed that it was a ridiculous ghost story, a nursery tale, and yet almost every one looked forward with anxious curiosity to the approaching Advent, to see how things would go on; for the most enlightened among them seemed to think, with *Hamlet*, "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy." The old clergyman himself (to whom the whole town came flocking in order to see with their own eyes the marvellous tale in the parish register) seemed somewhat undecided in his answers, though on all other subjects he was a sensible, judicious man. He replied with—"It would be strange," or—"But I don't believe it," or—"Heaven forbid that I should have anything of the kind to enter into the register." The young gentlemen were the most incredulous, and took every opportunity of

laughing at the whole affair; the young maidens also appeared courageous, but only appeared so, for secretly each thought—"You young men may laugh, for, after all, it in no way concerns your heads, but (horrid thought) ours only." None could better observe the effects of this tradition, credulity, or superstition than the old clergyman, for wherever a match was going on all was hurry and bustle to have the wedding over before the first Sunday in Advent; and when that could not be effected the whole was broken off, though a broken heart might be the consequence. And this explains what the ladies of Herbesheim meant by the word dangerous, when they found the commandant more captivating than they just then wished him to be. They were literally in terror for their heads, and at the thoughts of a visit from the Dead Guest. They must therefore be forgiven for having made a secret and somewhat unnatural vow not to love any one before or during the Advent, and, even should an angel descend from heaven, not to show him more favour than they would to any other.

#### DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.



do not exactly know if the pretty Frederica had taken vows similar to those of the other Advent nuns of Herbesheim; but certain it is that she did not show greater favour to Waldrick than to others: she was gracious to all.

The commandant passed his summer as in a perfect paradise; he was again treated as a son by the whole family, and was so completely restored to his old position in it, with the exception of being much more comfortable, that he again, as formerly, called the old people father and mother; that Herr Bantes from time to time read him a good lecture, and Madam Bantes took the care of his clothes and linen, giving him out what he wanted as if he were still a boy, -even kept his pocket-money, and, though he at first strenuously opposed it, insisted upon furnishing his purse with change every month for his *menus plaisirs*. Waldrick was commander in the house as well as in the town, put in a word upon all occasions, and helped to decide when there were differences of opinion; and even between Frederica and him the tone of their childhood was completely renewed, as though they had always been with one another, and had forgotten that they had both grown up; as formerly, they lived happily together, but as formerly had many a little quarrel: thus they glided imperceptibly from the politeness of acquaintances to the familiarity of a brother and sister—sometimes tender, sometimes reproachful.

The ladies of the village, young and old, made the remarks usual on such occasions upon Waldrick's position; for the fair sex of Herbesheim had a prejudice which they held in common with the ladies of most cities, namely, that a young man of eight-and-twenty and a handsome girl of twenty can hardly live together for four weeks under the same roof without at least feeling something of palpitation each time they meet. But under Herr Bantes's roof so little question was there of palpitation, that they could pass whole days together or asunder without knowing or thinking where their hearts were placed. This was so striking that the ladies themselves declared that in this instance the exception, not the rule, held good; for not a look, attitude, tone of voice, or any other letter in Love's alphabet betrayed anything more than a pure brotherly and sisterly affection, such as might exist between two children. The penetration of Madam Bantes would have discovered the earliest indication of any heart affair, for women have a sense peculiar to themselves for such things,

which is altogether wanting in men; but she discovered nothing whatever, and remained tranquil. And the possibility of such a thing never once occurred to Herr Bantes: he had never himself had any idea of what is called love, and would just as little have dreamt of his daughter going mad as that she could fall in love with a young man for his own sake; he knew that his own wife had consented to become his bride before she had ever seen him; and he had promised his father to give her his hand as soon as he heard that his intended was a good girl, the daughter of a well-established house, bringing with her thirty thousand dollars, and expecting to inherit still more. This mode of proceeding in love and matrimonial affairs, of the excellence of which his own experience gave him the most undeniable proof (for he was the happiest of husbands and fathers) appeared to him the most rational. He might long ago have married his daughter—there was no lack of suitors; but partly he could not bear to part with the girl to whom his heart clung more than he himself was aware, and partly impediments were thrown in the way on coming to money matters with the suitors.

He asserted that the world existed only through the equilibrium of its constituent parts, otherwise it must have fallen to pieces ages ago; and for that reason he insisted upon an equal balance of property, as an actual principle of the marriage contract; and hitherto Madam Bantes and Frederica were quite of his opinion. Frederica was now, however, just twenty years of age; the old man considered that his wife when he had married her was still younger, and he thought more seriously about settling his daughter. Madam Bantes was of the same opinion, and Frederica offered no opposition, for the number twenty has an insupportably great sound; a young married woman of twenty—the impression left by this is easily understood—there is something tender in it; but a young girl of twenty—one can hardly say this without the thought immediately passing through the mind—how long will she be young?

Herr Bantes felt the full force of this, and laid his plans accordingly.

#### THE BIRTHDAY.



IN Herr Bantes' house it was the custom to celebrate many family feasts, at which, however, none but the family were present; on their wedding-day only strangers were invited; but the bookkeeper, the superintendent, and the cashier, who enjoyed the honour of dining at Herr Bantes' own table, were counted as part of the family, and as such their birthdays were formally kept. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the birthday of our first lieutenant was celebrated with great pomp. The rule was, that on such occasions not a soul in the house was to dare to thwart the person in honour of whom the feast was given, nor to refuse them any request; each person was to bring them a present, be it great or small; on this day the dinner was always a better one than usual—they dined off silver; on these occasions silver candlesticks were used in the evening, and the favoured guest sat in the place of honour—

the one usually appropriated to the master of the house; his health alone was drunk in bumpers; the birthday presents were all given before dinner, and on from table he received from each person present a kiss. All these peculiar customs of his forefathers had Herr Bantes inherited and preserved. All went on in its old and well-known order on Waldrick's birthday. When he came into the dining-room the party was already assembled; Herr Bantes came forward with his good wishes, and handed him a billet wrapped in silver paper; it was a

Herr Bantes, drawn upon himself and payable at sight. Madam Bantes followed, and presented him with a very handsome captain's uniform, with all the *et ceteras* complete. Frederica then approached with a silver waiter; upon half-a-dozen fine cravats made with her own fair hands lay a letter sealed with the official seal of the



regiment, and addressed to "Captain George Waldrick." The first lieutenant started as he opened it and saw a captain's commission for himself; he had long waited for promotion, but had no hopes of obtaining it so soon. "Good, Mr. Captain," said Frederica, with her own sweet smile, "promise me not to be angry and I will confess that the letter came eight days ago, while you were away, and I hid it in order to keep it for this occasion. I have been already sufficiently punished, through a whole week's anxiety, lest you should hear of the appointment from some other quarter, and then miss the letter." Waldrick was not in a humour to find fault, nor could he in his astonishment find words to thank the others for the good wishes and presents which they offered him.

"The grand point is," said Herr Bantes joyfully, "that the new captain and his company remain with us; I have been living in a kind of dread for the last eight days that George must be off. Here! Mr. Bookkeeper, march to the cellar—march, I say, to No. 9, to the old nectar; on the spot a dozen bottles to the officers of the



company, to each sergeant and corporal a bottle and a half-crown, and half-a-crown to each of the privates. Let them all drink to their captain's health for once, and a truce to all compliments for this day; to-morrow they may indulge in them to their hearts' content." It was evident to all present how dear to Herr Bantes was his former ward; in the joy of his heart he indulged in all sorts of odd conceits. Waldrick, who had never seen him in such spirits before, was deeply affected. "Now, my fine captain," said the joyous old man, "I thought that bill I gave you would pay some of your travelling expenses—it was for that I meant it; I am vexed about it now, for you do not want it, and I might have given you something better worth having. But recollect the rule of the house: you may make any request and I must grant it, so out with it without ceremony; ask what you will and I will give it, even should it be my new white wig, or the like." Tears stood in the captain's eyes:—"I have nothing more to ask." "Tut, nonsense! think again; such an opportunity may not return perhaps for a whole year," said the old man. "Then, father, let me give you a hearty and grateful embrace."

"That, my dear fellow, is easily granted." Both sprung from their seats and threw their arms round each other's neck, and when they separated it was with hearts strongly moved. There was a deep silence: their emotion had communicated itself to Frederica, her mother, and all present.

Herr Bantes, however, first recovered himself, composed his countenance, and broke the silence: "Enough of this folly; come, let us talk rationally;" then, touching Waldrick's glass, he said: "Where there is a man there is sure to be a woman; and, consequently, where there is a captain the captain's lady must not be wanting; so, long may she live, blossom, flourish, and the like." Waldrick could not help laughing. "May she be pious, affectionate, and domestic," said Madam Bantes, as she raised her glass.

"Like you, mamma," answered the captain.

"And the most amiable in the world," said Frederica.

"Like you," said he, bowing his thanks.

Frederica shook her head and threatened with her finger, half scolding, half jesting:—"We must bear to-day from the birthday prince what at another time should cost him dear."

The bookkeeper, cashier, overseer, and clerk made their innocent remarks on this strange dinner scene: first the bold offer which the master had made to the captain, that he would grant him whatever he should ask—an offer Waldrick had so little understood; then the health drunk in honour of his future wife. Truly the favourite of fortune must be blind, not to see what Papa Bantes placed so plainly before him. "I do believe, though," whispered the overseer to the cashier, "that it is a settled thing—what think you? it will be a match." The cashier whispered again, "I shudder, I am thinking of the Dead Guest; I cannot help it." And now the birthday ceremony began: all moved round the table, and Waldrick received from each an embrace and a kiss. He approached Frederica; with kindness and unconcern they drew near and exchanged the kiss; but instantly they looked at one another strangely, appeared like persons who had unexpectedly met an old friend—both were silent, looked earnestly at one another, and, bending forwards, repeated the kiss as though the first had failed. I know not whether anybody observed it, but I do know that the good mother dropped her eyes modestly on the brilliant ring upon her finger, and Waldrick let himself be kissed by the cashier, bookkeeper, &c., without feeling, knowing, or caring who kissed or who did not kiss him—in fact, he appeared like one who had lost his breath, as if his breast were too narrow to contain it; and Frederica herself went towards the window, as if something had annoyed her. All this passed away, cheerfulness again reigned over all; two carriages stood at the door—all ready, and they set off to enjoy themselves and take their coffee in the country.



## ANOTHER BIRTHDAY.



THE following day every thing had returned to its usual course. The newly-made captain had much business to arrange; he had received permission to visit his general; he had accounts to settle with his predecessor: all this required an absence of some weeks. He left the house of Herr Bantes, as he would have left his own father's house; they took leave of him, as they would of a son, with friendly admonitions, good advice, and good wishes, as of one of whose return they felt secure, without sorrow or sadness at such parting. Waldrick and Frederica parted as they usually did when she went to a party or he to parade; she only reminded him to be sure to be back for her birth-day, the 10th of November.

I had the pleasure on this occasion of having my friend on a visit with me for some days: he rejoiced at his promotion, but doubted that he could, from what his general said, count upon remaining long at Herbesheim. He mentioned this casually on his return to Herr Bantes' house; they were sorry to lose him again, but, added the old man, "we must not let our hair grow grey about it; sooner or later we shall all change our quarters. Here we are, all placed on this little ball of earth, whether in this town or that, always near enough, and often much too near; for instance, those confounded Englishmen have placed themselves right on the top of my manufactory." As a matter of course, Frederica's birthday was celebrated with all the usual ceremony and solemnity. Waldrick had brought with him from the capital a new harp—a beautiful instrument, and some choice music; and when his turn came he presented them to her; a broad rose-coloured ribbon was tied round the brilliant instrument.

Father Bantes was in the highest good-humour; he paced quickly up and down the dining-room in silent delight, rubbing his hands and smiling to himself, so that his wife, who followed his movements with eyes of astonishment, could not help whispering to the commandant: "Papa has prepared some wonderful surprise for us;" and truly the good lady was not wrong. The gifts and good wishes being over, they sat down; as Frederica raised her napkin from her plate she found there a necklace of costly oriental pearls, a diamond ring, and a letter addressed to herself; she was delighted and astonished, and with girlish pleasure held up the costly necklace and the brilliant ring. Herr Bantes looked at her with sparkling eyes, and enjoyed the surprise he had given her and all the others; the ring and pearl necklace were handed round on the plate, that every one might admire them, and in the meantime Frederica had opened and read her letter; her countenance betrayed still greater astonishment than it had previously shown on first seeing the presents. Herr Bantes was in an ecstasy. The mother studied with anxious curiosity the absorbed countenance of her daughter. Frederica was long silent whilst she pondered over the letter; at length she hid it down. "Let it go round too," cried the delighted father. Confused and silent, she handed the letter to her mother, who sat beside her.

"Why, Fred," said the old man, "has the surprise taken away your breath? I think you must own that papa knows how to settle things."

"Who is Herr von Hahn?" asked Frederica sadly.

Who else but the son of my former partner, [Hahn, the famous Banker—where could you find a better match? The old fellow's business has turned out a better thing than my manufactory; he is about to retire; his son, young Hahn, enters into his father's business, and you will be the Hen of this Hahn.]\* Madam Bantes, whilst

\* Hahn, in German, means a cock.

with a slight movement of the head she showed her silent disapproval, handed the letter to the commandant. The contents were as follows:—

"On your birthday, fair lady, an unknown presents himself; but, alas! only in spirit, his physician having forbidden his travelling in this severe weather. I grieve to call myself unknown, and that I cannot present myself, instead of these lines, at Herbesheim, there in person to ask your hand, and fulfil that which our fathers, with all the heartfelt feelings of early friendship, have decided upon, and which is the object of my own impatient longings. Adored young lady! on the first change of weather, though still delicate, I shall hasten to Herbesheim. I bless my fate, and I shall make it the study of my life that you shall ever have reason to bless our united lot. Your hand only dare I ask, not your heart, for this I well know must be freely given; but let me hope at least that I may one day deserve it. If you knew how happy one line from your own hand would make me, how much more it would tend to my recovery than all the art of the physician, you would not let me ask in vain. Permit me, with respect and affection, to subscribe myself your betrothed,  
EDWARD VON HAHN."

The commandant looked earnestly and fixedly at this letter; he had less the air of one who reads than that of one who thinks, or rather dreams; meanwhile the old father would insist upon Frederica laying aside her maiden coyness, and confessing, openly and honestly, that she was delighted. "But, papa, how can I be so? I have never in my life seen this Herr von Hahn."

"You little goose, I understand all that as a matter of course; however, upon that head I can give you full satisfaction. He is a fine, slight, tall young man, with a handsome pale face; he was once delicate—probably outgrew his strength, for he shot up quite suddenly."

"When did you see him, then, papa?"

"The last time I was in town—let me see, it may be ten, twelve years ago—the time I brought you back that fine doll; what's this you called her? it was almost as big as yourself; Babette, Rosette, Lisette, or something that way—don't you recollect? Young Hahn was then hardly twenty—a fair face, if you could but see him."

"Papa, I would much rather see him, than receive a letter from him containing such a proposal."

"It was a stupid thing that he could not come himself on your birthday, as we old people had settled it: when I was betrothed to your mamma, I came myself. You must confess that I have made you and your mamma open your eyes; the secret was burning within me, I was longing to tell it from the beginning, but I know you women—it would have all come out long before this birthday, and there would have been an end of all the surprise." Madam Bantes answered somewhat seriously, "You have done well, papa, not to have consulted me, as a mother, in the affair—the thing is done now—Heaven bless your work!" "But, mamma, I say, what a match! I do not pay down one penny more for his being a noble, but my girl won't like it the worse for being called your ladyship; a rich banker too. After all, we manufacturers, with our lumber, are nothing but lumber ourselves; but a banker in the mercantile world is always somebody. Let old Hahn make a sign and beckon with his finger towards Vienna, the whole court is in commotion, asking what Mr. Hahn wishes? Let him nod towards Berlin, and down they all bow to the earth. Such a man may defy the devil and the English. And so I say, mamma, what do you think of it?"

"The match is, as you say, an excellent one," said Madam Bantes, and looked down earnestly at her soup-plate. Frederica looked sorrowfully towards her mother—

"You too, mamma?"

All this time the commandant sat gazing on the letter.

"Why, captain, will you never have done reading," cried Herr Bantes; "your

awoke, looked once again at the paper, and then pushed it hastily from him as though it were poisoned. He commenced eating, and passed the letter on.

Papa Bantes was annoyed that Frederica was not gayer; he laid it all upon the sudden surprise, which had deprived her of the power of expressing herself; meanwhile he went on making jokes, as old men are wont to do on such occasions, but no one seemed to respond to them; the bookkeeper, cashier, and inspector alone laughed a friendly applause. At length he said, with some vexation, to Frederica—"Come, my girl, tell me honestly and fairly, have I hit it, or have I not? Have I done a wise or a stupid thing? Come, tell your papa. I fancy, my little bird, you will pipe differently when young Hahn comes."

"It may be so, papa," answered Frederica, "nor do I in the least doubt your kind and excellent intentions; let this assurance content you."

"Now, that's all right, Fred., and that is thinking like a rational girl; your mamma has confessed to me, she just thought so herself;—so, fill the glasses. Long live the bride and the bridegroom too!" The father touched his daughter's glass, the others followed, and good-humour seemed re-established amongst them. "It is a stupid business that young Hahn should have failed us to-day, of all days," continued Herr Bantes; "a fine handsome man, I tell you—agreeable, sociable, a better scholar than his father; I'll lay a wager you will not give him up once you have seen him; you'll come and fall on your old father's neck, and thank him."

"Perhaps so, papa, and, if it be so, most willingly shall I do it; but, till I have seen him, I beg—and you know, dear papa, I have a right to make a request on my birthday—and so I beg I may not hear another word of this unknown until I have seen him." Herr Bantes knit his brows and said, "With your permission, my fair daughter, that it is a silly request, but it must stand; your mamma made no such request in her time."

"My dear," said Madam Bantes to her husband, "no reproaches to Frederica—don't forget that this is her birthday, and no one must thwart her." "Right, mamma," said the old man, "he'll soon be here; the new moon is near, and then we'll have a change of weather." And thereupon the conversation took another turn, at first with some constraint; but, ere long, all seemed to go on with the usual freedom and good-humour. The captain alone remained, during all the jesting, somewhat reserved and cold; Madam Bantes appeared to have observed it, and, contrary to her usual custom, filled his glass often. Frederica looked at him occasionally with a fixed and inquiring look, and when by chance their eyes met, it seemed as though their souls were secretly questioning each other. In Waldrick's eyes lay something like a silent reproach; and to Frederica's mind it seemed as though this look conveyed to her a satisfactory answer.

The others amused themselves and chatted on, and the good papa seemed once more to have reached the full height of his merry mood. It so happened that after dinner, when all passed round the table to give the birthday kiss to the fair queen of the feast, that Waldrick and Frederica met each other exactly before her father's chair. "Stop, Fred., said he gaily, imagine now that our George is a certain somebody whom, on peril of my life, I dare not name; fancy it, I say, and then your kiss will be something different from an ordinary one—try it now, you little simpleton." Waldrick and Frederica stood still; he took her hand, and, looking earnestly and almost sorrowfully at one another, they bent forward towards each other. With a comical movement the old man sprung to their side, to see the kiss given; both drew back and clasped their hands more tightly; Waldrick grew pale, and Frederica's eyes filled with tears; they touched their lips together; both seemed as though they would then have parted; yet once again their lips were hastily pressed together, and Frederica, sobbing loudly, rushed out of the room. Waldrick tottered towards the window, and with an absent air began drawing on the dusty glass with his finger.

The old man turned his head first right, then left; then stood like one who was turned to stone: "What, in the name of wonder, does it mean? what ails the girl? what has happened to her?"

Madam Bantes was silent, and looked at her diamond ring; she knew well what ailed Frederica, and said to her husband, "Papa, do not take notice of her; let her cry it out."

"But—but," cried the old man, and hastily ran to Frederica; "what is it, child, why do you cry?" She cried, and answered, she did not herself know why. "Folly and nonsense—something must have happened to you. Has any one vexed you? Has mamma?" "No." "Or the captain said anything to you?" "No." "Then I am sure I did not—what, speak though, was it I? Is it for the jest you are crying?" Madam Bantes took his hand, and drew him gently back from Frederica:—"Papa, you have broken your promise, and vexed her; you have forgotten her request and again"—

"Reminded her of somebody—you are right, and I ought not to have done it; make friends, Fred., and it shall not happen again; but who ever was so hard upon their own papa?" Frederica became composed; Madam Bantes led her to the harp; Waldrick must accompany; the flute was brought; they tried over the new music. Frederica played the harp with Waldrick's accompaniment admirably, and they passed a very pleasant and sociable evening.

(To be continued.)

## THE GLOAMING TRYST.

BY FRANCIS BENNOCH.



Love's chosen vale! how calm, how still!  
Nought heard but tinklings of the rill,  
Faint voices from the distant hill,  
Slow clankings of the stopping mill.

Through flame-riven purple clouds serene  
The sun rolls down in golden sheen,  
Dappling the hills with burnish'd green:  
Oh, heart! it is a glorious scene.

Though darkness shrouds earth's humming ball,  
Though friends prove false and pleasures pall,  
Pierce through the gloom's inveiling wall,  
And light eternal circles all.

Then rouse thee, heavy, heavy heart!  
Though sighing sore and sad thou art;  
The deepest sorrow hath a part  
Of pleasure: courage, courage, heart!

Still faint and fainter glows the west.  
Earth's children slumber on her breast;  
One lonely bird pipes near her nest,  
Calling her wandering mate to rest.

Now all is still—no echo stir'd  
By voice of water, tree, or bird,  
Yet comes he not!—what sound is heard?  
Joy! joy! it is my bosom's lord.

## MASTER AND SERVANT.



SERVANTS are the masters' fellow-creatures, and, as fellow-creatures, are their equals. Oh! of course; but that class of persons must be "kept at a proper distance," or they will take an advantage, and become too familiar. Besides, servants are "so bad." Such is the judgment of the experienced; and, accordingly, all servants are treated as a separate caste. The master artisan orders his men about with a conscious superiority; the manufacturer thinks it a judicious, but great, condescension to confer with his "hands" on terms of kindness; but, of all the class, the menial is most servile and debased. Were two separate races of animals endowed with a common power of speech, they would be not more separated in intercourse than the two fellow-creatures who stand to each other in the relation of master and domestic servant.

What, then, is the real nature of the tie between them? What confers their mutual rights? A contract, and nothing else. The servant enters into a contract to perform certain duties; the master, to provide food, lodging, and wages. That is the contract; and anything not set down in it is a gratuity, from whichever side it may come.

You may, however, add conditions to the main purposes of a contract; and several are appended to that between master and servant. To take the case of the female servant, the most typical species of the servile class: there are appended to her contract two kinds of conditions—express and implied. The express conditions commonly are, that she shall be sober, honest, industrious, good-tempered, and cleanly; very likely, also, that she have no "followers." The implied conditions are, that she shall always remain, except when elsewhere on duty, in an allotted room—the servants'-hall, the kitchen, or the nursery—and that she shall "know her place"—a very comprehensive condition, which means that she shall be "respectful," wear a certain costume, never make a noise, singing especially—in short, that she shall never ostensibly do anything that her master or mistress may do. Thus we have a fellow-creature, living with us in the same house, with rights equal to our own, equal passions, equal qualities, but condemned to a distinct and degraded state of life. You possess, no doubt, a legal right to put what conditions you please into the bond, provided they are not *contra bonos mores*; and *boni mores* are very equivocal things indeed, taking in with a wide latitude what is most vicious, and excluding much of good that is vouchsafed by the bounty of nature. But how is it that you are able to exact such conditions? Because the class is helpless—ignorant, beaten down by "the competitive system," and condemned by the tyranny of an arbitrary social arrangement. Your power consists in their helplessness. Does it, then, redound to your own honour and dignity to use it for the enforcement of a one-sided bond? It is, indeed, cant and nonsense to call our servants "slaves;" for they are subject to no individual will, except with their own consent: but it does not follow that their estate is not very bad, and very discreditable to the master-class.

You require that your servant be sober. Are *you* so, too? What business is that of hers? you say. Why, it is the business of her who obeys your own law to ask if you yourself observe it; for otherwise it is tyranny. Besides, you have gone beyond the essentials of the contract, which consist in certain specific duties, the performance of which is substantial satisfaction. The house, however, ought to be

decent and comfortable, and, therefore, the servants should be sober. Very true; but it is by occupancy her home as well as yours, and she is quite as much interested in its comfort. Nevertheless she is not the mistress. Of course not; that is the difference. It is not because they are virtuous in the kitchen that there shall be no more cakes and ale in the parlour; but it is because you are virtuous in your resolves about the kitchen that there shall be no more cakes and ale there. You will be sober if it please you; but the sobriety which you will enforce as your right is that of your fellow-lodger; if it please you to exceed, she must put up with your excess; but if she exceed?

She must be honest. Have you done your best to place her in circumstances favouring honesty? Does she see no perpetual and harsh, and therefore unjust, inequality of enjoyments?—perpetual temptation and no gratification for her?—denial made worse by exasperating abruptness and contemptuous slight, as if her race were different? Are not the hard-earned wages pared down to the mere sum named in the bond? Do the flainties of diet always travel to the kitchen in an equal share? What master can say yes? and, if not, how can we wonder that a race so contemned shall not retort our disparaging mien, and say practically that one so despised cannot be further degraded by pilfering a stray shilling, an unguarded taste of sweet, or a sip of the wine for once unlocked? We extort the bare condition without the circumstances to induce honesty. All worship, then, for those generous natures who still are honest for the sake of goodness itself; and they are not so few as we deserve they should be.

She must be industrious. Have you, then, made such conditions in your household that by diligence she can earn leisure? Does her assiduity uniformly gain your approval; or do you not sometimes reprove her, when things go wrong, for your mistake?

She must be good-tempered. Are you never angry, bitter, provoking? do you never try her patience by hurrying her and then keeping her waiting upon your slowness? do you make your children orderly? are you a pattern of temper? If not, with what face can you talk of the infirmity to your fellow-creature. Oh! she is only a servant, and it is "her place" to be good-tempered.

She must be cleanly. It is true that her drudgery is not of a kind, in the best of cases, to facilitate cleanliness; true, that she has little time for depurations. Nevertheless, it is stipulated. There are various powerful inducements to cleanliness: the display of personal attractions in their best guise; the cultivation of beauty in any shape, whether physical or moral; the refinement of taste. Of course you foster such sentiments in your servant, who must be cleanly? Not at all. Her hair, however its silk may be radiant with cleanliness and the purple light of youth, you doom to a cap; her shoulders, though as brilliant, madam, as your own, must not—*proh pudor!*—be seen—though; by-the-by, you think very little of your own *pudor* sometimes, and the less the more refined your class; and though she be a Venus attired by the fairest of the graces—the exacted cleanliness, she must, after all, be seen by none but you. You hire her to drudge, which makes her unclean; you exclude her from the most powerful motives to contend with the stains of her occupation; and, in spite of making her dirty and withholding the inducements to be clean, you enforce it as a condition of the bond. And that you call doing your duty by your fellow-creature!

No "followers" are allowed. No followers! what are they? They are relatives, friends, lovers. They are that which, if you are not an ascetic or a mere liver on the grosser pleasures, makes life to you. Deprive you of your friends, relatives, and all the lovers you have had, and what remains? Life itself is gone. Yet you sweep away all her life with a word. Oh! you say, she may have a holiday. How often? At least once a month. Life once a month! And ten to one, if you see her look cross because none of the pudding comes down from the parlour, or because she whom you stipulated with to be honest keeps back a pancake—ten to one you sneer at her for "thinking of nothing but her stomach." Why, what vital part have you left to her but her stomach?—and that you scruple not to mortify.

But we have not yet done with the conditions. She must stay always in the nursery or kitchen—except once a month. You have adorned the nursery; you make its little denizens models of peace and good-humour; it is a delicious retreat! Is it? Or your kitchen, perhaps, is a boudoir? Truly it is a pleasure to look upon it; for are there not the brilliant dish-covers and bright saucepan-lids to gaze on from Monday to Saturday, and also on Sundays?

And she must know her place. She must be “respectful.” What is respect, except a sense of power or excellent qualities, whereof the respect for power is much the baser and more equivocal feeling? It is, however, the only kind of respect that can be exacted; for the other must be spontaneously rendered: we can only earn the better kind of respect by deserving it. And we can only deserve it when we render it freely for the same qualities on which we rest our own claim: such respect must be quite mutual, and the master ought to be as respectful to the servant as the servant to him. Is he so? On the contrary, is there any measure to the harsh language which the servant must expect to hear in “the best-regulated families?” Do not some of the most excellent mistresses scold? But the servant must not “answer:”—that is the last extremity of outrage. The vituperation—and vituperation may not always need to be clothed in coarse language—must be all on one side, unchallenged: if memories differ, the servant’s, however just, must yield; if fault be wrongfully imputed, to assert the right is itself a fault; mistake is inexcusable in the servant, but when the servant is its victim it is most venial, and not worth more than a self-indulgent smile on the lips that writhed with scorn at the mistake of the subject fellow-creature.

For, in sooth, “servants are so bad.” You make your house a prison—a dull prison; you institute caste within its walls; you mortify all the generous feelings, and then you have the face to cry, “servants are so bad.”

How can you expect goodness? You have harshly enforced your part of the contract; beyond that all must be gratuitous—must be obtained by a process of solicitation or courting. But what favour have you courted? Why, to do so would be “to demean yourself!” Must we, then, you exclaim, court our servants? Is it come to this? Truly, the world is turned upside down! Now, saying that, answers anything. If we want from our servants something that we cannot buy with money, we must take the proper means to obtain it, whatever they are. But let us have done with assuming the badness of servants, or our right to thrust them down into a degraded position, and look beyond the contract and apart from it to see what, under present circumstances, it is at once in our power to do for the best.

So long, indeed, as employment and service continue, there must be the contract; and it is well that its main conditions should be distinctly understood—the performance of specific duties, and the “consideration.” But with the performance of those set duties the servant’s part of the contract, as such, is satisfied. A certain negative propriety of conduct may also be expected, as due to society; but then it should be mutual; and anything beyond the contract and that negative obligation is only to be expected from kindness, and only, in equity, to be earned by kindness. At present, for all their “badness,” by far the great balance of kindness is rendered by the servants: all the little personal offices which they perform ungrudgingly, all their courtesy of demeanour, and all the real interest that they may take in “the family,” are a constant draught upon their kindliness of disposition. It is not accounted due to their “station” to be haughty to their masters. If their feelings are sometimes coarser or less quick, it must be imputed to their defective education. No training can be worse than that which teaches people to accept this constant courtesy without return; yet the kindnesses accorded by masters to servants are few and barren. The occasional gift of a glass of wine, a Christmas-box, a new gown, even the grudging attendance in sickness, cannot be much esteemed as acts of kindness, when given *de haut en bas*, with expressions of condescension that arrogate “gratitude,” but none of sympathy.

Would you, then, “associate with servants?” That might be difficult, under the present arrangements and condition of society. It is not at all certain that servants would like it. We have heard that the domestics who dined with a condescending

and experimentalizing master complained that they did not feel free to indulge their appetites as they liked; and the presence of one differently bred might with many be an unpleasant restraint upon their manners. Of course, if servants were better trained, their manners would be more assimilated to those of a "higher" class, and such restraints would not be felt. On the other hand, until that be the case, the company of persons differently bred might occasion very unpleasant violations of the habits and the tastes of the master class. This is more of a bugbear, however, than it proves in reality; for in some countries, Italy for example, a closer and more familiar intercourse between the family and the servants has, *ipso facto*, the direct tendency to make the behaviour of the servants assimilate to that of their masters and mistresses; and, if manners are there freer than they are with us, the servants assuredly behave better—with more self-possession, more well-bred courtesy, and more animated kindness. Meanwhile, the extent to which the present rigid line of separation may be relaxed, consistently with due domestic discipline and the comfort of all, must depend upon the nature and circumstances of individuals.

But in no event need kindness be absent or limited to intent and "good feeling." Express it like a man, and don't be ashamed of having a respect for your fellow-creature. Let that courtesy which consists in practical benevolence be mutual: do not think alone of what kind of bearing will do *you* credit, as if your fellow-creature were so much of a nullity that you could have no feeling but one of self-reference; wish her well, and show that you do so. If her performance of the contract is marked by a courteous and considerate bearing, let yours be so too. In all that is beyond the contract, accept any little acts of kindness—and how many they are!—which a well-behaved domestic renders to the members of "the family" with gratitude—feel grateful and show that you do; for you are receiving more than you have any moral right to exact or to expect. If you are dissatisfied, let your dissatisfaction be stated in calm and courteous terms—limited to the breach of contract, whatever that may be; let the act by which you enforce it be a dissolution of the contract, or the enforcement of its stipulated penalty—the month's warning, or prompt discharge. But your hired servant owes you no allegiance; she has no duty to you beyond what you have to her—that is, as parties to a contract, and further, as fellow-creatures; and you have no right to call her to account for anything but what is down in the contract, or for what would be improper in any person—for what it would be as wrong for you to do as for her. But the great sin, that against the mutual relation of fellow-creatures and the dignity of human nature as impersonated in the servant, is commonly all on the master's side. If you desire an orderly household, and the discipline which is essential to order, you may have it, as a matter of regulation and contract, without any subjection of one human being to another. If servants are faulty, it is to be remembered that they are ill trained, and a breach of the contract is more venial on their part than on their master's. By a moral influence, not difficult for the better educated to acquire, it is easy to induce most well-disposed natures to co-operate towards any desirable ends; and it is a mean pride which makes us ashamed to ask and acknowledge the cheerful co-operation of our household companions—our household friends, if we give humanity fair play.



## ALFRED OF ENGLAND, OR THE FORCE OF LOVE.

BY C. WELLS.



At the court of Alfred the Great, King of England, was a young nobleman, the son and heir of one of his wealthiest barons; allied to that great man, and bearing his name, Alfred. His father had been slain in battle, and had left him master of immense revenues.

This being soon after the expulsion of the Danes, by the personal valour and great moves of the king, the government was somewhat weak; and the king sought to strengthen himself in the hearts of his subjects.

This young man, honouring the king's greatness, gave the whole of his riches into his hands, to farm for the use of the state, until it should be his pleasure to return them when they should cease to be needed. And, as he was of a gentle and passive disposition, he betook himself to a villa on the banks of the Thames, and there lived, entertaining his friends. Being, however, of a melancholy habit for one so young, and very thoughtful, his inclination led him to travel for relief. Having received a sufficient sum of the king, he departed; they mutually embracing and honouring each other. The young man, in answer to his sage advice, telling him only, "Sir, I bear your name."

Having passed through many countries, he came into Tuscany. The sun was setting, and he went over the bridge into the city; the bells were ringing, and the sound of music was distinctly heard in the meadows and vintages. The doors of the houses were open, and all the place seemed as one family. His melancholy left him, and his heart warmed within him. He no longer pondered, nor looked down, but alighted gaily from his horse, and shook the dust from the feathers in his hat, inquiring the while, the reasons for the rejoicings. He was told that the duke had,

three days since, married a noble and beautiful lady, who much loved him; and that they were to rejoice for seven days.

When the evening was come, Alfred did not, as he might have done, challenge respect of the duke, but went into the hall as a common guest, and seated himself at the bottom of the table. There he sat, studying the favour of the duke, who was of a most noble appearance: his tanned cheek was freckled yellow with the sun; his eye fiery, and as dark as his hair, and that curling heavily and as black as a crow. There hung a gold chain about his neck, and thereto a lady's likeness; and a favour of lady's hair, as yellow as gold, was tied above his naked elbow. His shoulders were covered with a lion's skin; his neck was bare, and black with the sun of many a day. His belt was a chain of iron, and his kirtle of sable skins. Behind him stood dark boys, beautiful as Arcadians: one bearing his cup and grapes, and the other resting as David on Goliath's sword. Soft music was heard from without, and the Tuscan spoke; his voice was as the sound in a cave.

The trumpets sounded as he had commanded; the sweet music passed under the battlements, and when the doors opened, and the duchess advanced, his eyes shot fire. Shaking back his hair, he advanced towards her with extended arms, moving like a leopard. When they embraced, and her yellow hair mingled with his upon his back, they looked like images of the clouds.

Alfred's heart smote against his side when he saw the beauty of that lady; he eat no meat, but still gazed upon her; nor did he crush any grapes, nor mingle any wine. He heard not, felt not, thought not; he hardly breathed; his senses were in his eyes. He was as one who is "gazing himself blind by looking on the moon." All this while was his heart beating audibly, and he sat as quiet as a stone till the feast was done. When the duke had led the duchess away, and the hall was cleared, he was aroused; and, looking mournfully around, he sighed deeply, and departed weeping.

On the next day he wrote to the king as follows:—

"Kind Father!

"It importeth my honour and my life, that I should be absent from your kingdom for some time; how long, I know not. I am a slave; but I serve those whom I most love, and do bless my bondage. I want no gold, therefore use my patrimony while you want it; when not, be it bestowed for the benefit of learning, giving to the church no more than it can demand. Though the tears I now shed are not mine, I do dedicate one drop to the remembrance of old times. Be assured, that which I do at present is honourable, for I bear your name.

"ALFRED."

Calling his only attendant to him, and giving him gold, he bade him carry the letter to the King of England; and by no means to return, as he should pass forth- with into Germany; and, wringing him by the hand, they parted.

As soon as he was gone, Alfred changed his habit; took a herdsman's staff, went to the gates of the Duke of Tuscany, and demanded to see him. Now, the duke had just returned from hunting, and Alfred approached him like a nobleman, but demanded of him only to be his servant or page. The duke, seeing the greatness of the man through the poorness of his habit, entertained him, and granted his request; and, liking his face, placed him close to his person. Presently the duchess came riding in: he spoke to her of what he had done; and when she saw Alfred she approved it all. The duke desired him to help his lady from her horse; but he began to shake like a leaf, looked down, and was rooted to the ground. The duke unhorsed the lady, chiding Alfred for his poorness; he laying it to his new fortune that had gladdened him too much. Alfred soon took an opportunity to gain the duke's respect.

The duke and duchess, seeing continually the nobleness of his nature, grew kind to him, and he took him often by the hand, questioning him of his sorrowful aspect, and promising him to relieve his misfortunes. They often asked his advice, and would have made him great; but he refused it, liking his old office, and desiring nothing so much as to be opposite their countenances.

Thus did he live for ten years, under the affectionate notice of these two lovers (for neither time nor marriage had as yet weakened their hearts), when it happened

that a Danish nobleman visited the court of Tuscany, with his daughter, a very beautiful girl. She, seeing the nobleness of the duke, fell violently in love with him; and the duke, seeing the richness of the prize, and feeling the power of his conquest, was guilty enough to return her passion; forgetting the heart of the duchess. And, because she should not know of his amour, he gave it out that both his guests would depart from his court, and ordered a feast to their honour. But he had secretly paid a weighty sum of gold to the Dane, that the lady, his daughter, should remain with him; and on the night of her departure she returned, and was received privily into a castle, that was in a wood, out of the city.

The delicate and susceptible nature of the duchess soon told her that something perilous threatened her love. By the duke's manner and conduct she could read a difference in his heart; yet could she by no means suspect the cause. Trusting, however, to his honour, as well as she could, she stifled these feelings, and bent to all his humours; endeavouring by patient suffering to win him back to what he was. Yet did she never question him of the difference; nor even appear to know it, except by the greater tenderness of her conduct.

Alfred, who watched over the lady's happiness with the vigilance of a lynx, when he found the truth, hated the Tuscan, and dedicated himself by all means in his power to procure the duchess peace and tranquillity. Willingly would he have taken what the duke had cast aside; but he knew the duchess's nature, and her love for the duke, and he never divulged himself, nor the heavy secret of his heart.

When he saw the duchess sicken and become pale, his heart ached for her; and he tried by all means in his power to make good the stories of the duke, when he excused himself for having been abroad all night, by saying he had hunted too far into the country, or that being sick he took a change of air. But her love for the duke could penetrate too easily through a veil so thin. She called a page to her, and said, "This evening my lord purposes to ride; bring me thy dress, and hide thou in my chamber. Fear not, I will stand betwixt thee and all harm." The page did as she had requested; and, having disguised herself, she rode out with her husband, went with him to the castle, and staid there that night. Having seen all that had passed, she returned in the morning broken-hearted, and, shutting herself in her chamber, fell sick.

During this time, Alfred, who had been grieving for her, not knowing of what she had done, had planned to steal the lady from the castle, and carry her by force into England; and by that means once more bring the duke back to his fair duchess; but ere his plan was ripe, more fatal matter ensued. The duchess, never revealing to the duke nor any other person that she knew of his perfidy, determined to wait patiently till he should again think of her. But the continual pain was too much for her; and it wore her pale and thin as death. All this the duke saw, but it did not alter him; and Alfred was an equal sufferer with the duchess.

It chanced one afternoon, while the duke was with his squire, that Alfred was walking under the window of the duchess's chamber, thinking of the miseries of this world, when he heard her calling feebly to her maids, crying, "Help, help, I am dying!" And they being in a far place, and not hearing, Alfred climbed by the help of the vine into her chamber, and raising her in his arms, he said, "Pardon, dear lady, this intrusion to thy couch. What help will do thee good?" She, knowing him to be so greatly her friend, and having a feeling for all his kindnesses, was satisfied; and said, "Oh! Alfred, nothing can help me but only Heaven. I am dying—dying of grief. My heart is broken. Oh! my husband!" and she fainted from weakness. Alfred saw she was dying, and he grew as weak as a child; his throat ached and his tears flowed till her fair face was wet, and she lifted up her eyes once more, and died.

Having kissed her forehead and murmured over her, he got down again by the vine; and he took two swords, and went into the woods dumb with despair, but withal most wroth. There he lay all night under the trees, staring upon the sky; and early in the morning he betook himself to the castle, and waited till the duke came.

from his paramour. When he heard the hinges of the gate, and saw the head of the duke's steed coming forth, he went into the wood and blew a blast of defiance upon his horn, which the duke answered.

They met upon a level plain, where the duke dismounted; and Alfred said to him, "Sir, I do arraign you here, under heaven, of being the murderer of an innocent and beautiful lady. Oh! how most innocent and beautiful! I here stand the champion of your duchess, who is dead through the neglect of such a beast as you; and thus I challenge you." And he struck him on the cheek, and offered him one of the swords. The giant, mad at the blow, seized upon the sword and attacked Alfred desperately; but he, being determined on having the life of the duke, defended himself suddenly.

When they had fought some time, Alfred struck him on the head; he reeled against a tree and fell; and, seeing Alfred standing over him, he said, "Pause." Alfred replied, "Sir, you did not pause when your dear lady's life could have been saved through it. You have felt only for yourself, and have sacrificed her; when her pale look and aching eye have begged a merciful hour at your hand, you cared not for her pain; and lastly, whilst your hot veins were swelling with delight, you let her poorly die. You sold her unto death for your enjoyments—a sacrifice. You did not pause; therefore, as you lie upon your back in these nettles, I will not pause!" So saying, he took him by the wrist and stabbed him to the heart, and so killed him.

And he went to the court where the elders were assembled, waiting the duke's presence, to tell him of the death of his lady. Alfred walked in before them, and breaking his sword, threw it on the ground; and after a short silence he told them whose blood it was upon him, and what he had done. So they fell upon him and bound him; while some went to the forest, and there found the duke upon his back, as he had said, stabbed through and through. They made a bier of twisted boughs, with loose leaves strewed over it, and brought the body into the hall.

They would not hear Alfred, but condemned him to be beheaded on the third day. But on the night of the second he died in his prison of a broken heart.

T R A C E S

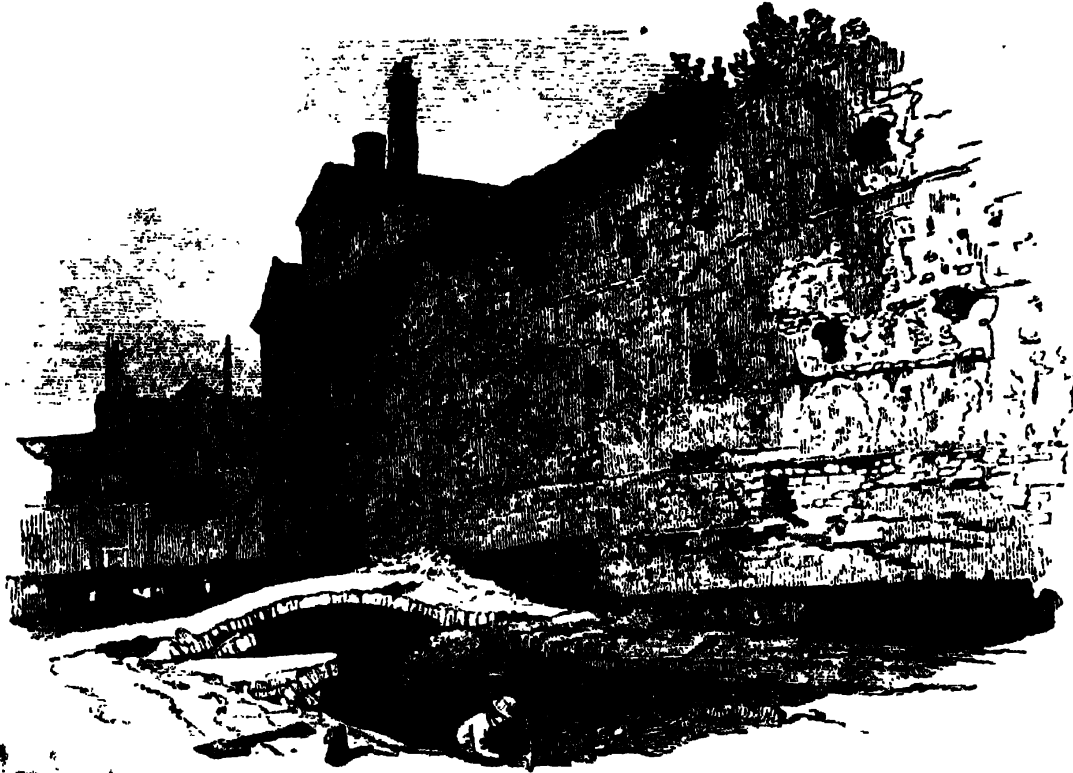


Thy name upon the sands, thy Spirit's bride!  
 Lo! I have writ; and the fast-coming sea  
 Advances, that will sweep it utterly  
 Out of all mark and meaning: but the tide,  
 And the sleek shore o'er which its waters glide,  
 Newly configurate and changed shall be  
 By that impressure, though invisibly,  
 And ever with the touch thereof abide:—  
 And thus, thy name, thy beauty, and thy love,  
 Whose traces Time's obliterating ocean  
 Hath wash'd from out my action-smoothed mind,  
 Shall, with a fix'd effect, be intertwined  
 Therewith eternally, and deep inwove  
 With Time's own everlasting voice and motion.

THOMAS WARE.

## THE RECREATIONS OF MR. ZIGZAG THE ELDER.

## CHAPTER V.



LONDON WALL.



E now proceed eastward, even to Tower-hill, in order to make our round of the famous bulwark of Old Londinium, the ancient ~~city~~ <sup>queen</sup> of cities, albeit the buxom lady may be said so to have increased as to have burst her zone, and to have so waxed in strength and majesty that her stately amplitude thenceforth disdained such bondage for ever. Here let us pause a space while we recal some passages of our city's early history, when, like unto some fair and richly-dowered damsel of the iron days, she was famed through many lands, and valiant warriors came from distant parts to do battle for her hand. Our associations now carry us back to the remote period where our annals merge into the twilight

region of mythic fable and obscure tradition; and among the phantoms of this shadow-land appear the Trojan followers of Brutus, the son of the demigod Æneas. These were the founders of Troynovant, about the year of the world 2855. ~~Then~~ follows King Lud, who would seem to have been a sort of Anakim. This redoubtable monarch, it is said, "not only repaired this citie, but also increased the same with faire buildings, towers and walls, and, after his own name, called it Caer Lud, or Lud's Towne, and the strong gate which he builded in the west part of the Citie he likewise (for his own honour) named Lud-gate."

Upon this gate Lud is said to have ordered his body to be placed, after death,

arrayed in armour, and bestriding a brazen steed, in order that he might still be seen, grim and terrible, by his enemies outside the walls. Such are the chief of those puissant spectres which do stalk across the vision of our early dawn, and Geoffrey of Monmouth is the subtle enchanter who conjures them up from the depths of time.

But the world has grown old sincewhile, and hard of belief, and he who should seriously attempt to beguile its dull ear with such obsolete histories would be deemed to have sojourned in the cave of Trophonius, and to have forfeited his discretion.

But Cassibelan, the brother of Lud, and usurper of the inheritance of his sons, Androgeus and Theomantius, may be said to stand somewhat in advance of the fabulous era, and, being mentioned in the Commentaries of Julius Cæsar, who overthrew his government, he is accordingly admitted within the pale of history, or rather his recreant head may be considered as having been set upon the outermost barrier thereof, as a scarecrow, to all who would curiously pry into the regions beyond. It may be said of him that, having been plentifully drubbed by one whose actual and substantive existence is held indisputable, his own identity is thereby guaranteed to all such as doubt up to a certain point, and beyond that believe implicitly whatsoever may be related to them. Submitting to this judicious practice, we have merely introduced the above worthies after the manner of Gog and Magog, and the men in brass armour at my Lord Mayor's Show, in order to preface our unquestionable facts with the pageantry of their harmless terrors, and to show that in sooth they are but padded paynims, hirsute but harmless, and at whom none need be in the least dismayed.

And in this spirit we suppress much that might be said touching the grim Silures and dwarfish Picts, as well as any further quotation from Brut y Breninodd, and those mystic triads which treat of the kingdom of Samotheus, the son of Meshec, and the giants of the race of Cham, whose King Gogmagog did overthrow the former, and governed the land in their stead.

Such phantasies and the visionary relations of adventurers who came hither from the country of summer, through the ocean called the hazy, are not for our matter-of-fact times, and we dismiss them accordingly as things which

"Come like shadows, so depart;"

and, shaking off the nightmare of traditionary lore, we call upon the names of Cæsar, Suetonius, Tacitus, and other true and veritable worthies, for a few of their sound marketable facts to chronicle our wall of London withal.

It has been said that the Britons, previous to the Roman invasion, were not skilled in the art of castrametation, and whether the aforesaid invaders did find the city guarded by such earthen forts as the natives were able to construct, is a matter which needs not be discussed. Suffice it that we begin with the followers of Cæsar's conquest, who assuredly could build walls—a fact of which we have sufficient evidence, here and elsewhere, especially in that famous construction which traverses the northern boundary of England, and formerly served as a bulwark against the incursions of the Picts and Scots, whose territory lay beyond. This work of the friendly conquerors, who, at the earnest supplication of the Britons, left their own land of Italy and declining Rome, the Goths already at her gates, to perform one last deed of noble protection, is a token as well of skill and perseverance as of a degree of kindly regard which reconciles us to the idea of an invasion that brought to our shores a teacher of the civilized arts, a promoter of our internal wealth, and a guardian against the ravages of neighbouring barbarism.

It is, therefore, with a feeling partaking somewhat of veneration that we trace the operations and influence of the Romans in this our Londinium, and enter into the spirit of the venerable Camden, who says, "Whilst I treat of the Roman empire in Britain (which lasted, as I said, about 476 years), it comes into my mind how many colonies of Romans must have been transplanted hither in so long a time; what numbers of soldiers were continually sent from Rome for garrisons; how many persons were despatched hither to negotiate affairs, public or private; and that these,

intermarrying with the Britons, seated themselves here, and multiplied into families: for wherever, says Seneca, the Roman conquers, he inhabits. So that I have oftentimes concluded that the Britons might derive themselves from the Trojans by these Romans, who, doubtless, descended from the Trojans, with greater probability than either the Averni, who, from Trojan blood, styled themselves brethren to the Romans, or the Mamertini, Hedui, and others, who, upon fabulous grounds, grafted themselves into the Trojan stock. For Rome, that common mother as one calls her, challenges all such as citizens

'Whom conquered she in sacred bonds hath tied.' "

And, if a filial sense does incorporate itself with our veneration for the prolific mother of cities, we do but separate ourselves thereby from the barbarians who experienced not her fosterage.

At least, while we yearn eastward, even toward the sun, for the source of yet more mystic and earlier institutions continued by our Druidic fathers, we may yet hail her as a liberal nurse, and gratefully acknowledge two bountiful gifts wherewith she has endowed us—firstly, the origin of our civic order; and, secondly, when she herself had undergone great trial and change, a greater and holier boon in the effectual introduction of the Christian faith.

Such impressions may render eloquent even a few feet of wall, here and there, to which we now return, and whose history we will touch upon, together with a notice of such other relics of the Roman occupation as have survived to the present time.

It has already been said that the original wall round London has been ascribed to the Empress Helena, which is given upon the authority of Simeon of Durham. This was in the Christian year 306; and those who are contented to build their wall upon the evidence of the said Simeon are free to do as they list. But we, who are soberly disposed and not given to speculation, will prefer to walk upon the trodden ground of received opinion, even the causeway laid down by Cæsar and his followers.

In the instance of Cæsar, however, we find only negative evidence touching this our subject. He, being tempted hither, according to Suetonius, his biographer, in the expectation of finding pearls (other Romans preferred the oyster), did reach our coast at ten of the clock one fine morning, being the 26th of August, in the year before Christ 55, which preciseness of date is due to the calculations of the astronomer Halley. Howbeit Cæsar scaled the white cliffs of Albion, and obtained his first footing with little welcome on the part of the Britons. It further appears that the turbulence of the elements left him without leisure for the seeking of pearls, and he presently retired with the shattered residue of his fleet, not, however, without paving the way for his return.

On his subsequent invasion it might appear, from his silence as regards London, that he either approached not its precincts, or took such a distant view thereof as not to discover that it was a great and flourishing port, already a city of merchants. Yet, although Cæsar was not an eyewitness of the early prosperity of our city, it may not be supposed that he was unconscious of its site; and it is to be believed rather that, in consideration of the breadth and depth of the Thames and other matters of opposition which there awaited him, he may have, therefore, preferred the transit which he effected higher up, and to obtain his first settlement on that spot whereon the city of Verulamium, now called St. Alban's, was founded.

It is not, however, till the reign of Tiberius, one hundred and fifty years after Cæsar's invasion, that we find a sufficient attestation of London's mercantile consequence, when Tacitus mentions the fame of its commerce and its importance in the concourse of merchants. In the year 369, Theodosius, governor of Britain, is said by Ammianus Marcellinus to have "redressed grievances, strengthened the garrisons, and repaired the cities and ports." At this time the wall of London is considered to have been built. Be it said, however, that, from the circumstance of coins of the Emperor Constantine having been found in considerable numbers near the wall, together with the assertion of Simeon of Durham, and the fact that the city received the name of Augusta, probably in honour of Helena, there is fair ground



for a belief that some earlier provision for the defence of the city had been made by Constantine, in honour of his mother's regard for the people thereof, which work was afterwards further strengthened and increased by Theodosius, along with the other performances ascribed to him.

We will now make a survey of such portions of the wall as are still visible; and as we cannot better approach the Tower, which has, no doubt, been from the earliest period of London's strength the citadel thereof, than by way of the postern, we therefore, enter a narrow thoroughfare at the eastern extremity of Tower-hill, called Postern-row, which passage is traversed by a low bar of timber, the same being secured by a rusty chain and padlock to a staple riveted in a sufficient post, and thereby the Tower may be considered, so far as regards all present occasions, to be effectively guarded at this approach. In order to pass this barrier we are free to step either round it, or over it, and prefer the latter; but, as such adventures as the present are ever beset with obstacles, we are in no way surprised to find a high paling and a barred wicket between the curious antiquary and the intended object of his investigation. This, however, is soon scrambled over, and behold a waste area with some appearance of the foundations of ruined houses and cavern-like cellars, and over these the postern wall, the most extensive portion of London's ancient bulwark now remaining, encloses one side, and on the opposite side, at the end, appear the backs of tall decayed houses, the whole looking more like a bit of the Papal city than any portion of populous ground-devouring London. But we proceed at once to a methodical examination of the piece of masonry before us, and, to all outward seeming, have no more an eye for the picturesque than a beetle-hunting entomologist, or a district surveyor. In pursuance of this object, we first proceed to observe the lower courses of stonework where, part of the soil having been cleared away, the wall is visible almost down to its original base. Here the masonry is regularly laid and the stones are well squared. Over this course is another of flat bricks, two deep, and of the following dimensions:—The thickness of each brick is one inch and a half; the depth of the course, including the mortar, four inches and a half; the length of the bricks varies from seventeen inches and a half to sixteen inches and a half, and the breadth from ten to twelve inches. This is succeeded by another course of squared stones, but repaired in many parts with rubble and bits of brick. The stones are here (where the original masonry appears) five in depth, and they occupy a space of forty-six inches between the first layer of brick and another which now follows, vestiges of a third course of regular masonry succeeding, greatly mingled with the work of irregular repair. The space composed of squared stones regularly disposed is about eight feet. Thus far the wall exhibits the usual features of Roman workmanship, and, where the stones have been dislodged, the interior is found to be composed of the peculiar mixture of rubble and hard cement, which offers a greater resistance than even the stone itself; but where the repairs appear the mortar is soft and crumbling. Thus far we behold the original wall founded by the Romans. Over this is a superstructure containing huge blocks of stone inartificially composed with rubble, bits of the Roman brick, and flint, and, from the primitive nature of this latter addition, the whole mass appearing much like the work of a people whose powers of construction were undeveloped, and whose circumstances left them little choice in the selection of materials, or the order of their arrangement. This may be supposed to be the work of the Saxons under Alfred, who is reported to have repaired the wall, and which people, availing themselves of the substantial foundations of their predecessors, but wanting their skill and resources, imitated the earlier model in a coarse and unscientific manner.

A series of perforations which occur over that part of the stratification of the wall just described might be taken for the remains of embrasures; but they appear to have been opened subsequently to the construction of the masonry which surrounds them, and may have proceeded from a stage on the inner side of the wall for the projection of missiles on the enemy below. The entire height of the mural fragment, which we have thus been at some pains to examine and describe, may be about twenty-eight feet; the remainder or uppermost part is variously constructed of small squared



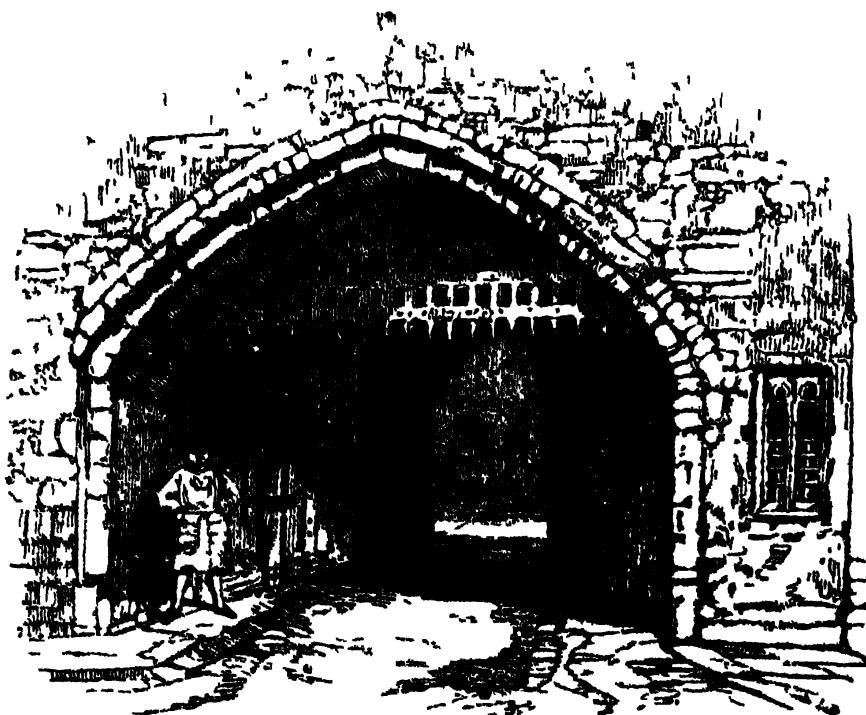
stones and rubble, and over one course thin stones are laid as if in imitation of the Roman brick in the lower courses; but this portion is so patched by repairs, that but little of the original work is to be traced. The whole may be looked upon as an epitome of the military chronicle of early London, from the period of its first fortification through the early struggles when the Saxon citizens defended their King Ethelred, within these walls, against the Danes in 994; again, when Edmund Ironsides defended them against Canute in 1016, to the time when William the Norman jealous of his lately-acquired dominion, among other precautions, did strengthen the fortifications adjoining his newly-erected building of the Tower.

Afterwards, when the barons, in the sixth year of King John, having robbed the Jews of Aldgate, repaired the walls and gates of the City with the materials of their broken houses; and subsequently when Henry III. repaired the same walls at the common charges of the citizens, down through the reigns of Edward I. and his son, to that of Edward IV., when brick was made from the clay of Moorfields, and chalk brought from Kent, for the re-edification of the City fortifications, through the vicissitudes of the struggle between the great factions of York and Lancaster, down to the bold assault of the men of Kent, led by Sir Thomas Wyatt, in Mary's reign;—of each of these events the wall may be said to have received an impression.

Over all these time-worn evidences of stirring changes and eventful struggles the wallflower nestles lovingly like a bright-haired child, the Benjamin of its old age, in the rugged embraces of the venerable wall. Having thus discussed the present appearance and former history of the postern, we purpose to sally thence, towards an essay of the Tower itself, in the course of another chapter.

## CHAPTER VI

### LONDON WALL.



GATE OF THE BLOODY TOWER.

As it is not our present purpose to treat generally of the Tower, but rather to touch upon it merely in the character of a presumed portion of the original fortifi-

cation of ancient Londinium, we pass under the Bloody Tower, and take our stand in the area beyond, which fronts the keep, or White Tower, in order that, being influenced by the *genius loci*, we may call up some portions of a structure whose very ruins may have disappeared even before the present ancient edifice was ordained. And though such an essay may be held, according to some authorities, as an attempt to set forth the history of a place, from the time of its nonentity down to the period when it began to exist, we will yet endeavour to find an answer for such scrupulous wights in the course of this our attempt to complete the work of defence, and supply the desideratum of a citadel to the Roman bulwark of our venerable city. True it is that such a work is not alluded to by any of the Roman annalists, but it is equally true that their narrations, so far as they relate to Londinium or its edifices, are not to be esteemed either for their perspicuousness or the abundance of their evidence; from Ptolemy, who places his Londinium upon the wrong side of the Thames, to Ammianus, who makes only a general allusion to its antiquity; Dion Cassius, who treats rather of events than the appearance of things, and Antoninus, who makes it the source of four, and termination of three, out of the fifteen British roads which are given in his "Itinerary," which fact is, however, a satisfactory testimony of its importance as a situation. In consideration, therefore, of this disparity, it may be supposed that a stronghold may have existed on this site, and yet have escaped any particular specification in such general notices of walls, towers, &c., as occur in the relations we have alluded to. Neither, moreover, is there any notice of any such edifice in the "Saxon Chronicle;" but truly the Thames seemeth to have risen in unruly tides of yore, and belike the visible remains of such an edifice may have become a tribute to its waters ere that chronicle was framed. Some such evidence appears in the works of an early writer, Fitzstephen, who died in 1191. Speaking of London, he says, "It hath on the east part a Tower Palatine, very large and very strong, whose court and walls rise up from a deep foundation. The mortar is tempered with the blood of beasts." He further mentions the destruction of the wall and towers on the south side of the City by the ebbing and flowing of the river.

Now, it is possible that Fitzstephen, in speaking of this unaccountable method of tempering mortar, may have conveyed more than he himself was aware of. The Romans are likewise said to have used the eggs of birds in the composition of their durable cement; and unquestionably the albumen thereof, mixed with quicklime, is no unlikely combination, always providing they could procure the former material in sufficient abundance; but, touching the said blood, it may be better suited to the making of black puddings than the consolidation of masonry. Yet we cannot suppose that our ancient chronicler meant any allusion to an article of diet common enough in his time, and whose proper use he must have been sufficiently acquainted with. Does he not, therefore, seem as one who hath been told a thing, and, without exactly comprehending the spirit or point thereof, blurts forth a vague reminiscence of it accordingly, albeit his egg was addled in the hatching? It is not unlikely, to our thinking, that the Roman colonists, being nearer by one-third of the period which has elapsed since their occupation of London to the minds of men in Fitzstephen's time, may have furnished them with the theme of many a curious tradition, handed down from one generation to another, especially under circumstances when much lore was necessarily so conveyed in the absence of clerkship. Among such matters may have been described the scene when, assembled on this mount, there was beheld an august concourse of the Roman legions quartered in Londinium, with their prætors and the imperial general or governor, together with the priests and augurs, where, having fixed the site of the intended palatinate edifice, the laying of the foundation was solemnized by an appropriate sacrifice, the stones and mortar being sprinkled with the blood of the victims; and hence the source of the bold story bequeathed to us by the monkish chronicler of the twelfth century. As for the Tower of Fitzstephen's time, he must have known it to be the work of Gundulph, under the auspices of William of Normandy. One century only had elapsed since its building; and this circumstance must have been as fresh in the minds of men of that time, as the masonry of its walls must then have

appeared to their eyes. It may, therefore, be concluded that the chronicler merely spoke of the latter as the renewal of a former edifice, built upon the old foundations, which he says were deep; and it is highly probable that an investigation of the lower cells and other subterranean parts, which are now but little wot of, would reveal the identical peculiarities of construction by which we recognise the work of the Roman builders, and the very mortar which, according to the ancient monk, was tempered with the blood of beasts. Indeed, from what we know of the habits and genius of the Romans, it is difficult to suppose that they, upon their occupation of London, could have overlooked such a situation—a site so commanding, and so perfectly calculated as a position to overlook the City, and at the same time to guard its approach by way of the river; and it may be presumed that, even on the earliest appearance of the conquerors, the site of the prætorium of their general may have been fixed here.

Touching the name, which was given to it at an early period, of Cæsar's Tower, that may have been bestowed in honour of some one of the eleven Cæsars who succeeded the first Roman occupier of Britain; and we have evidence in the keep at Kenilworth, the great tower of Warwick Castle, and others, that the title was considered appropriate to such strongholds, and the keep in the Tower of London may be looked upon as the prototype of the usage. The Mabinogion, which has been said to diffuse a faint ray over ages where history refuses its light, relates that Bendigeid Vran, who was exalted from the crown of London to the seat of royalty at Harlech, "grieved exceedingly at the tidings of Branwen's woes." Branwen the White-bosomed was sister to Bendigeid, and married to Matholwch, King of Ireland, who used her cruelly. The brother now goes to Ireland to revenge the wrongs of his sister, and is wounded in the foot with a poisoned dart. Bendigeid, when dying, commands the seven men who attend him to cut off his head, and "bear it even unto the White Mount in London, and bury it there with the face towards France." This Bendigeid is said to have been the father of the British King Caractacus. The White Mount here referred to has been supposed to indicate the site of the White Tower; and it may have been from the earliest times esteemed a sacred place—one of those mounts which the Britons chose for their rites and observances, and called white, in common with several other ancient sites, in token of their veneration.

Two learned doctors, by name, Stukely the one, and the other Milles, have each founded an edifice (conjectural) upon Tower-hill. The former has introduced into his map of London, according to its supposed disposition in the Roman time, the indication of a fort, which he describes as *Arx Palatina*; but his argument would seem insufficient, it being grounded on the semicircular form of the east end of the chapel in the White Tower. Indeed, the astute doctor, in treating of such matters, reminds us somewhat of Cæsar, with whose monuments he appears to have been so intimately acquainted. "I came, I saw, I conquered," frequently appears as prominently in the "*Itinerarium*" of the one as in the "*Commentaries*" of the other; yet we would not ascribe a particle of arrogance to the good doctor, who appears so convinced of his facts as to deem aught beyond his own mild assertion, in the way of substantiation, as a thing unnecessary and superfluous. But in the doctor's time the day dreams of the speculative antiquary were less liable to be disturbed by the "*prætorium here, prætorium there!*" of some sturdy Ochiltree, than in the present sceptical times. Dr. Milles, who would have here the capital fortress of the Romans, as well as their mint and treasury, has more evidence for his assertion, in the discovery in this place of coins of the Emperors Honorius and Arcadius, which were found, together with a silver ingot, in 1777, in digging for the foundation of a new office for the Board of Ordnance, on arriving at the natural ground. The ingot was in the form of a double wedge, in weight ten ounces, eight grains, of the troy pound; it is stamped with the words *EX OFFIC. HONORI*, and is supposed to have come from the royal mint, then at Constantinople, and intended to test the silver coin sent into Britain. This was after the removal hence of the Roman government; and the coins are supposed to have been part of the money sent to pay the last legion which was ever sent to the assistance of the

Britons, Honorius then reigning over the empire of the West, and Arcadius over that of the East.

Thus far, O reader, for our Palatine Tower; and, now, shouldest thou ever be incarcerated, examine those recesses which are jealously secluded from the eye of the curious; bribe thy gaoler to grant thee the indulgence of a lodging in the rats' dungeon, or some one of the labyrinth of cells which lie deep, even under the bed of the river. Search these places for massive semicircular vaultings, quincunxes of squared flint, and other signs of the Roman builder which thy perception will not fail to discover. But, an' if thou mayest not be so favoured, and must still wander in liberty and ignorance, wend thou, then, to the shore of the Thames, even where it laves the outer walls of the fortress, and at ebb tide there thou mayest come upon certain ancient foundations, even the outworks, or rather vestiges thereof, of the "Towers of Julius,"—the Arx Palatina of Doctor Stukely.

## • CHAPTER VII.

### LONDON WALL.



REMAINING FRAGMENT AT LUDGATE.

 N commencing our round of the southern portion of the wall, it may be stated that the four principal gates of the city are understood to have been the following, viz., Aldgate, on the east; Bridgegate, on the south; Newgate, on the west; and Aldersgate, on the north: the name of the first signifying, in the Saxon, eald or old gate; and the last, ealder or older gate. By the former, the Vicinal Way proceeded forth of the city and crossed the river Lee at Oldford, to Duroleiton, the modern Leyton, in Essex. The Prætorian Way or Saxon Watling-street, entered Newgate and turned off to Dowgate, anciently Dwr-gate, or Water-gate, where the Thames was crossed by a ferry, and the road then continued to Dover. It may, therefore be supposed that Dwr-gate was the original south entrance to the city, Bridgegate only becoming the thoroughfare in that direction, at a later period, on the building of London-bridge. The Hermin-street was carried somewhat to the west, on account of the morass which bordered the northern side of the city, and originally entered by Aldersgate, thus taking a less direct course than is

common to the roads constructed by the Romans. Fitzstephen informs us, that in the reign of Henry II., "there were seven double gates in the wall of this city," but fails to specify them; it is to be concluded, however, that the other gates were, the Tower-postern, Ludgate, and Cripplegate-postern. The towers and outworks belonging to the wall, we will notice as we proceed round the course of its boundaries. Following a south-western direction, we leave the Tower, whence the wall formerly ran along the bank of the river, but was ruined and overthrown as early as the time of Henry II., as has already been stated on the authority of Fitzstephen. However, huge blocks and fragments of this wall were visible within the last three centuries, standing in detached masses more like misshapen piles of rock than the work of man's hands. Along this line, it may be premised, there were several water-gates, as follows, viz., the Tower Water-gate; another at Wool-wharf, Custom-house-quay—Billingsgate, or Belins-gate, of which Geoffrey of Monmouth sets forth that "Belin, a king of the Britons, about 400 years before Christ's nativity, builded this gate and named it Belinsgate, after his own name; and that, when he was dead, his body being burned, the ashes, in a vessel of brass, were set upon a high pinnacle of stone over the same gate." Next comes Botolph's-gate; and then, Bridgegate, which appears to have been contemporary with the first timber bridge which spanned the Thames prior to the Conquest. Over this gate there was erected a tower in the year 1426; the inscription on each of the four corner-stones attests the piety of the founders. Stow, who saw them when the tower was removed and rebuilt with timber, in 1577, says, "Upon every of these four stones was engraven, in faire Romane letters, the name of Thesus." Oyster-gate, which follows, supplied the ancient cockneys with a dainty dish, that has survived, in their esteem, the lampreys and other more bulky delicacies, such as the grampus and porpoise, which were equally esteemed by the citizens of yore. Ebgate, Wals-gate, and Down or Dwr Gate, succeed; and after these, Ripa Regina, or Queen's-wharf, so called from the Latin word *ripa*, appertaining to water-banks, but now known as Queenhithe, from the Saxon, a port or landing. This, which was the principal water-gate of the city, was likewise, at an earlier period, called Edred's-hithe; its dues afterwards formed an item in the portion of the queens of England. Next are the stairs at Broken-wharf and Paul's-wharf, and the gate at Puddle-wharf, which brings us to Baynard's Castle. Fitzstephen and Gervasius Tilbury, both in the reign of Henry II., make mention of this stronghold and the neighbouring fortress of Montfitchet. "Two castles," says the latter author, "are built with walls and rampires, whereof one is in right of possession Baynard's; the other, the barons of Montfitchet. The former was founded by Baynard, a follower of William the Conqueror. It was forfeited to the crown in 1111, by one of his descendants; and Henry I. bestowed it upon Robert Fitz Richard, fifth son of Richard de Tonebrugge, son of Gilbert Earl of Clare: to this family did appertain, in right of the castle, the office of castelaine and banner-bearer to the city of London. The name of the thoroughfare leading from the former site of Baynard's Castle up to St. Paul's, Great Knight Rider-street, is significant of the chivalrous service, which required that the castelaine should ride, with nineteen men at arms, up to the great west door of St. Paul's, where he was met by the mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs. Having alighted and saluted the mayor, he was to say, 'Sir maior, I am come to do my service which I owe to the citie.' To which the mayor and aldermen replied, 'We give to you, as to our bannerer of feo in this citie, this banner of this citie to beare and governe, to the honour and profite of the citie, to our power.' He then received the banner, gules; the image of St. Paul, gold; the face, hands, feet, and sword, of silver; and proceeded on foot, the banner in his hand, and the mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs following him to the door, where a horse was brought him, saddled and decorated with his arms, and twenty pounds were presented to him for his expenses that day. And, mounting the horse, he proceeded, according to his duty, to command the choosing of a marshall, and to assemble the burgesses of the city, in order that they should pass under the banner of St. Paul."

Baynard's Castle was burned in 1428; after which it was rebuilt by Humphrey

Duke of Gloucester, and was, at his death, granted by Henry VI. to Richard Duke of York. In 1457 the duke lodged here; and, after having worked the machinery at the back of Jack's Straw's rebellion, he now assembled his partisans and followers, in this castle, preliminary to the discussions which led to his appointment as successor to the crown of the feeble puppet who then tottered under it. This prospect, however, together with the career of Duke Richard, was quenched at the battle of Wakefield, and his head, decorated with a paper crown in garb of his ambition, soon after appeared on one of the gates of York. A series of dark and troubled events, wherewith this place was more or less connected, brings us to the memorable time when Richard Duke of Gloucester played here the solemn farce of reluctance, while his suborned creature Buckingham, the mayor, and certain of the citizens, succeeded in appeasing his scruples, and, finally prevailing, forced the crown upon the willing usurper, who meanwhile laughed stealthily in his sleeve, and, belike meditated, with a serene and pious aspect, the midnight treason and remorseless tragedy of the Bloody Tower.

The instrument of retribution and successor of Richard, Henry VII., repaired the castle, which now assumed an aspect more in harmony with a period when the matter of history takes a comparatively familiar and even course, and the barred rigour of donjon holds, and machiolated defiance of gloomy fortresses, had begun to give way, together with the feudal strife and factious divisions which had hitherto maintained them. The pageants of Henry VII., the proclamation of Queen Mary from this castle; its possession by the Earl of Pembroke, who entertained Queen Elizabeth within its walls; and, finally, its destruction in the great fire of 1666, conclude the history of a site which may be said to have been a hatching-place of sedition, and the lurking abode of violence and treason.

A little further west, stood another tower, built by Gilbert de Montfichet, a native of Rome, of the family of William the Conqueror, and one of those who fought on his side at the battle of Hastings. This tower was destroyed by King John, after banishing Richard, the successor of Gilbert, in 1213; and the materials were used by Robert Kilwarby, Archbishop of Canterbury, in building the monastery of the Blackfriars, about forty-three years afterwards.

We have thus proceeded just the space of a mile—the distance between the Tower of London and Blackfriars, and have noted the various gates and defences which lay along that line; but of the wall itself, there is no record concerning that portion of it, except that it was destroyed at a remote period, as it has been stated, according to Fitzstephen: indeed it has been well observed by Lord Littleton, that “after the building of the Tower, and the bridge, there was no necessity for restoring these fortifications; as it was impossible (at least after the bridge was flung across the Thames) for any fleet to annoy the city.” Bridewell, “the western Arx Palatina of the city,” appears to have been the site of another tower, of which there were two more to the westward of Montfichet's Tower. The former must have been a very early foundation, it being recorded that “in the year 1087, the 20th of William I., the city of London, with the church of St. Paul, being burned,” Mauritius, then Bishop of London, began the foundation of another church, towards which the king gave him the choice stones of his castle, “standing neere to the bank of the river of Thames, at the west end of the citie.” It would appear, however, that this castle was not long after rebuilt, and the wall was carried out from Ludgate to the edge of the Fleet river, and thence to the Thames.

The Fleet was here crossed by a bridge, and the site of the tower last mentioned became a residence of King John; and there the law courts were held until the time of Henry III. This building, which was afterwards called Bridewell, fell into decay, and was rebuilt by Henry VIII., who there entertained the Emperor Charles V., in 1522, and likewise lodged there, in 1529, while the question of his marriage with Queen Catherine was agitated at Blackfriars. The house again fell into decay, and, in the reign of Edward VI., this residence of kings became a house of correction for vagabonds and disorderly persons. We now return to the course of the earlier wall, which ran direct from the river up to Ludgate. In St.

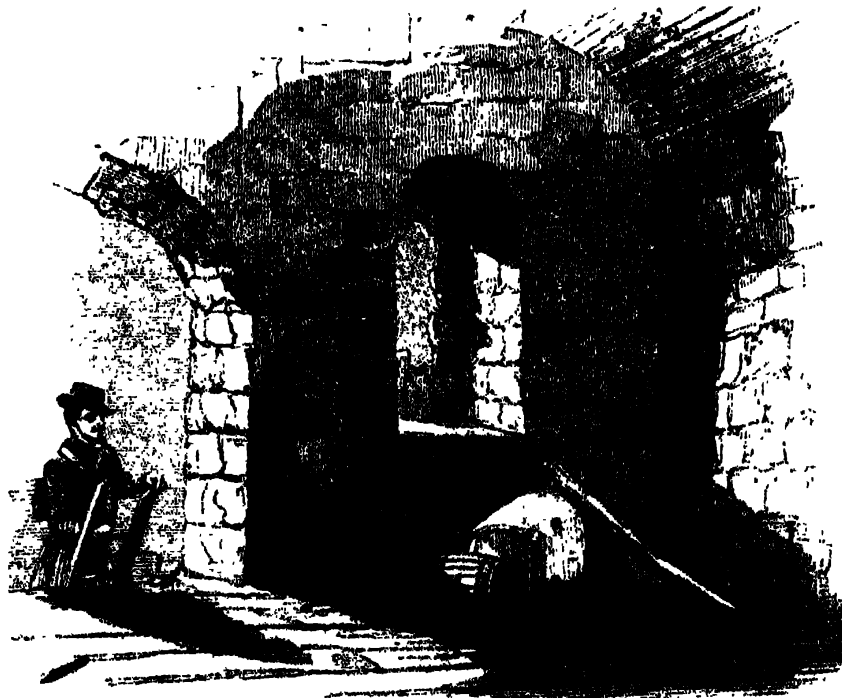




monument of Claudina Martina, raised to her memory by her husband, Anencletus Provincialis, or a soldier belonging to a troop raised in the province. The sagacity of authors who have described the monument in question has been, it would seem, sorely tried to account for the circumstance of the wife being only eleven years old; and the legality of a marriage at that tender age has been questioned. But in truth such deliberations might have been easily solved by an examination of the actual inscription; an exertion, however, which closet antiquaries might seldom bethink them of. The error originated in an omission of the engraver who executed a representation of the monument about the time of its discovery, and happened to omit the final numeral, which makes the age of the lady nineteen, instead of eleven years. But truly such worthies are like the sheep, not to compare them to the birds which saved Rome by their cackling: they are prone to follow their leader; and many are the instances of a blunder thus handed down by the pens and pencils of successive antiquaries, who prefer to investigate such a relic at home, and in their comfortable easy chairs. This testimony to the nightcap-and-slippers school of antiquaries has had such a sedative influence upon our sympathies, that we will but mention a female head, the upper part of which has been demolished; and the fragment of a statue of Hercules, of good design, with his club and the skin of the Nemean lion over his shoulder, which were found on the same spot. The head is probably a portion of the statue; or the bust of the wife of Anencletus, and the statue a votive offering of that soldier, in honour of his tutelary deity. And now we conclude this chapter, and repose awhile, before undertaking certain adventures of climbing and scrambling, which await our further investigation of such fragments of the wall as may conduct us, by stepping-stones, as it were, round to its eastern termination at Tower-hill.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## LONDON WALL.



CHAMBER IN THE HALL, NEWGATE.

Not many yards from the place where the monument of Claudina Martina was discovered, there exists a tower which may have stood in the relation of a specula or



watch-tower to the former edifice of Newgate. This curious appendage of the old wall is to be found at the back of the premises of Mr. William Elton, a builder, in the Old Bailey.

The circumstance of a dog, belonging to the father of the present possessor, having squeezed itself into a crevice at the base of this tower, which was then considered merely a portion of the solid wall closing that end of the yard, excited some curiosity, the dog having remained a considerable time without re-appearing; and its owner caused his workmen to remove several of the stones, in order to discover what he supposed to be a passage through the wall into the piece of waste ground which lies beyond, and was then used as a place for exercising horses. However, on making a sufficient aperture, the interior of the tower was discovered, and the explorer had reason to congratulate himself on having added as much space to his premises as he was enabled to construct into a convenient two-stalled stable; and not only that, but the height, about twenty feet, afforded room, by placing a floor midway, for a hayloft to boot. The place being thus divided, and filled with lumber of the building-yard, together with much dust and cobwebs, and but little light, is in no way favourable to the operation of a sketch; but we found means to give a representation of the upper portion of the interior, which contains a window with a semicircular top, evidently of Roman structure, and the broken outline of another arch, which may have been an entrance from the top of the wall. There is a vaulted roof of brickwork, banded with iron, apparently belonging to a later period

than the original building, which latter has, probably, been several feet higher. This roof is of substantial workmanship, and evidently not made for any temporary occasion: indeed, we were told at the place that there was some account of the tower having been formerly appropriated as a gunpowder magazine; but we could not exactly make out the authority upon which the assertion is founded. Descending by a very unstable ladder, we endeavoured to trace some token of Roman masonry about the base; but, as little of the ashler work is remaining, no such evidence was discoverable, except the composted rubble of the inner structure, which has the appearance of having been poured in in a liquid condition.

The present name of the situation of Newgate, *i. e.*, the Old Bailey, is suggestive of its former title as the ballium of the fortified building which stood here of yore; and by various other signs it might be supposed that this entrance to the city has been one of extraordinary strength in former times.

Some remains of strong masonry are visible at the foot of the steps leading from Green Arbour-court towards Farringdon-street, and have a similar appearance to the masonry of the fragment in St. Martin's-



OUTWORK OF THE WALL TOWARDS THE FLEET.

court. These, from the thickness of the walls, are evidently portions of an ancient fortification, and may be presumed to have formed an approach to the gate above, and to have protected a passage over the Fleet, and so to the upper ballium, by means of a bridge and a flight of stairs, similar to the present Breakneck-stairs, which is the name of the ascent to Green Arbour-court; while the street called Little Bailey may represent the outer or lower ballium of the fortress.

If Wren's Prætorium can be supposed to have indicated anything more permanent than the camp of the Prætorian Guard, and the notion of a fort which is supposed to have stood upon the high ground adjacent (probably Pannier-alley) be correct, we may consider the city to have presented on this side an aspect of great strength and complete fortification. The gate which succeeded the original Roman edifice was erected in the beginning of the twelfth century, and is stated to have been called Chamberlain's-gate. It had been a prison from as far back as the year 1218, and was used as a state prison for the confinement of persons of rank before the Tower was so appropriated. In 1412 this gate was rebuilt by the executors of Sir Richard Whittington; and his statue, together with the cat, appeared in a niche until the destruction of the building by the fire of 1666. The course of the wall now runs by the back of Christ's Hospital, where there was a postern; and further on a fragment appears in the churchyard of St. Botolph, Aldersgate. The gate formerly stood about thirty yards south of this church. Being very old, ruinous, and in danger of further decay, Aldersgate, which at that time probably contained features both of its original Roman architecture and

likewise of Saxon additions, was taken down and rebuilt, in 1617, by the trustees of Master William Parker, citizen, who bequeathed a sum of money for the purpose. At the back of Monkwell-street we find a tower belonging to the wall, forming the semicircular end of the hull of the Barber Surgeons; and a little further on there appears the base of another tower, of corresponding form and dimensions, which has already been referred to as appearing in the churchyard of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

There are no remains of Roman masonry in this work; and it has that primitive Cyclopean structure which, together with its circular form, suggests the probability of its being a portion of the work of Alfred, who repaired the wall, and generally restored the city (it having been ravaged by the Danes), and committed the government thereof to his son-in-law, Ethelred, in the year 886. This is the portion of the wall which lies nearest to the former site of the Barbican, or northern watch-tower—the specula of the Romans, and Burgh-kenning of



REMAINS OF THE POSTERN AT CRIPPLEGATE.

the Saxons. The responsible office of custodian of this tower is recorded to have been held by Robert Ufford, Earl of Suffolk, under Edward the Third. A residence of the kings of England, which stood here, and which was destroyed in 1251, but afterwards rebuilt, was called the Base Court. This was, at a later time, inhabited by Catherine, widow of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

We next trace the wall to the thoroughfare called London-wall. Here, in the yard of the White Horse Inn, are considerable remains, one portion of which is evidently a part of the gate itself (Cripplegate), some evidences of the grooves being visible where the hinges have formerly hung. Further down the yard the structure of the wall is worthy of notice. The layer of masonry next the ground is composed of very large squared stones, and over this is a course of thin Roman brick. A space of eleven inches above the bricks is occupied by another layer of small, neatly-squared stones, three deep; and then appears a course composed of two layers of flint, accurately squared, and laid with great precision. There are three of these courses of stone, and as many of flint; after which appears a superstructure of irregular masonry. The precision of the lower courses of this fragment of the wall, and the methodical way in which it is constructed, as well as the durability, through which it remains as true and compact as when first erected, some fifteen or sixteen centuries ago, render it the most satisfactory and instructive relic of Roman workmanship now existing in London.

The other side of this portion of the wall is the northern boundary of the small burial-ground once attached to the east end of the church of St. Elphage-in-the-Wall, the mother church of St. Elphage, Cripplegate. Here we may observe the interior structure, composed of rubble and cement, with bits of brick and flint promiscuously thrown in; and the rugged and massive appearance of this face causes the more modern superstructure of brick, which has been raised upon it, to look as though it were founded upon the edge of a rocky cliff. In the year 1415, Thomas Falconer, mayor, opened a postern called Moorgate, near the end of Coleman-street, for the purpose of affording the citizens a more convenient access to Moorfields, in order to pursue their recreation. This district, which was generally a moorish swamp, was intersected by raised causeways; and Falconer had begun to drain some portions of the land—a work that was furthered by William Hampton, fishmonger, mayor, in 1472, and Roger Acheley, mayor, in 1511, who caused dykes and bridges to be made, and the ground levelled. Here the sledgers, and sliders on bone skates, the city hunt, the Finsbury archers; the wrestling, boxing, running, tumbling, and football playing; athletes of the wards, and various mountebanks, quack doctors, and itinerant preachers, found ample space for their various exercises for many a year, till squares, crescents, and all the endless forms and devices of brick and mortar, at length usurped their playground, and gave them mechanics' institutes, debating clubs, and the Eagle Tavern, in their stead.

From Moorgate-postern the wall continued to Bishopsgate, which is said to have been built by Erkenwald, Bishop of London, in 675; and, as the bishops of London had a residence at Bethnal-green from a very early period, their road thither from St. Paul's would lie through this gate. Bishopsgate was repaired by William, prelate, after the Conquest; and in 1479 it was again rebuilt by the Hanse merchants, who were bound to support it, in consideration of certain privileges confirmed to them by Henry the Third. Two statues of bishops, probably those of Erkenwald and William, and two others supposed to have represented Alfred and Aeldred Earl of Mercia, were then set up, under the express direction, no doubt, of Henry, who was a liberal and enlightened promoter of the arts of sculpture and painting. Hence, along Camomile-street and across Bevis Marks, the course of the wall may be traced by a slight elevation of the ground. In Maitland's time, about a century ago, one of the towers was still standing, near Gravel-lane, on the west side of Houndsditch, of the height of twenty-six feet; and the lower part of another was visible at the end of a street called the Vineyard, south of Aldgate; but no trace of these now remains above ground. By diving into cellars we have had means of observing the basement of the wall in this direction, upon its original surface, about



CHURCHYARD OF ST. ELPHAGE-IN-THE-WALL.]

fifteen feet below the street, and found here some fragments composed of enormous stones, probably the remains of buttresses.

Aldgate, the eastern portal of the city, was a strong double gate with two portcullises. A charter of King Edgar attests the antiquity of the first edifice, it being therein called Eald or Old Gate. Stow, who saw it previous to the rebuilding thereof, speaks of its dilapidated condition. During the war between King John and his barons, the latter entered the city by this gate, and ravaged the religious houses; after which they repaired the gate with Caen stone and the small Flanders tile. In the reign of Edward the Fourth, 1471, the city was assaulted at this point by the Bastard Falconbridge; but the citizens bravely repulsed and drove him back to his ships. Martin Bond, who was captain of the camp at Tilbury, 1598, rebuilt the gate in 1606, at which time many Roman coins were found among the foundations. From Aldgate the wall ran in a direct line to the Tower-postern, whence we started to perambulate its course. This wall, which was three miles and one hundred and sixty-five feet in circumference, was, according to Fitzstephen, "high and great, well towered on the north side, with due distance between the towers." By the north side the chronicler is understood to mean the whole space on the landward, which formed a bow from the river. The walls are supposed to have been twenty-two feet high originally, and the height of the towers has been estimated at forty feet. This circumference was further guarded by the Thames on the south side; and the remainder by a ditch, deep and wide, which was completed in the year 1213, in the turbulent and jealous reign of King John: its breadth was 200 feet, and strict regulations were made for its cleansing and keeping it in repair. Stow testifies to the good store of fish of divers sorts which this ditch contained, a thing which, he says, "many men yet living, who have taken and tasted them, can well witness; but now no such matter: the charge of cleansing is shared, and great profit made by letting out the bankes, with the spoil of the whole ditch." The chronicler being, as it seems, in despair of reform in this quarter, finishes with a testy "and so I will leave it, for I cannot help it." Of the vast bulwark which we have here chronicled, with its various appointments, its gates, towers, and outworks, the matter of half a dozen

fragments, which are herewith represented, comprise about the whole of the visible remains. Strife had battered these walls for many centuries, yet, like the giant Antæus, they were reinforced as often as they fell to the earth; but tranquillity became a slow yet sure destroyer. When settled times had rendered the old bulwarks no longer necessary, they soon fell to decay; still, however, they long survived their use—standing in grim masses among the quaint, timbered dwellings of London, like the battered hulls of some vast but maimed and dispersed armament. But the general change which succeeded the Great Fire swept away, together with many characteristic features of the city, much likewise of the ruins of its ancient wall; and the improvements which followed during the last century have served to complete their final overthrow. The fragment which we commenced this notice by describing, viz., the remains of the Tower-postern, was lately threatened, but has been reprieved for a time. May it be permanently spared, and likewise the few other relics which still attest the characteristic features of our earlier days, lest we forget our London's pre-eminence, next to Rome, among the ancient cities of Europe, together with its early greatness as a flourishing port and concourse of merchants, and lose all memory of many a worthy citizen and noble patriot, in the demolition of the edifices they once inhabited, endowed, or otherwise adorned, and whose walls seem to bear their names and deeds, even as if inscribed thereon, while we gaze upon them. So may we, in this our composite state, retain some clew of the more primitive and, perchance, greater era, to guide us through the maze of our immediate devices, at such times as when we may have well-nigh lost ourselves in their petty complexity.

## THE HERO.



Nor he who driveth o'er the bloody field,  
 Death-hors'd, an incarnate Victory;  
 Nor He whose truncheon signs the destiny  
 Of mighty empires by his genius quell'd;  
 Nor holy homicide, by virtue steel'd,  
 Brief-dimming his bright soul in tyrant's blood;  
 Is the true Hero: this alone is He,  
 Who, conquering world-thoughts, needs none other shield  
 Than his firm will and conscious rectitude,  
 No sword but the keen scorn of gentleness—  
 Of Love, by clear-eyed Faith well understood.  
 Lo, in the trans-atlantic wilderness,  
 Mild, woman-hearted WORCESTER\*, who doth wield  
 His life for the overthrow of Injury.

\*\*L\*\*

\* Founder of the Peace Societies in North America.

# WIFE OF BATH'S TALE

(MODERNISED FROM CHAUCER.)

In the following version of the "Wif of Bathes Tale" little alteration has been made, except in the spelling, and occasionally in the construction of a line, in order to make it read musically, without violence to our present notions of pronunciation. The alterations, whether of words or lines, are denoted throughout by the new words being in italics. In some cases the old words are so beautiful and expressive, that they have been retained. It is remarkable how little more than altered spelling is required to make the fine old Saxon of Chaucer intelligible to the modern reader.



In the old days of the brave King Arthur,  
Of which *the* Britons speak *with* great honour, •  
All was this land fulfilled of fairy;  
The Elf-queen, with her jolly company,  
Dancéd full oft in many a green mead.  
This was the old opinion as I read;  
I speak of many hundred years ago;  
*But no more elves can any nun see now:* •  
For now the *constant* charity and prayers  
Of limitours and other holy friars,  
That search *through* every land and every stream,  
As thick as motes *may be* in the sun-beam,  
Blessing halls, chambers, kitchens *too*, and bowers  
Cities and boroughs, castles high and towers,

• But now can no man see non elvé mo.

And thorpes and barns, and stables and dairies,  
 This maketh that there *may* be no fairies :  
 For *where of old was wont to walk*<sup>b</sup> an elf,  
 There walketh now the limitour himself,  
 In *aftermeal-times*<sup>c</sup> and in morweninges,<sup>d</sup>  
 And saith his Matins and his holy things,  
 And goeth in his limitation.  
 Women may now go safely up and down,  
 In every bush, and under every tree,  
 There is none other incubus but he ;  
 And he *will never do them*<sup>e</sup> dishonour.

And so befell it that this king Arthur  
 Had in his house a lusty bachelor,  
 That on a day came riding from river :<sup>f</sup>  
 And happen'd that, alone as she was born,  
 He saw a maiden walking him before,  
 Of which maid he anon, maugre her head,  
 By very force bereft her maidenhead :  
 For which oppression *there* was such clamour,  
 And such pursuit unto the king Arthur,  
 That damned was this knight for to be dead  
 By course of law, and should have lost his head.  
 (Peradventure such was the statute then.)  
 But that the queen and other *gentlewomen*<sup>g</sup>  
*Prayed so long unto the king for grace,*<sup>h</sup>  
 That he his life him granted in the place,  
 And gave him to the queen, all at her will  
 To chuse whether she would him save or spill.

The queen thanketh the king with all her might;  
 And after this thus spake she to the knight,  
 When that she saw her time upon a day.

Thou standest yet (quoth she) in such array,  
 That of thy life yet hast thou no surety ;  
 I grant thee life, if thou canst tell to me,  
 What thing is it that women most affect :<sup>i</sup>  
*Beware thou, and from iron keep thy neck.*<sup>j</sup>  
 And if thou canst not tell it me anon,  
 Yet will I give thee leave for to be gone  
 A twelvemonth and a day, to seek and *hear*  
 An answer *may suffice*<sup>k</sup> in this matter.  
 And surety will I have, ere that thou pace,  
 Thy body for to yield up in this place.

Wo was the knight, and sorrowfully he sigheth ;  
 But what ? he may not do all as he liketh.  
 And at the last he chose him for to wend  
 And come again *there* right at the year's end,  
 With such answer as God would him purvey :  
 And taketh his leave and *wendeth* forth his way.

He seeketh every house and every place,  
*Wher ever that he hopeth*<sup>l</sup> to find grace,  
 To learn what *'t is that women love the most* :  
 But *never could arrive at any*<sup>m</sup> cost  
*Any where* he might find in this matter  
 Two creatures *who accorded together.*<sup>n</sup>



<sup>b</sup> Ther as wont to walken was.

<sup>c</sup> Undermelés.

<sup>d</sup> Mornings.

<sup>e</sup> Ne will don hem no.

<sup>f</sup> From hawkyn at river-fowl.

<sup>g</sup> Ladies no.

<sup>h</sup> So longe prayeden the king of grace.

<sup>i</sup> Desiren.

<sup>j</sup> Beware, and kepe thy nekke-bone from yren.

<sup>k</sup> Sufficient.

<sup>l</sup> Wher as he hopeth for.

<sup>m</sup> But he ne coude ariven in no costs.

<sup>n</sup> According in fere.

Some said *that*, women lovéd best riches.  
 And some said honour, some said jolliness,  
 Some rich array, and some said lust a-bed,  
 And oft time to be widow and to be wed.

And some said that we be in heart most eased  
 When that we *may* be flatter'd and be praised.  
 He goeth full nigh the sooth, I will not lie ;  
 A man shall win us best with flattery ;  
 And with attendance and with business  
 May we be linéd both *the* more and less.

And some men said, that we *do* love the best  
 For to be free, and do right as we list,  
 And that no man reprove us of our vice,  
 But say that we be wise, and nothing nice.  
 For truly there is not one of us all,  
 If any wight will claw us on the gall,  
 That *we'll* not kick, for that he saith us sooth :  
 Essay, and he shall find it that so doth.  
 For be we never so vicious within,  
 We would be *deemed* wisc and clean of sin.

And some maintain'd that we have great delight  
 To be accounted *in* stable and secret,  
 And in one purpose stedfastly to dwell,  
 And not bewray the thing that men us tell :  
 But that tale is not worth a rake-handle.  
 Pardé, we women *everything* reveal.  
 Witness on Midas ; will ye hear the tale ?

Ovid, 'mongst many other stories small,  
 Suid how Midas had under his long hairs  
 Growing upon his head two ass's ears  
 The which defect *he* hid, as he best might,  
 Full subtilly from every mortal's *sight*,  
 That save his wife, there knew of it no more ;  
 He loved her most, and also trusted her ;  
 He prayed her that to no living thing  
 She would tell *ought* of his disfiguring.

She swore him, nay, for all the world to win.  
 She would not do that villainy, *that* sin,  
 To make her husband have so foul a name :  
 She would not tell it *even* for her own shame.  
 But ne'ertheless she thought she *should* have died,  
 That she so long time should a counsel hide ;  
 She thought it swell'd so sore about her heart  
 That needfully some word *from* her must start ;  
 And since she must not tell it *any* man,  
 Down to a morass fast *thereby* she ran,  
 Till she came there, her heart was *all* a-fire ;  
 And, as a bittern bumbleth in the mire,  
 She laid her mouth unto the water down.  
 Betray me not, thou water ! with thy sound ;  
 Quoth she, to thee I tell it, *none* else hears,  
 My husband, *he* hath two long ass's ears.  
 Now is my heart all whole, now it is out.  
 I might no longer keep it, out of doubt.  
 Here may you see, though we a time abide,  
 Yet out it must, we can no counsel hide.



• Holden.  
 • And some saiden, that gret delit han we  
 For to be holden.  
 • Couunen nothing hele  
 • Amongés other thingés smale.

• Vice.  
 • Mannés.  
 • Créature,  
 • And no mo.  
 • Long asses erés two.



The remnant of the tale, if you will hear,  
Read Ovid, *you may learn all of it there.*<sup>a</sup>

This knight, of which my tale is specially,  
When that he saw he might not come thereby,  
(That is to say, what women love *the* most)  
Within his breast full sorrowful was his ghost,  
But home he goeth, he might not sojourn,  
The day was come that homeward he must turn.  
And in his way, it happen'd him to ride  
In all his care, under a forest side,  
And *there* he saw unto a dance address'd<sup>b</sup>  
Of ladies four-and-twenty at the least.<sup>c</sup>  
Toward this dance he drew full eagerly,  
In hope that he some wisdom should *descri*;<sup>d</sup>  
But certainly, ere he came fully there,  
All vanish'd was this dance, he knew not where;  
Nor any creature saw he that bare life,  
Save on the green he saw sitting a wife,  
A fouler wight there may no man devise,  
Against this knight this old wife 'gan arise,  
And said, sir knight, here forth *there* lieth no way:  
Tell me what 'tis you seek for, by your fay:  
Peradventure it may the better be;  
These old folk know of many things, quoth she.

My dearest mother, quoth this knight, *surely*  
I am but dead, *unless* that I can say  
What thing it is that women most desire,  
Could you me teach, I would pay well your hire.  
Plight me thy troth here in my hand, quoth she,  
The next thing that I *shall* require of thee,  
Thou shalt it do, if it be in thy might,  
And I will tell it you, ere it be night.

Have here my troth, *replied* the knight, I grant,  
Then, *answer'd* she, I dare me well to vaunt,  
Thy life is safe, for I will stand thereby,  
Upon my life, the queen will say as I:  
Let see, which is the proudest of them all,  
That weareth *either* handkerchief or caul,  
That dare say nay of that I shall you teach.  
So let us go forth without longer speech.

Then whisper'd she a lesson in his ear,  
And bade him to be glad and have no fear.  
When they were come unto the court, this knight  
Said he had *kept* his day, as he had *plight*,  
And ready was his answer, as he said.  
Full many a noble wife, and many a maid,  
And many a widow, for that they are wise,  
(The queen herself sitting *as* a justice)  
Assembled were, his answer for to hear,  
And afterwards this knight was bid appear.

To every one commanded was silence,  
And that the knight should tell in audience  
What 'tis that worldly women love *the* best.  
The knight *he* stood not still, as doth a beast,  
But to this question he anon answer'd  
With manly voice, that all the court it heard.

My liege lady, *most* generally, quoth he,  
Women desire to have the sovereignty,  
As well over their husband as their love,  
And for to be in mastery him above.

<sup>a</sup> And ther ye may it lere.  
Whereas he saw upon a dance go.

<sup>b</sup> And yet mo.  
<sup>c</sup> Lerne.



This is your *chief* desire, though you me kill :  
Do as you like, I am here at your will.

In all the court was neither wife nor maid  
Nor widow that contraried that he said,  
But said he was worthy to have his life.

And with that word up started this old wife,  
Which that the knight saw sitting on the green.  
Mercy, quoth she, my sovereign lady queen,  
Ere that your court depart, to do me right.  
I taught this answer unto this *same* knight,  
For which he plighted to me his troth there,  
That the first thing I should of him require,  
He would it do, if it lay in his might.  
Before this court, then, pray I thee, sir knight !  
Quoth she, that thou me take unto thy wife,  
For well thou knowest that I have kept thy life  
If I say false, *upon thy faith say nay.*<sup>a</sup>

This knight answer'd, alas ! and *wala wa* !  
I know right well that such was my behest.  
But for God's love do chuse a new request :  
Take all my goods and let my body go.

Nay, then, quoth she, *beshrew us both the two.*<sup>b</sup>  
For though that I am old, *ugly*, and poor,  
I would not for all the *petal* or the ore  
That under earth is *graved*, or lieth above,  
But that I were thy wife, and eke thy love.

My love, quoth he, nay, my damnation.  
Alas ! that any of my nation  
Should ever so foully disparaged be.  
But all for nought ; the end is this, that he  
Constrained was, he needs must *with* her wed,  
And take *him* this old wife, and go to bed.

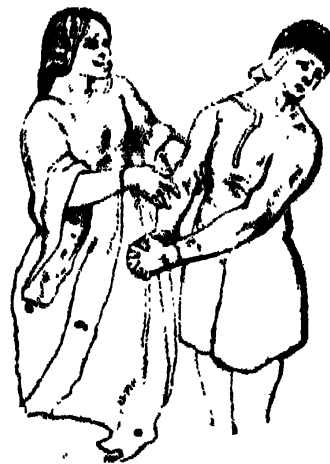
Now would some *persons* say, peradventure,  
That of my negligence I take no care  
To tell you *all* the joy, and all the array  
That at the feast was *upon* that same day.

To which thing shortly answer *you* I shall :  
I say there was no joy or feast at all,  
There was but heaviness and much of sorrow ;  
For privily he wedded her on the morrow,  
And all day after hid him as an owl,  
Such woe was *his*, his wife looked so foul,

Great was the woe the knight had in his thought,  
When he was with his wife to bed ybrought.  
He walloweth, and he turneth to and fro.

This old wife, she lay *smiling* *verso*,  
And said, O dear husband, benedicite,  
Fares every knight thus with his wife as ye ?  
Is this the *custom* of king Arthur's house ?  
Is every knight of his thus dangerous ?  
I am your own *true* love, and eke your wife,  
I am she which that saved hath your life,  
And certainly did I you ne'er unright.  
Why fare you thus with me *in* this first night ?  
Ye fare like to a man had lost his wit.  
What is my guilt ? for God's love tell *me* it,  
And it shall be amended, if I may.

Amended ? quoth this knight, alas ! nay, nay.  
It will not be amended never ; no,  
Thou art so loathly, and so old also,



<sup>a</sup> Say nay, upon thy fay.

<sup>b</sup> I shrowe us bothé two.

And *thou art come, too, of so low a kind,*  
That little wonder is though I wallow and wind;  
So would God *will it, that* my heart would burst.

Is this, quoth she, the cause of your unrest?

Yes, certainly, quoth he, nor wonder is.

Now, sir! quoth she. I could amend all this,  
If that *I liked, ere three days you should see,*  
*So you would bear yourself well unto me*<sup>a</sup>.

But for you *tell me* of such gentleness,  
As is descended out of old richness,  
That therefore ye should be *thought* gentlemen,  
Such arrogance, it is not worth a hen.

Look who that is most virtuous alway,  
Private and public, and most intendeth aye  
To do *whatever* gentle deeds he can,  
And take him for the greatest gentleman.  
Christ, will we claim of him our gentleness,  
Not of our elders for their old richness.  
For though they give us all their heritage,  
For which we claim to be of high *lineage*,  
Yet may they not bequeath *us*, for no thing,  
To none of us, their virtuous living.  
That made them gentlemen called to be,  
And bade us follow them in such degree.

*How* well can the wise poet of Florence,  
That *men call* Danté, speak of this sentence:  
Lo, in such manner of rhyme is Danté's tale.

Full seldom riseth by his branches small  
Prowess of man, for God of his goodness  
Wills that we claim of him our gentleness;  
For of our elders may we nothing claim  
But temporal things, that man may hurt and maim

And every one knows this as well as I:  
If gentleness were planted naturally  
Into a certain *line*, *without surcease*,<sup>b</sup>  
Private and public, *they would* never cease  
To do of gentleness the fair office;  
They never might do villainies or vice.

Take fire and bear it into the darkest house  
Betwixt this and the mount of Caucasus,  
And let men shut the doors, and *leave it* there  
Yet will the fire as fairly lie and burn,  
As twenty thousand men *did* it behold;  
His office natural aye will it hold,  
On peril of my life, *until* it die.

Here may you see well, how gentility  
Is not annexed to possession,  
Since folk do not their operation  
Always, as doth the fire, lo, in his kind.  
For God, he knows, men may full often find  
A lord's son do *both* shame and villainy:  
And *who'd* have praise of his gentility  
For *that* he was born of a gentle house,  
And had his elders noble and virtuous,  
And will himself do *never* a gentle deed,  
Or follow his gentle ancestors, *now dead*,<sup>c</sup>  
He is not gentle, be he duke or earl;  
For villain's sinful deeds *do* make a churl.  
For gentleness is not the *great* renown  
Of thine ancestors, for high bounty *done*,

<sup>a</sup> If that me list, or it were dayes three,  
So wel ye mighten bere you unto me.

<sup>b</sup> Linage down the line.  
<sup>c</sup> Go.



Which is a *thing foreign* to thy person ;  
Thy gentleness cometh from God alone.  
Then cometh our very gentleness of grace.  
It was no thing bequeath'd us with our place.

Think *well* how noble, as saith Valerius,  
Was that *brave* Tullius Hostilius,  
That out of poverty rose to nobleness.  
Read Seneca, and also read Boecæ :  
There shall you see express'd that, *out of doubt*,  
*None can be gentle gentle deeds without.*  
And therefore, dear husband, I thus conclude,  
Albeit that my ancestors were rude,  
Yet may the highest God, and so hope I,  
Grant me *his mercy* to live virtuously ;  
Then am I gentle, when that I begin  
To live *all* virtuously and put off sin.  
And whereas you of poverty me reprove,  
The highest God, in whom that we believe,  
In wilful poverty chose to lead his life :  
And surely, every man, maiden, or wife,  
May understand that Jesus, heaven's King,  
Would never choose a vicious living.



• Glad poverty's an honest thing certain ;  
This Seneca and other clerks maintain.  
Whoso esteems him paid of his poverty,  
I hold him rich, *though not a shirt had he.*  
He that is *covetous*<sup>1</sup> is a poor wight,  
For he would have what is not in his might.  
But he that nought hath, nor coveteth to have,  
Is rich, although you hold him but a knave.  
*Sin properly is real poverty.*<sup>2</sup>

Juvenal saith of poverty merrily :  
The poor man, when he goeth by the way,  
Before the *robbers* he may sing and play.  
Poverty's hateful good ; and, as I guess,  
A full great bringer out of business ;  
A great amender, too, of sapience,  
To him that taketh it in patience.  
Poverty's this, although it seemeth strange,  
Possession that no person will challenge.  
Poverty often, when a man is low,  
Maketh him God and eke himself to know.  
Poverty is a glass, as seems to me<sup>3</sup>,  
Through which he may *who are his true*<sup>m</sup> friends see.  
And therefore, sir, since that I grieve not thee,  
*No more reprove me for my poverty.*<sup>4</sup>



Now, sir, of age, that you reprov'd me :  
And *terily*, sir ! although authority  
Were in no book, ye gentles of honour,  
Say that men should an old person honour  
And call him father, for his gentleness ;  
And authors shall I find too, as I guess.

Now, when you say that I am *lusty* and old,  
Then have you the less fear to be<sup>5</sup> cuckold.  
For ugliness and age, so thrive may I<sup>6</sup>,  
Are mighty wardens upon chastity.

A strangething.  
That it no deed is,  
It be is gentle that doth gentle deeds.  
Al had he not a sherte.  
Covetous.  
Vary poverty is sinne properly.

<sup>1</sup> Poverty a spectakel is, as thinketh me,  
<sup>2</sup> His veray.  
<sup>3</sup> Sin thatt you not greve,  
Of my poverte no more me reprove.  
<sup>4</sup> Than drede ye not t ben.  
<sup>5</sup> So mote I the.

But, ne'ertheless, since I know your delight,  
 I shall fulfil your worldly appetite.  
 Choose now, quoth she, one of these things *to be*,  
 To have me *ugly* and old till that I die,  
 And be to you a true and humble wife,  
 And never you displease in all my life;  
 Or will you *choose* to have me young and fair,  
 And take your *consequence*<sup>a</sup> of the repair,  
 That shall be to your house because of me.  
 Or in some other place it may well be:  
 Now, choose yourself *whichever you prefer*.<sup>b</sup>

This knight adviseth him, and *sigheth sore*.<sup>c</sup>  
 But at the last he said in this manner:

My lady and my love and wife so dear,  
 I put me *under* your wise governance,  
 Choose for yourself which may be most pleasance,  
 And most honour to you and me also;  
 I will not force you *either* of the two:  
 For as you like, it shall suffice for me.

Then have I got the mastery, quoth she,  
 Since I may choose and govern as I list.

Yes, surely, wife! quoth he, I hold it best.<sup>d</sup>

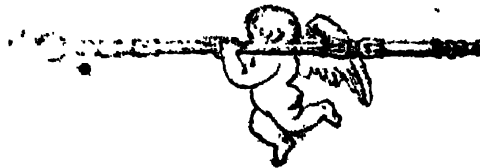
Kiss me, quoth she, we are no longer wroth,  
 For by my troth I will be to you both:  
 That is to say, not only fair, but good.  
 I pray to God that I may die stark mad.

*If I to you am not as* 'good and true  
 As ever was wife, since that the world was new  
 And, but I be to-morrow as fair to see  
 As any queen or empress or lady  
 That is betwixt the east and eke the west,  
 Do with my life and death right as you list.  
 Cast up the curtain, look how that it is.

And when the knight saw verily all this,  
 That she so fair was, and so young *also*,  
 For joy he *clasped*<sup>e</sup> her in his arms two;  
 His heart *was* bathed in a bath of bliss,  
 A thousand times in a row he 'gan her kiss:  
 And she obeyed him in every thing,  
 That might afford him pleasure or liking.  
 And thus they lived unto their lives' end  
 In perfect joy.



- <sup>a</sup> Adventure.
- <sup>b</sup> Whether that you liketh.
- <sup>c</sup> Sore siketh.
- <sup>d</sup> But I to you be al so.
- <sup>e</sup> Hent.



## THREE WEEKS IN BONN.

BY W. GREEN, OF GRASSLANDS, HERTS.



I HAVE for a long time entertained the provoking opinion, that if gentlemen and ladies, making a trip on the Continent for the first time, would only give us an undisguised account of the absurdities they gravely and assiduously committed, and the ridiculous circumstances in which they were often placed in consequence, it would be much better than writing "A Tour" and endeavouring to be picturesque and lively. We are not habitually a lively people, by any means, and therefore our attempts in that way are liable to read very heavily; but when an Englishman gets into a scrape, he is then full of life in a moment. It seems to awaken all his faculties, and to call forth faculties previously unsuspected—in fact, it makes quite another man of him. But otherwise, and more especially with reference to the present subject, the world has its Guide-books, and Panoramic Hand-books, and Companions, more than enough, and does not need the instructive comments and illustrations of those, who, like William Green, of Grasslands, went last summer for the first time—as it will certainly be the last—a little way "up the Rhine." I never felt any wish to travel beyond Bonn. Several of the usual excursions I ever made, such as to Godesberg, Rolandseck, the Drachensfels, Heisterbach, &c., but always returned to Bonn at night. There was no place for me like that. I was perfectly happy; and, without being at all aware of the fact, perfectly ridiculous, as the following brief confessions will fully display.

I landed at Ostend some time in the night—I forget the hour and the day of the month, and even the day of the week, so deficient is my note-book in those details which tourists appear to consider so very interesting to other people. I remained at some hotel in the town all night, and went away again at day-break, knowing no

more of the place than if I had not been there. I never paid for my bed. I was hurried off to the Custom-house by a commissionaire, and I had told him, with a degree, I fear, of ostentatious conscientiousness, that I had several contraband articles in my luggage on which I expected there would be a duty. "Aha!" said he. If I had held my tongue, and given him my keys, I should probably have paid nothing. I had a large canister of tea, and some horseshoes (the former a rarity, if good, and the latter of very superior make; both brought out as presents); and I had a number of books which I had brought out for my own amusement during railway and steam-boat journeys, and for rainy days. The tea-canister and the horseshoes were in a separate package, and were paid for at once; but the books were distributed amidst the contents of two densely-filled portmanteaus and a large waterproof carpet bag—novels, romances, and French and German grammars, dictionaries, and dialogue-books—some five-and-thirty volumes. The wretches, notwithstanding my offer to pay for a handsome guess-weight, literally emptied everything out in order to collect the books, which they then carried to a pair of scales, and deliberately weighed. It was now just six o'clock in the morning, and the train I was going with started at a quarter past six, and I had to re-pack and get there. I am naturally very alert in all cases of emergency; but my present discomfiture was so unexpected and so extreme, that I remained beside the empty portmanteaus and bag in a sort of stupor, staring at my pile of things all heaped up in a jumble together, looking just like a heap of rubbish collected for a bonfire. I had to be told three times to "pack" before I came sufficiently to my senses. However, by dint of desperation and recklessness of consequences to many articles inside, I did manage to cram everything in, and was in time for the train.

My journey shall be disposed of in a few words. I took my place for Aix-la-Chapelle direct. During the first seventy or eighty miles (a hundred for aught I know) I sat between two English gentlemen, about my own age, one armed with a large blue morocco "Continental Companion," the other with the well-known red "Guide." They spoke much about the names of old painters and pictures, and fine old buildings, and dwelt at some length on a peculiar sort of cakes and cherries at Ghent. They soon found that I knew nothing of these things, and asked me where I was going. "Straight to Bonn," said I. "And this your first visit to the Continent!" exclaimed the Blue Companion. "What are you doing?—Bruges, Antwerp, Ghent!—what places you are losing!" cried the gentleman with the red Murray-guide. "You will surely stop a few hours to see all that is to be seen in Bruges and Ghent?" said one. "And half a day at Antwerp and Brussels!" said the other. "No," I replied, "I am going straight to Bonn." They never exchanged another word with me, nor even looked at me. They got out at Malines.

Then place was supplied by a hard-featured, serious-looking old gentleman, also an Englishman, who complained bitterly of the beds in Belgium, which he said were famous for damp sheets. "So they are!" said I, too glad at last to know something that other people knew. He looked pleased. "They are" continued I, "very damp indeed, and the waiters and chambermaids are very extortionate." Having no personal experience of this latter fact, I added modestly—"I make no doubt." The old gentleman gave me a coinciding nod, and a look of great significance, as though he would have said, "we travellers understand these things;" so I told him—thinking he would be delighted to hear it—that I had never paid for my bed at Ostend. His countenance changed. All the dawning urbanity and sympathy vanished, and his face became harder-marked than ever, and full of lines and wrinkles running up and down and across. Seeing this, I explained how it had happened; but he looked at me with such intentness, and a suspicious searching of the right eye, that I got confused, and my explanation probably had an unfavourable effect. I turned the subject as adroitly as I could, and spoke of shooting and coursing in Hertfordshire; and gradually I contrived to let him know who I was, and how long my family had lived in the county. "Humph!" said he, when I ceased speaking, "and your father has a pretty large estate in those parts, I suppose?" "Yes, pretty well." "Farms it himself, I suppose?" "Well, he

does." "Ah, he is no doubt what is called a substantial man, and he wishes you to travel into Germany to learn new methods of cultivation?" I was rather confused with all this, and said, "Yes, I was going to Bonn for some purpose like that." "Ah," said he, looking more suspiciously than ever at my last remark, "you ought to have paid for your bed!" I once more explained, in rather a warm tone, that I had not intended to swindle the landlord out of the use of his damp sheets, but that I was hurried away I scarcely knew how, and, that being the case, was I to make myself perfectly miserable all the rest of my life for it? What would he (the old gentleman) have me do by way of reparation, or to show remorse—commit suicide? No, he did not wish me exactly to do that, but he thought "that a strict moral sense ought to prompt me to some course or other, better than the one I was adopting." As he said this, the train stopped at Liège, and he got out. Before I reached Aix I came to the conviction that the old gentleman had intended a very injurious insinuation by his last remark, and I had a great mind to go back to Liège to do something or other, I did not know what, as he was nearly old enough to be my grandfather.

Many sprightly dialogues and animated conversations occurred between my fellow-travellers during the remainder of my journey from Aix to Cologne; but as it all occurred in German, or in French (not either of which languages do I understand, excepting a little French when spoken very slowly, and with the same accent I had learned at the grammar-school in Hertfordshire), I am not able to give any account of it beyond the liveliness of the gesticulations. From Cologne to Bonn, also, nothing occurred except that three very handsome English girls, sisters, all of whom made sketches by the way, contrived each of them to make a sketch of me. One of these I caught sight of: it was a caricature, in which my loose mackintosh was so arranged as to look like a countryman's frock, and the background was a hayfield. These things always amuse me. I am not ashamed of being a country gentleman.

I arrived safely at Bonn, and, happening to get into the omnibus that belonged to the *Gasthof zum Goldenen Stern*, I took up my abode there for the night. It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and there were three long tables laid ready for suppers; and, as I could not read a word of the bill of fare, I told the head waiter, who can speak enough English for the business of the house, that I wished him to give me a good German supper. This he immediately understood, and in less than a quarter of an hour I had a sort of beef-tea soup with forced-meat balls in it, and roasted reindeer with fried potatoes and stewed plums, and a dish of salmon garnished with side plates of cauliflower and beetroot, and fricasseed chicken with salad and turnips, and a plate of ham and a herring (both of the latter being cold, and also raw, but cured in some fashion), and a partridge, with a couple of bottles of Rhine wine. Of course I only eat what I liked of all this. As for the two bottles of wine, which tasted very like what I should expect, of some of the pale, delicately tinted bottles in our chemists' shop windows, they did nothing for me; but I found the hotel had excellent cogniac, and a glass of hot brandy and water put me all to rights. I went up to my bedroom, which overlooked the market-place, and the night being pleasantly warm, I left both the windows, which are in fact glassdoors, wide open. When I had undressed, I went to the window and leaned upon my elbows, looking at the houses—large, white, pale pink and blue, and pale grey—which environed the market-place, till gradually the lights were all extinguished, and I sank into a reverie, and from the reverie I dropped off into a delightful sleep, in which I dreamed of the happy days of boyhood, and of a large pond near Hoddesdon into which I fell over head and ears while fishing. As I looked down upon the smiling pond of other days I thought it grew dark, and then it gradually rose and turned round, while I sank in an opposite semicircle till the pond lay flat above my head, and suddenly burst. I awoke, with a heavy shower of rain coming down upon me, and also with a strange noise in my ears. It was a loud chorus of voices from below, and through the darkness I saw a crowd of perhaps thirty or forty figures standing round the iron railing of a stone obelisk in the centre of the market-place. They sang with all their might. The chorus was in parts, though not very well ma-



naged—I have heard as good at many a Meeting-house in a lane in Hertfordshire—and there were too many who sang the bass parts, but each one with all his might. There were one or two voices among them which topped the rest, and echoed all over the town. Verse after verse was bawled in the same style. This prodigious chorus, coming thus out of the stillness and darkness all round, began to excite me very much, and made me feel an irresistible impulse to join in with it; so, waiting for the return of that part of the verse where I knew I had a good Tally-ho note, I suddenly came in with the chorus at the top of my voice, very much to my own satisfaction; and, being carried a little beyond myself by what I had done, I ended with a fox-hunting flourish that made the roofs of the houses ring again. But well it might. The chorus had suddenly ceased before I finished. There was a dead silence below; and then a buzz of voices, and a moving to and fro of the dark figures. They advanced to the front of my hotel, and then the voices became louder, and several lights were struck and held up towards my windows, and I plainly discerned a fantastic banditti in frocks, tunics, jackets, blouses, taglionis, or tight spencers, of all colours and shapes, and slouched hats with melodramatic crowns and brims, or crimson Greek caps, and nearly all with very long hair, some with horsemen's boots and hunting whips, many with moustachios, several with large beards, and all smoking thick walking-stick pipes. Presently three of the bandits stepped forward, the tallest of whom wore high jackboots; they knocked at the closed gates of the hotel, and were soon after admitted. In a few minutes I heard footsteps ascend the stairs and cross the passages, and then came a rap at my door. "Come in." It was the head waiter, who, with a pale smile on his round face told me that the Students had sent to demand the name of the person who had so grossly insulted them. "So then," thought I, "these young gentlemen who are acting the 'Forty Thieves' are the celebrated German Students." I gave my card, and the waiter retired. I ran to call him back, recollecting that the address on the card was "Grasslands, Herts" which I feared might seem rather evasive; but he had reached the court below. I now saw the three studious Ferocities leave the hotel, and the crowd presently dispersed in parties of five and six, singing as they walked away in various directions. I had half a mind to join in once more, but I did not.

The next morning three very large, square-folded notes were brought to me as I was finishing my breakfast. I opened them, and found they were in German. The head waiter was engaged elsewhere, but I made one of the other waiters understand that he must bring me somebody to translate. About a quarter of an hour afterwards, I saw a figure enter the saloon and advance towards me, whom I felt sure was a translator. He was very thin and threadbare, with a very white face, pink eyelids, and long sandy beard, and he wore a straw hat with a sugar-loaf crown and a wide brim. I placed the three notes in the hand of Guy Faux, and it suddenly struck me that if he had but had a tinder-box in the other hand, he would have been perfect. He took off his hat with a low, and not ungraceful bow, and read the notes carefully, after which he translated them to me in very intelligible English. They were three challenges, any one of which was offered to my choice. The first was for the broad sword or the sabre, with or without pad-armour; the second, for the rapier, with or without masks; and the third was for the short spear on horseback. I made him read the latter once more; it referred, no doubt, to a sort of pike or boar-spear, and came from Jack Boots. I gave the translator a small silver coin or two, which he received with profound gratitude, and retired.

Now, I can box pretty well, and wrestle, and leap, and all that sort of thing, and am a fairish shot with a double-barrel gun, and I used to be a first-rate, in fact a crack hand, at single-stick; but none of these rural accomplishments seemed likely to be of much value in this case. I knew nothing whatever of fencing, excepting a few attitudes I had learned when a boy, of my uncle who was a captain of militia; so that the short spear on horseback appeared my only chance. I thought, moreover, that by riding straight at my man, as I would at a high bank, and using the short spear in single-stick fashion, I might be very likely to knock the Studious Bandit slap out of his saddle, before he understood in what "school" I had studied the use of the weapon.

Having made up my mind so far, I sent again for Guy Faux, who duly appeared as before, and was presently furnished with writing materials. It was a stupid piece of business,—I knew that very well; yet it might have happened to any other man almost, as well as to me. Suddenly the idea struck me that I might just as well begin by stating the truth as to the offence I had committed, and then wait and see what would come next. I therefore told the translator to write in explanation "that I had not intended to insult the Students, but had only attempted to take part in their chorus; and, if I had done so improperly, it was because I neither knew the words nor the air, and had not at all times a perfect command of my voice." He took more time and space to write this than I thought necessary, but it was in a very clear, clean, and regular small hand. I signed it, and he went away. I then walked up and down the long saloon, where, having been the last at breakfast, I was quite alone. I felt much annoyed at the absurd position in which I had placed myself. I hoped I should be able to get a good horse; much depended upon that; he must have some blood in him, and answer to the spur; and I began to practise single-stick cuts at the head and shoulders, and consider how I would use the reins and spurs, when, just as I imagined myself in full action with my adversary Arcturus, I caught sight of a sidedoor, the upper half of which was full of faces, male and female—some staring with astonishment, others bloated and convulsed with suppressed laughter. "Oh, go to the devil!" said I, half aloud; "how excessively vexatious all this is!"

Guy came back in about twenty minutes with a smile on his lanthorn jaws. "Well, fellow?" In an instant he was grave, and informed me that the note had been perfectly satisfactory to the gentlemen Students, and they sent "much compliments to the well-born Englishman, of Grasslands, who was so fond of chorus." I was truly glad this foolish affair had ended in no greater folly.

I procured the assistance of a commissionaire to act as guide, and carry the canister of green tea and the horseshoes, which latter I intended as a little "surprise," and therefore wished to present in person. The shoes were for an old schoolfellow and sporting companion, who had brought out two favourite horses with him, and had been a resident in Bonn for some time, where his father, who was an English clergyman of large fortune, had taken a house for two years. The tea was for the wife of a very learned German professor belonging to the University, to whom, by a round-about process of two London cornfactors and one of the librarians of the British Museum, I had a letter of introduction.

We soon arrived at the clergyman's house. It was a huge long building, full of windows, like a hospital, and of a dirty white and sandy colour, with a long black gutter, that seemed full of dead porter or Guinness's stout, running all down the front of it just under the windows, as is usual with most gentlemen's houses in the town. I found, to my extreme vexation, that S—— W—— had returned, only the week before, his father not approving of certain connexions he had formed at Cologne. The clergyman, however, and his daughters—two plain girls who were very "serious," and well-read, and worked hard at the German language—received me kindly, but not without intimating that they were glad Samuel had returned before my arrival, as we were to go into some mischief together. The clergyman added, for my edification, that 'Bonn was a quiet place—the habits of the people were orderly—with the exception of the Students' (I felt my face redden a little as he said this), 'all the inhabitants and visitors conducted themselves with regularity, and it was best to adapt one's self to the customs and habits of a foreign country, so far as our principles would allow,' and so forth. He 'did not understand what my object was in coming to Bonn, unless it was on account of his son being there, and it was certainly good to know somebody in a foreign country. However, as I was here, I had better make myself comfortable while I staid, and enjoy the innocent amusements and novel simplicities the town afforded.' I made a sign to the commissionaire not to unpack the horseshoes, and, taking him aside, told him to carry the tea with my card and letter of introduction to the professor's house, and take back the shoes up into my bedroom at the hotel.

The worthy right-reverend, though somewhat prosy, old gentleman was now so

obliging as to propose to accompany me through the town, and assist me in engaging a servant, or getting lodgings, or purchasing anything I might want. We walked through all the best streets, and he took me into various shops, where I bought silks for waistcoats and cravats, and ordered boots of Prince Albert's bootmaker, and a new frock-coat, and bought *eau de Cologne* in a large basket bottle, a couple of painted pipe-bowls (one with the Drachenfels at a distance, the other with the Cathedral of Bonn) and some cigars, and also a German sausage, which I was anxious to taste genuine, in its native place, and to keep by me for occasional use, as I had already discovered that the diet of the Continent was hardly as substantial as I had been accustomed to. He finally procured me a servant who could not speak above a dozen words of English, but who knew things well, and could understand signs; and then accompanied me to the *Gasthof zum*, &c., which he was kind enough to translate (the Golden Star Hotel), and then wished me good day.

It was one o'clock, and the tables of the saloon were all laid for dinner; so I went up to my bedroom to make some slight preparation for the *table d'hôte*—my first public appearance in Germany. I found all the various articles I had purchased carefully deposited on the table, and the horseshoes on the sofa; but I in vain looked for the bills of my purchases, as I had paid for nothing, the people at the different shops saying and gesticulating 'it was no matter.' I dressed quickly, a loud bell ringing all the time, evidently a dinner-bell; but I had to tug my things out of the bottom or middle of the portmanteaus in a sad plight, from the rummaging and cramming back at Ostend, so that my appearance in the end was anything but that of a "finished gentleman." I descended, however, in high spirits, and with a capital appetite—it was just the hour we lunch at home in the country.

About a hundred and sixty sat down at the tables—three tables being up and down, and one across at the bottom. There were ladies and gentlemen of all ages, for the most part elegantly dressed—German, English, French, and Belgian, I was informed. I took care to sit next to an Englishman, who could speak the languages a little; a very intelligent man. We *table d'hôte* people made a very nice appearance: the sun shone brightly; nearly everybody was dressed in light or gay colours; and everybody talked and laughed, and eat and drank, and bowed and smiled, and paid compliments, and was very happy for three hours at least. We had soup of an odd yet agreeable flavour, to begin with; and then dishes of fried potatoes and plates of beetroot were handed round, followed by slices of hot baked beef and hot boiled beef, each with his peculiar sauce; and then cold salt beef, of an Indian red colour, but very mild and tender; then stewed French beans, and dishes of cauliflower with batter sauce, and flavoured with cinnamon, followed by small mutton cutlets, accompanied with a minced pickle of red cabbage, green something or other, anchovy-fish, and capers, all chopped small. This was followed by a dish of boiled plums and greengages, and then came fricasseed chicken, and also a delicate meat of some kind with a sauce of preserved cherries, followed by a dish of cold brawn, or huge sausage, attended with a sauce of cold jelly of bright pink and white colours—bright colours seemed to be much studied in the dishes, so as to please the eye as well as the palate—and this was followed by raw herrings, and immediately afterwards legs and wings of partridges, floating in grease, and an extremely sour salad. After this, dishes were handed round of very bright red shell-fish, like very small boiled lobsters, and then we had slices of veal and boiled salmon with a sauce of thick yellow batter speckled with capers, and also a jack, and roast duck with peas, and finally, as it seemed, a plum-pudding. It was excellent, this German pudding—nearly all eggs, yet so light!—and was followed by roast mutton with a rich sauce. I thought we were going to have the dinner all over again; however, this was the last dish. And now came sugar-cakes, and jellies, and ices, and bon-bons, and peaches (very bad indeed), and cherries, and melon cut in thin slices—much too thin—and vases of flowers, and all sorts of sweet nick-nacks; and all the time the bottles of Sillery Mousseau, and Champagne, and Ehrénbreitsteiner (and Seltzer water, too!) were popping, and sparkling, and flying, and foaming over the tables, and everybody laughing and chatting away, and the Prussian officers in

their uniforms and beards throwing dice upon the table for bottles of champagne; and the waiters, dressed like young gentlemen on a Sunday at our boarding-schools at home, running to and fro, speaking in German and French; and the loud humming gabble of the various voices and languages of various nations, all going at the same moment; and everybody seeming to understand everybody in the midst of it all—it was really the sort of thing to carry any English country gentleman clean out of his saddle into another state of existence. I would have given a five-pound note to have been allowed to sing out “tantivi! tantivi!” at the top of my voice; but I knew, from experience, that it would be liable to misconstruction.

At about a quarter to three, everybody had quite done eating, and nearly all the gentlemen were smoking, and the ladies gradually retiring. I sallied forth with my cigar (I rather dislike smoking, but I did not wish to appear strange), and strolled round the market-place to look at the shops and the German girls. I bought a velvet travelling cap, and a cloth one for walking, of a very pretty little fat-shouldered girl with two gold necklaces, who insisted upon sending them, though it was only across the way; and she could not, or would not, as it rather seemed, give me change for a sovereign, so that I never paid, and went away, both of us laughing. She spoke all in German, and I all in English, yet we managed to understand each other quite well. I then went to the shop where I had bought the painted pipe-bowls with my friend the clergyman, and exchanged the “Cathedral of Bonn” for one with a most lovely German goddess, who had such eyes, such hair, and such a pair of shoulders! I saw this directly I entered the shop the first time, but I was afraid almost to look at it with my reverend Mentor at my side. I was to pay two or three dollars more, but the master of the shop could give me no change, and said any time would do. I returned to take coffee at the Golden Star, and in the evening a commissionaire took me to a dancing-room. He told me not to pay anything,—he would arrange all that. The dances were entirely waltzing and Polka, so I only looked on, and went back to supper by ten o’clock,—every shop in the town, except the wine and beer houses, having been shut up long since, and all the good folks in bed. They all rise, however, at five or six in the morning.

The next day the German professor did me the honour of calling upon me. He said he brought “much compliments from his wife for the tea.” He was a very serious-looking man, but spoke a little English, and was very kind and friendly. He offered to introduce me to several families, and to the Casino Club and its reading-room, and to recommend me any masters I might want, and assist me in prosecuting my “studies.” I thanked him in the best manner I could. I felt rather awkward. He proposed to take me to the Casino, which I gladly accepted, and went there, and he introduced me as a subscriber for a month. There were rooms on the ground-floor for billiards and dominoes, and draughts, and cards, and a supper-room, and a reading-room full of books and pamphlets and newspapers, though not a single English one; and there were large saloons above for concerts and dancing. I play very badly at billiards, still I thought I should beat the professor for what time could so learned a man have ever found to learn a game! To my surprise, however, he played in a most scientific style; did wonders with ease, never missing anything, nor changing countenance. When I was about to pay for the tables, the marker and head waiter said it was a mere trifle to subscribers, and I could pay this with my subscription at any future time. I prevailed upon the professor to return and dine with me at the Golden Star. The dinner was much the same as on the previous day. The professor left the table rather early, as he had to give a lecture at the University. In the afternoon I went with a commissionaire for a sail on the Rhine; and about sunset we went to one of the floating bath-houses, and I had the romantic pleasure of a swim in the “beautiful Rhine.” The commissionaire would not let me give money to any of the boatmen; he said the English spoiled people in this respect.

Three or four days passed in this happy manner, and then the German whom I had engaged as a servant told me he had found me very comfortable lodgings in *Chloster Strasse*. He carried my luggage there from the hotel, after my asking in

vain for my bill several times, and waiting till I was tired. At my lodgings I had two tolerably large rooms, with no carpets, but the floors painted like a chessboard, and there was very little furniture. The windows looked out upon the garden where vines grew on a trellis, and a fountain played its little spout in the centre. Everything was particularly neat and clean and comfortable, except that the bed, besides having no sort of furniture, was so short that my feet always shot out at the bottom, or else I found on waking in the morning that my head had fallen over the back of the pillow at the other end, as I have seen a calf's head hang over the back of a market-cart in Hertfordshire.

I bought a dressing-gown and slippers, which were sent home without the bill, and I had forgotten the shop. This, however, was, to all appearance, of no consequence, as I could get nobody to take any money from me. I continued to dine at the Golden Star, but they always forgot to make out my bill. In fact, the hotel was constantly so full of visitors that I began to fancy that they kept no regular accounts, or that, perhaps, they let every tenth visitor go free. I was the more induced to think something of this kind must be the case, because it seemed to be the same at the large hotel at Godesberg, where I drove one day, accompanied by my friend the clergyman, his daughters and governess, and we dined there, and yet I could not pay the bill; not that they objected to take English sovereigns, but they said my paying was not of the least consequence! I really began to think all this devilish odd. I was not used to it.

As the German game of billiards forbids nearly all the easy hazards, and makes the amusement consist in the accomplishment of difficulties resulting from complex calculations, you must absolutely be an excellent player to derive any amusement at all from it. On my second visit, however, to the Casino, one evening, I heard a sound as of the rumbling of a ball, followed soon after by a rattling fall; and this was repeated again and again. I went into the garden to see if it was there, and, following the sound as well as guided by lights and voices, I arrived at a long gallery full of laughter, smoke, good exercise, and good company. It was a number of German gentlemen playing at ninepins. I soon learned to join in this; and, the better to understand both the game and the fun, I sent the next time I was going there for my old friend Guy Faux the interpreter, and he always in future went with me, sometimes sitting in one corner, sometimes standing at my elbow, to the great amusement of the gentlemen ninepin-players, who all laughed immoderately when they saw I did not mind it, and enjoyed the joke myself.

I went one day with a party of English tourists, whom I had met at the *table d'hôte*, on an excursion to Rolandsbogen, the Drachenfels, and the little island of Nonnenwerth. We were often in great raptures, and they made all sorts of coloured sketches and glowing descriptions and lyrical poems. Next day I walked out alone about the town, and then a few miles into the country. I recollect observing several things in the streets and fields, which I will just mention as they occur to me. The grass is mowed in all difficult places by women. I have often seen a woman handle a scythe in a masterly and noble manner—with a wide sweep, steady and regular, and with a precision and strength that would have cut a cow's leg off. In the orchards, and among the hillocks and weedy places, the women and girls, bare-legged, and with such calves! the colour of mahogany, cut the grass with small reaphooks, not unlike our billhooks, seizing each tuft in the left hand, as if it were a thick head of hair, and off it goes in an instant. When the corn has been cut the shocks are piled up in a circular shape, and have a false top or pointed thatch, the shape of Mother Shipton's hat, as a protection in wet weather. Wheelbarrows have no legs, but lie flat upon their stomachs, when not in action. They are sledge-shaped, and those in the country have the wheel half covered in with basket-work, to prevent entanglement in going through high grass and weedy places. These things show that the people have some "mind." All the German clergymen in Bonn wear Hessian boots. I cannot think why, as the pulpits do not appear much colder than ours; though perhaps it may be to protect their legs from fleas, which I soon found were abundant in all the churches. The simple machinery of the brass

lever for opening doors and windows is much better than our arrangements in those respects. German girls have, for the most part, very upright figures, a graceful carriage, and good hair, long and thick; and the method of dressing the back hair in the form of a shell, is quite beautiful. The Prussian peasantry, as distinguished from the townspeople, are all ugly—to a girl; men, women, and children, passing by hundreds to market, or by thousands in the religious processions—all ugly, and not one exception. Not a single rosy-faced, blooming, country lass, but all with faces like weather-beaten wood. People of all ages and sexes commonly wear a large gold ring on the forefinger; but the superior class do not consider it as good taste. Many of the little gardens of poor cottages have grape-vines on a trellis, by way of a hedge. Nobody ever steals grapes, however exposed, nor picks a single bunch, nor touches one,—not even the children. Poultry is very bad, small, and lean. I never met a pig,—in fact, I have never seen or heard one; and there seem to be no fine breeds of horses or dogs; but the dogs bark just like ours,—the accent has no difference. The beds in hotels, as well as private houses, are all very short, though many of the people are tall enough, which shows that German gentlemen do not sleep straight, but with their knees huddled up, summer and winter. Of the fruits and the flowers of Bonn, except the garden grapes and the dahlias, there is nothing particular to notice; but they make fireworks in first-rate style. I never saw such rockets, even at Vauxhall, when Simpson was master of the ceremonies there.

The Germans are very kind, good-natured, and extremely hospitable. I had many invitations from my companions at the Ninepin Gallery; but I seldom accepted them, because of the awkwardness of not knowing the language, among ladies in particular; and it was impossible to take Guy Faux with me, though he was perfectly well-behaved. Nevertheless, I dined once or twice with my friend the professor. He often had a dish resembling our celebrated “beans and bacon,” which really surpassed them. It was, perhaps, ham; they called it *shenkin*—a word that was familiar to my ear, because my aunt often used to play it upon the harp—“Of noble race was Shenkin.”

Prince Albert’s bootmaker, Mr. Wild, of Cologne-street, sent me home two pairs of admirable articles, and the “fit” perfect. I had only ordered one pair. When I went to pay him he smiled, as though at my simplicity, and told me by signs not to say a word more—it was nothing. I went away with a growing amazement! The tailor had behaved very much in the same manner. Bonn was a strange yet a delightful place. Nobody wanted money. There was a little fair about this time at the outskirts of the town. The girl of the house where I lodged had been very attentive to me, usually contriving to understand what I wanted, even when I had no interpreter with me, and I offered her money to go to the fair, and buy herself a “fairing,” and, in order to make my intention quite decisive, I placed it in her hand, pointing in the direction of the fair; but she would not close her hand, and finally, with an amiable and grateful smile, replaced the money upon the table. It was evident that the millennium was approaching, and money was no longer needed in a world of love. At night, when I returned home, I found a fairing for me, placed upon my table. I began to feel my head turning round a little with all this!

I took some English ladies to the fair next day, and, giving money to my servant who followed, insisted upon his paying for all I took, as it appeared that nobody would receive money from me. On our return to the hotel where I had met them first, one of them showed me some verses she had made to the “Beautiful Rhine,” and her brother gave me a copy of a long ode he had composed to the house in Rhein-strasse where Beethoven was born, and promised me copies of seven sonnets he had written to the room where Prince Albert studied philosophy when he was a student of Bonn.

The game of Ninepins merits far higher notice than I have already taken of it. The pins are about a foot and a half tall, the balls weigh some fourteen pounds each, and the course of the ball is about seventy feet. Here do some score of “choice spirits,” the elite of the physical energy of Bonn, meet every night, and pass two or



three hours of true hilarity. They were all German gentlemen; I never met an Englishman there. Now, the game is one requiring considerable strength and great skill. It was amusing and instructive to observe the variety of character in the players, and how their several peculiarities of character were "brought out" as the game proceeded; so that the student of human nature had an opportunity before him equally novel and advantageous for his speculations.\*

I often went for a drive in one of the open barouches belonging to the Golden Star, taking with me some friends, German or English, with whom I made acquaintance, and having Guy Faux on the box, as interpreter in ordinary. I dined usually, on these occasions, at the principal hotel at Godesberg. When I offered to pay, the head waiter looked at me with a smile almost of compassion; so I ceased to think any more of paying. But what on earth was the meaning of all this? I mentioned something of this matter one day to a French count, to whom I sat next at dinner at the Golden Star—a man of great information—who told me "that everything was really so cheap in Germany that the people hardly cared about being paid; the things cost them a mere nothing; it was of little consequence." I had brought out money enough to remain comfortably for a month; but at this rate I might remain for years with the sum scarcely diminished!

I bought a gold chain, and two gold neck-ornaments, as presents for Hertfordshire ladies when I returned home, and more painted pipe-bowls, and a winter coat lined with leopard's skin, and several flasks of *eau de Cologne*, and figured silks for waistcoats, and had them all made up to escape the duty. I began to feel greedy, for the first time in my life. I took a fancy to some silver spurs, and ordered five pairs to be sent to my lodgings; and, as I heard that the genuine German sausage would keep any length of time, I had a considerable quantity (fifteen or sixteen pounds) packed in a fit state for travelling. Whenever I met with any English people who were agreeable to me I always asked them to dine with me at the Golden Star; and I also made acquaintance with two or three Prussian officers—capital fellows—and threw dice with them upon the dinner-table, just as I had seen them do, for bottles of champagne. I always lost—but what of that?

While I was sitting at breakfast one morning I received a note from my friend the English clergyman, informing me that there was an English chapel in the University, where divine service was performed every Sunday. He would make room for me in his pew next Sunday. It was now the 1st of August. I had been three weeks at Bonn.

It was true, I had never once been to Chapel! While I was meditating upon the laconic reproof of my reverend friend, some one knocked at my door. It was a tradesman, who, with a low bow and a smile, presented his bill. My first bill in Bonn. He waited a moment, and then retired. But, before he had closed the door, another entered with his bill, and at his heels two more, each with a long bill, and a bow, and the same dreadful smile. Had I really had all these things? How things mount up! Then came my servant with his account for a thousand small matters which he had paid—honestly paid, no doubt, but I had taken no note of them. He told me—they all told me—to take no note of things. Guy Faux, too, sent in his bill—attendances at ninepins, and on the box of the d—d old barouche and two tackers. I snatched up my hat. In the passage below I met German goldsmiths and tailors, and Prince Albert's bootmaker, and commissionaires. "All right! all right!" cried I, frantically bustling through them into the street. The bills had come at last! They were, no doubt, correct enough; but why come all at once!—why this avalanche? What had I done to lose my credit? I had been in a very culpable dream; but what had caused this sudden awakening?

On reaching the corner of the street the first person I met was the grave-faced old English gentleman whom I had so foolishly informed of my never paying for my bed at Ostend. He must have given out that I was a swindler!

\* Among all the philosophical lucubrations of modern tourists, we think the above may be regarded as unique.—Eg.

I hurried to the Golden Star. The head waiter handed me my bill in a trice. Such a bill! At this moment who should walk in but the English clergyman. He took me aside, and asked me what was all this rumour that had reached him of my being deranged? "Deranged, Sir!" "Yes," said he; "I have heard of your doings at Ostend; of your sending challenges to Students here to fight on horseback; of wild gesticulations in a public breakfast-room; of having an Interpreter to Nippon; of sending green tea and horseshoes to the library of the University; of purchasing a dozen pairs of silver spurs, and a disgraceful quantity of sausages!"

"Oh, my dear Sir," said I, breathlessly, "the fact is, the people are mad! They are all sending in their bills. The most innocent things are made to appear monstrous, and not a soul but sends in his bill!"

"Well," said he, with surprise, "they always do once a month. It is the custom in Bonn to trust all those, who are respectably recommended to the shops, for the space of a month, and then they send in their bills."

I tried to laugh and explain. The instant he left me I hurried to the railway station, and took the first train to Cologne, and wrote to my father to send me a letter of credit for seventy pounds by return of post, as I found Germany by no means so cheap as I had expected.

## THE WIDOW OF THE POND FARM. A STORY OF THE POOR LAWS.

BY MRS. WHITE.



About half a mile from the village of Avelly, in an angle of one of those picturesque green lanes that intersect so charmingly the rural districts of England, stands a lonely antiquated cottage—one of those lowly abodes to which all the poetry of white walls and vine boughs exteriorly belongs, but within which, unhappily, scanty food and furniture are too often the cheerless accompaniments. The Pond Farm, as it is called, why (except for the piece of water by which it stands) wiser people than I



am must determine, has originally been a two-roomed tenement; but at some later date an attic has been projected through the penthouse roof, giving an exceedingly grotesque appearance to the little dwelling, whose low walls, deep eaves, and projecting frame-work are half-hidden in a vine, the planting of which no one in the neighbourhood remembers, and whose knotted and interlaced branches wreath the old structure on every side, and in its summer garniture of leaves and fruitage adds not a little to the picturesqueness of its appearance; the one tall chimney climbs its way outside, and the tiles of the sharp roof are vary-coloured with moss and lichen, and patches of the dark green houseleek. But when I first remembered the place it was not alone its age and quaintness that attracted you: there was a degree of artless ornament about it, the unmistakeable sign of sufficiency and content, that made a peep at it worth a mile's walk any day. The caged linnet at the open lattice, the beehives under the southern gable—with their ceaseless hymn of jubilee six months in the year, looked pleasant even to a passer-by; and the tiny garden crammed even to disarray with flowers perpetually in blossom, not only in their ordinary season, but before and after every one else's, was at once the envy and admiration of many an amateur. Mrs. Loudon, whose single tulip-bed would have taken in the whole plot. Hardly had you entered the lane, and while yet the presence of this "peasant's nest" was hidden by the old pollards and wyth elms that shelter it, than every breath that filtered through the leaves sighed of "its whereabouts;" and the incense of the honeysuckle and syringa, minionette and clove-carnation threw themselves upon you, inundating one's olfactory senses with a gush of wind-extracted odour. The bees, and as many of the flowers as could be spared from them, were Hetty Bourne's perquisites—the peasant woman's pin-money; her honey and nosegays took the homely form of frocks and pin-befores, strong shoes and coarse bonnets, for some half-dozen boys and girls in progressive stages from babyhood to fourteen; but when the eldest boy, Thomas, had attained these years, their father died, leaving his young family utterly dependent on the exertions of their mother. Poor Hetty Bourne! how readily she turned her willing hands to every variety of labour exchangeable in country places for the means of life—now knitting comforters and ploughman's stockings, now manufacturing straw hats, sometimes doing a little business in home-made bread, at others a day's work at a wealthy neighbour's, and in the season field-work for the farmers; there was nothing that she left untried to save her children from the pauper lot that threatened them, and keep a home over their heads; and in this toil she was well supported by the two eldest of them, who were of an age to understand their mother's difficulties. It had been the ambition of Hetty and her husband to give their eldest boy a trade: this hope was now of necessity laid aside; but the lad succeeded in obtaining employment as a farm-servant in the neighbourhood, and thus not only relieved her of the expense of his support, but slightly contributed to the maintenance of his brothers and sisters. The next, a girl, took charge of the house and children in her mother's absence; and a third, though very young, could scare crows and help to glean very effectively. But alas! such hands are weak barriers against want, and, though her neighbours one and all bore witness to the industry and perseverance of the widow and her family—as she managed to pay her way, and maintained amidst patches and poverty that cleanliness of appearance that gives decency to the meanest home and coarsest habiliments—few did more than this. The clergyman eulogised her own and children's punctuality and appearance at church; the ladies of the neighbourhood held up her management as a model to her compeers; the parish authorities lauded her exertions and independence, that had hitherto prevented her making any application to them; and the committee of the Agricultural Association voted her a prize for her clean cottage, choice carnations, and well-kept garden. But alas! though praise is a pleasant thing enough, striving poverty requires more solid encouragement—some more current coin than even the silver medal of an agrarian society—to enable it to persevere in well-doing. Hitherto (for the widow and her children had strong hearts and ready hands for whatever labour offered) they had managed to support themselves above absolute want; but it was close work—a sort of touch-and-go

navigation over the quicksands of necessity—but cheerfulness and a hopeful spirit carried Hetty Bourne through it all, and with untiring resolution she struggled inch by inch against its perceptible encroachments. The winter of '40 had arrived: the season had set in with unusual rigour; the ground was frozen to a depth that forbade every operation of the husbandman; birds fell dead from the branches; masses of ice floated in the current of the Thames, and clogged its margins; the snow covered the face of the country, in many places several feet in depth; and in the agricultural districts the greatest distress prevailed; numbers of farm-servants (all those, in fact, who were not hired by the year) were thrown out of employment, and left to choose between the alternatives of starvation at home, or a pauper existence in the Union. Amongst the rest Tom Bourne was discharged from his employment, and with an aching heart returned to add the weight of his necessities to those that he knew were already so heavily felt at home; but though poverty was there it had not yet chilled the affections or blunted the sympathies of the humble household—his welcome was as warm as if he had dropped in on a summer's holiday; and the frugal meals were shared with such an assumption of "enough and to spare," that the recipient was cheated into the belief that it was so. He little knew that a secret competition existed between his mother and the younger children as to who should have the least appetite, or how much of self-denial was practised amongst them that he might not perceive the tax his support was to their scanty means. But, as the season deepened, their difficulties increased: not only out-of-door work, but every other species of labour seemed at a stand-still; farmers' wives were unanimous in having no more large washes till the frost broke up; others, that all extra house-work should be let alone till the snow was gone; while the widow's humble neighbours, amongst whom she had hitherto found a mart for her simple merchandise, had no longer money to purchase even the necessities of life. Meanwhile, in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining them, the prices of provisions and fuel increased, till coals had reached a figure unapproachable to the poor, and, with barns and bonding-houses overflowing with corn, the loaf rose as the thermometer descended, till houseless men starved in heaped-up granaries, where they had crept to shelter themselves from elements less merciless than their fellow-men. The farmers held back from opening the pits of potatoes till scarcely the means of life was left to the unfriended labourer. The situation of the widow and her family was daily becoming more hopeless. Tom had wandered from farm to farm, from village to village, in the hope of obtaining chance-work, but in vain; nothing offered, and he was therefore obliged unwillingly to remain a burden on the accidental resources of his mother. Possessing health, energy, and a love of independence, this was a severe trial to the lad, more especially as, hide it how she would, the poverty of his mother's circumstances soon made themselves apparent, adding a deeper sting to discontent at his compelled inactivity. The widow's rent was now some weeks in arrears, and day by day (averse as she had ever been to debt) the chandler's shop became the only medium of supplying the absolute wants of her family. Nothing could well be more miserable than their condition—pinched with cold, and half-famished with hunger. Yet what could the forlorn woman do? If she applied for parish relief, she must at once forego all that she had so long toiled and struggled to maintain—the roof under which her children had been born and her husband had died; besides the breaking-up of all that decent pride that had strengthened her hands for years, and had sustained her through all her difficulties. And so they continued to bear, meekly and patiently, privations that, because uncomplained of, were unsuspected; *they, I say*, but the young man was an exception—his naturally sanguine and active spirit fretted itself under these sharp afflictions, and a restless moodiness opposed itself to the passive endurance of the rest. At length even the base ingredients which poverty alone can believe available for food, and starvation render appetitive, grew too dear for the widow's lessening means. It was at this crisis, that, in consequence of the nonpayment of a poor-rate in which she had been assessed, Hetty Bourne found herself summoned by the parish officers for the amount, and in default of

money such of the widow's goods as had not already been disposed of, to supply the pressing necessities of her family, were summarily distrained. The sale of her miserable furniture failed to produce the amount of the tax; but at the moment when, in default of it, the magistrate determined on sending her to prison, a benevolent individual stepped forward and paid the remainder of the rate. She, however, was condemned in costs amounting to more than four times the original assessment; the only mercy shown being a certain protracted period in which to pay it. This period passed away, and at the close of it she was, in the absence of friends or money, thrown into gaol. A few days previous to this climax of her wretchedness, the widow sat on a low stool beside the few embers that were raked together on the hearth, chafing mechanically the yellow wasted fingers of her two youngest children, who lay with their heads on her lap—pale, hunger-worn, and emaciated. The snow had penetrated through the loosened framework of the lattice window, and spread half way across the miserable apartment, in which neither chairs nor table appeared—two or three low stools, an old keg turned on one end, and a couple of boxes raised one on the other, serving the uses of more legitimate furniture. The two elder girls were busied repairing some old garment, and the boys were also employed—the younger cutting elder switches into skewers, and Tom making nets such as gipsies vend for culinary purposes. “Mother,” said the latter, laying down his twine and mesh, “if something is not done with them rabbits you will have no pinks in the spring. I have tracked their footprints through the snow, and since the pond has been frozen over they have made a run across it, from the copse-hedge to the garden, and everything in it will be destroyed.” The widow made no reply. She was just then thinking of the terrible liability that hung over her, and wondering, as she gazed at the destitution around her, if those who in the name of justice had helped to make it would really insist on claiming from her, who had neither means nor money, the hopeless “twenty-one shillings costs.” “Perhaps,” continued Tom, speaking louder, and looking hard at her, “perhaps, after all, it’s a lucky thing, their coming: we may make a dinner of some of them one of these days.” “And be sent to prison for it,” interrupted his mother quickly. “Oh, it can be easily managed without that, mother,” said the youth. “No, no, Tom,” she rejoined, earnestly, “take my advice, this state of things cannot last much longer; and, even if it does, let us bear with it, in preference to risking such misfortune,—better half a subsistence, honestly gained, than plenty at the expense of our good name.” “Why, how you do run on,” interrupted the young man; “I did but talk of ridding the garden of the creatures that are eating up everything in it, and you take on as if I had made up my mind to turn poacher; but don’t fret yourself, I can starve as bravely as any of you; but when I see the things at our own door, nibbling at the herb-border, as if to flavour themselves beforehand, I know how easy it would be to take them: no wonder my head runs on rabbit pudding: besides, I can’t see where would be the harm of noosing them, or who I should be injuring by doing so?” “Why, Sir Hyde, to be sure,” answered the widow. “Oh, mother, how can these wild creatures, burrowing in every hedge, and eating off every man’s ground, belong to Sir Hyde? Why, one may as well say that the sparrows and blackbirds are his.” “Well, at all events, it is the law,” responded the widow, firmly; “and if I thought you would break it I should never have another happy moment.” This was the first expression of the young man’s discontent; but it was followed by many more, as every succeeding day’s distress weakened the strength of mind and body to endure. Even Hetty’s faith in the universal balance of good and evil became shaken, and she was tempted, by continued want, to think complacently of what, under other circumstances, she had never permitted the commission of. The famished looks of her children, rather than her son’s arguments, prevailed over her scruples, and the rabbits in the garden-hedge were snared. From the setting of one wire Tom’s hand grew familiar with the business. There was excitement, and occupation, and food in it—why not make money of it? And so his snares were no longer confined to the copse-hedge across the pond, or that of his mother’s garden, but in the copse itself, and the furze-covers.

and wood. You might see him sauntering about, stooping here and there, under pretence of picking up the broken branches and bits of fagot-sticks for firing, but in reality fixing in the rabbit-runs the skilfully-hid gin, till his practices became suspected by the farmers and Sir Hyde Park's gamekeeper, and a rigid watch kept upon his movements. Meanwhile the committal of his poverty-stricken mother ensued; and this step broke up in the young man's mind all remaining sense of his obligations to society. Despair produced indifference, and indifference recklessness; and the honest, hard-working peasant gradually became transformed into an idle, dissolute poacher.

Let it not be supposed, however, that virtuous poverty has no partisans. The news of Hetty Bourne's misfortune soon became noised about the village, and the recollection of her praiseworthy exertions, her integrity, and humble worth, occurred to every one, making the hardship of her case more painfully apparent, and within twenty-four hours of her incarceration she was again within the walls of her miserable dwelling, and in the arms of her weeping children. But, short as had been her captivity, the iron had entered into her soul: that one day's imprisonment had robbed her of all the fruits of long years of privation and toil; all those decent prejudices which she had struggled to uphold had been rudely trampled on and crushed; she had shunned the poorhouse to be consigned, for no other crime than poverty, to the keeping of a gaoler and a felon's cell; had borne with the sharp pangs of cold and hunger uncomplainingly, rather than eat parish bread, or appear to beg by revealing it, to be indebted to voluntary charity for her escape from convict's fare. Poor woman! she never after held up her head, but gradually lost health and energy, and, fortunately for her peace, before the conduct of her son had involved him in a transportable offence, died. As for Tom, he soon found that one night's fortunate poaching would pay him better than a whole week's work; and when, therefore, the summer returned, and labourers were required, it soon became apparent that he was indifferent about gaining employment, and careless of retaining it. Now, whenever a character of this description is found in a country village, the farmers immediately conclude that he can have but one means of supporting himself, namely, by poaching, and his own wires can scarcely be more attentively watched than he is. Yet for all this Tom Bourne contrived for some time to escape detection. His daily idleness, his lounging gait, his free expenditure at the public-house, the very set of his hat, and his loose shooting-jacket, with its sacks for pockets—all proclaimed his occupation. Yet he kept neither dog nor ferrets—was never seen with a gun; but by dint of ingenuity, and natural address in the choice of time and place, he netted more partridges, stifled more pheasants, and snared more hares and rabbits than the most experienced craftsman in the neighbourhood. However, what watchfulness failed to bring about treachery effected, and the information of an accomplice produced a collusive meeting with the gamekeepers, in which, as is too often the case, the offender endeavoured to save himself by violence, but, being overpowered by numbers, was summarily convicted and sentenced to transportation. What became of the remainder of the widow's family I know not. When in the neighbourhood, a short time since, I passed by the Pond Farm, but found it so changed from what it used to be that I could not help threading together the incidents that had induced the alteration. The old vine still spreads its moss-grown walls, and trails upon the roof; but the mosaic of flowers that at this time of year was wont to cover every portion of the tiny garden, and the bees that used to be an emblem of the inmates' industry, and the cheerful birds' notes—all these have vanished, and in less than five years are almost forgotten. But there is a use beyond the mere telling of a story in tracing events to their source. There are involved in this humble narrative two points of vital importance to the community; first, as regards the system of hiring farm-servants by the job or season, and turning them off when work becomes scarce, or, in the depths of a hard winter, to beg, or steal, or starve, to fire barns from malice, or turn poachers in self-defence; and, secondly, in the foul and pauper-making measure of wringing poor-rates from creatures only separated from pauperism themselves by the occupancy of some

humble homestead. I am persuaded that to these mistakes in our political economy the penal settlements are indebted for many an accession, and the unions for numerous inmates. The widow and her son are no isolated instances of the working of these principles. The annals of poverty and crime might furnish many such; and in the parish to which I have alluded their mutual evils have gone far to render that portion of the community, that in olden times was considered a nation's wealth, the greatest source of poverty and discontent.

### THE THAMES EMBANKMENT AND CITY RAILWAY.



Most pleasant is it to behold how all things are working together for good—what marvellous works are wrought, by the process of co-operation, for the purposes of self-interest. When Robert Owen proposed his co-operative plans for the benefit of the working classes, he should have sought to combine them with the profit of the wealthy classes. That done, all would have gone forward with magic smoothness to the desired end. At the new town of Birkenhead, calculation has made the discovery that comfortable dwellings may be supplied to the working classes at a great reduction of price, and with a profit equal to railway investment. There is something magical in the term, "paying speculation." Charity is merely benevolent; paying speculations are truly beneficent—people benefit by them; and most true is it, and fortunate as true, that in this world no one can reap true benefit except by conferring a benefit: for is not a benefit that which is well done? Robert Owen conferred no benefit, for all that he did was ill done. He wasted eighty thousand pounds, and threw back people's faith in co-operation. Whoever destroys faith is an evil-doer; and he who destroys faith by folly is only less evil than those who destroy faith intentionally: for faith is the great lever of humanity. "By faith ye shall remove mountains" is a saying that has again and again been physically proved in our days: for what but faith binds together hosts of shareholders, to put their property in a common purse, and cut and carve the face of the earth into roads and levels such as nature never provided? What but faith has bridged the ocean with steam? What but want of faith

has retarded progress in America? What but the regeneration of faith can help her onwards to her glorious destiny? What but want of faith is it that prevents the working classes of England from becoming the great power of the State? And faith can only come by knowledge. Want of faith is but another word for "fear, the growth of ignorance." The ignorance must be removed, knowledge must be gained, ere faith can grow and universal man become alike powerful. He who fears, fails to act. The miser, fearful and faithless, buries his money in the earth. The capitalist, with knowledge and faith, puts his capital into circulation—lends it to his fellow-men to make a road, a bridge, a railway, a gigantic steam-ship, a new street, public baths, improved dwellings, and occasionally to make war—for even war cannot be made without faith. And the great majority of the schemes of improvement put forth are successful schemes, otherwise progress would stop, and for this reason—whoever puts forward an ill-considered scheme of joint stock, and wastes shareholders' money, is, to the extent of the waste, a mischievous member of society; which waste can only be counterbalanced in the case of leaving a general impression of a new and original idea intrinsically valuable—a seed, as it were, to produce fruit at a future time.

Joint-stock societies are the peculiar feature of modern civilization, marking the growth of faith in clans of men, and productive of immeasurable good, not merely in physical results to the world, but in the removal of personal rivalry and hatred. A company cannot hate a rival company, however strong may be the competition, and the more especially as the same individuals may be members of different companies at the same time. There is, therefore, a constant tendency to amalgamate their interests; to unite themselves in a body; seeking to uphold monopoly as against the public, when they invariably make the discovery that the public interest and their own is one and indivisible. Nothing has more clearly shown this than the progress of railways. At the outset, monopolies, carrying few people at high prices, thereby provoking opposition and rivalry; then, reduction of prices; then, improvements for the reduction of expenditure; then, amalgamation for more efficient working; then, provocation of fresh rivalry, till the discovery is made, that the lowest fares consistent with profit produce the largest and most certain revenue: in short, that the interests of the public and of the shareholders exactly coincide. Competition will invariably cease when the point is reached, where a rival company can do no better for the public than an existing one. And the wisest course for a railway company, conducted on such a system, would be to make all their transactions as public as possible: for wherever mystery is preserved the public impression will be one of two things—either that undue profits are made, or that the company is not prospering.

We have been led to these remarks by the examination of a new stage in railway progress, about to be achieved by the "Thames Embankment and City Railway Company." The embankment of the river, and the collection of the sewerage for the purpose of agriculture, were proposed many years back by Mr. John Martin, the artist; but until now it has not been held a practicable "paying speculation."

It is now proposed to combine it with an atmospheric railway, stretching from Hungerford to Blackfriars-bridge, a few feet above the high-water level; then to leave the river, and ascend a viaduct passing along the middle of a new street; and finally communicating with Blackwall, thence through Essex to the sea, at the Crouch river, or Blackwater. The new street will resemble Moorgate-street in general structure, with houses and shops, with a branch to St. Paul's, and another to the Bank; and, by the railway, will bring the Bank within five minutes of Westminster Abbey.

By means of the surplus power of the stationary engines used for the atmospheric traction, the sewer water will be pumped up and carried along the railway by large pipes, so as to irrigate the land on either side, and thus produce a large extent of market gardens, of the very highest power of production, in close contiguity to the railway. The value of such an arrangement can only be appreciated by those who have studied Liebig and the Report of the Health of Towns Commission.

We are of opinion that the true value of railways has hitherto been misunderstood. They have been regarded as merely improved modes of communication between distant places. They have not been viewed in their true light—as the means of



distributing our population, and facilitating production as well as transport. In settling a new country, towns are first located near navigable rivers, because water, fuel, means of transport, and rich land are there to be found in proximity. As roads increase, towns and villages obtain new locations, where water, fuel, and rich land are found. Now that railways exist, we have artificial levels, and the means of conveying fuel on their surface, and manure pipes, water pipes, and gas pipes beneath the surface; so that, in fact, we become independent of natural circumstances, and may, if we choose, populate the whole line,—for we have water, fuel, artificial light, and the means of making hill land, artificially, as rich or richer than natural valley land.

But, though railways have been made between towns, they have not yet been made through towns. The locomotive throws about fire, ashes, smoke and steam—and, moreover, has a hissing sound. The atmospheric principle of traction has obviated these difficulties, and the plan of a viaduct through the streets has got rid of the question of impeding street traffic. It will be equivalent to quadrupling the rise of the streets, as regards the conveyance of traffic. With stopping places at every quarter of a mile, and proper descents, the omnibuses, drawn by air, will henceforth travel above the ground. The markets will have branch lines conveying goods above them, dropping them where required. Carriage from the water-side and from railways, in town carts, will cease. Smithfield will cease to be a market for cattle, and become one for provisions. Every market will have its branch-railway street. Fish, caught but an hour and a half, will be on the market stalls direct from the vessel. Vegetables, meat, and dairy produce will be lifted on to the railway waggons on the spot where they are produced, and within an hour be lifted directly off at Covent Garden and other markets. Colliers and coal-barges will leave the river, and coals will lie at the seaside till ordered up by telegraph. Workmen will live out of town, and, coming in by the early morning trains, will return to their homes in the evening.

And all this will be accomplished by an enormous saving of expense, with a "paying speculation" to the undertakers. We believe that the amount of the traffic in towns is far greater than that along the main lines of rail, and that the carrying will be in greater proportion. The daily food of two millions of Londoners, at two pounds and a half per head, will amount to upwards of 2000 tons: all which has to be carted from the river, canals, and railways, with two or more loadings and unloadings—saying nothing of coals, timber, iron, stone, and general merchandise. And it is well known that loading and unloading, in many cases, cost more than transit, even by horses. We have not done half our work while our railways fail to deliver goods direct in to the streets where they are required.

If we enter the workshop of an engineer, we find that he usually has a railway above his ground, for a travelling crane, to lift heavy weights. Builders employ the same mode on their scaffolds. Why should the arrangements of our streets thronged with traffic be less perfect? The first example will be set in a new street; but it will rapidly spread into existing streets where the width is sufficient. A little experience of the advantages—the freedom from noise, from dust, from mud, and constant blockages—will soon lead shopkeepers to look upon it as an advantage to have a railway such as we have described. It would bring numerous passengers from all parts to their doors without trouble, and improve their sites. Looking at the wood-cut at the head of this paper, it will be seen that the viaduct may be of elegant structure, light in appearance, and in no way interfering with the street. The removal of the heavy traffic would save the parishes a considerable sum in cleansing and paving rates, and the general cleanliness of the streets would be much increased, while the noise would be materially lessened. The eligibility of Oxford-street and Regent-street, as places of retail business, would certainly not be deteriorated, but the contrary, by the absence of many of the hack vehicles, waggons, and carts; and assuredly a viaduct in the middle of the road would be a great improvement on the Piazzas of the Quadrant.

These railways would be of exceedingly cheap construction, taking into account their enormous traffic; and we are satisfied that those who first embark in them will

reap as great advantages as the early Birmingham shareholders. They must infallibly spread all over the town, where the streets are of sufficient width, and cause the opening of many new ones.

And thus we go on from year to year, diminishing the total amount of human drudgery, and accumulating fresh capital for new enterprises. We have no data whereby to estimate the increase of national capital by the advent of railways hitherto, but it must be enormous; yet we are clear that it is as nothing compared with the results that will be obtained when the whole of the uses of railways shall be rightly apprehended.

ORPHEUS' SWEETEST SONG.



**K**OWEST thou Orpheus' sweetest song?  
 Echo did ne'er the notes prolong  
 She came from fairest haunt to hear,  
 And stood with parted lips to listen near;  
 So near, that, all incorporate with the strain,  
 Her charmed breath ne'er gave it back again.  
 The savage beasts there straying  
 Like folded lambs are playing,  
 'Mid stony hearts that melt, rude eyes that glisten;  
 Each stream doth thither turn  
 To rest upon her urn;  
 The mountains twin the clouds and glide to listen;  
 While the hush'd stars do let themselves adown  
 To hear a harmony divine as is their own!

And yet a sweeter song for me  
 Won back his lost Eurydice!  
 Pluto ne'er asks why Cerberus  
 Hath let him pass—the rage of Tartarus  
 Bland airs cool lovingly;—with accents mild  
 He sings the Queen of Hell into a child.  
 Again with Enna's daughters,  
 By flowery-margin'd waters,  
 Her dewy fingers twine the perfumed wreath;  
 A voice above them all  
 Doth "Proserpina" call!  
 She feels upon her cheek her mother's breath!  
 'Tis Ceres speaks!—Ah, no—the tears flow down;  
 It is but Love she hears, that claimeth back its own!

His sweetest song!—his task is done;  
 Eurydice, his own, is won:  
 He hears her foot;—her pants are there,  
 He feels them busy in his clustering hair:  
 One look!—his starry joy streams up on high.  
 To win lost Love, an immortality!  
 And now they dwell for ever  
 By the eternal river  
 That winds untroubled through Elysian groves.  
 There, linked hand in hand,  
 Along the enamell'd strand,  
 They live again the story of their loves;  
 While round them blessed ghosts in silence throng,  
 And listen yet untired to Orpheus' sweetest song!



## THE STRONG BOX.



IN order to attain his rank as colonel, my father stayed too long in India, and we brought him home labouring under mortal sickness. Having married a poor woman, his father deprived him of all assistance, and cast him off entirely ; so that the rank, with its consequent income, had been a great object, for my father was not one of those who made fortunes in India. However, we hoped much from his native climate. On arriving in England we heard that my grandfather had died, and a letter was sent to the heir, his eldest son. It was returned, opened, and enclosed in a cover, inscribed within, "From Mark Boteler," in my uncle's own hand. He did not wish to incur the expense of a reconciliation with a brother who had, at least, an equitable claim on a share in the family property. My father was almost a stranger in England, and he wrote to an old friend who had settled as a lawyer at Lynford, in Kent. The answer was from Mr. Lane's son, saying that his father was dead, but strongly inviting my father to come down and visit him. My father was now so ill that all devolved upon my mother and me ; and I wrote to young Lane, asking him to hire a house for us in his neighbourhood ; for his manner was that of a friend, and we thought it well to secure some kind of companion for the invalid.

We soon set out for Lynford, which we found to be a cheerful country town. Lane's house was just on the outskirts, hidden by well-tarred palings and clustering trees, and pointed out by a neat brass plate on the door in the palings. A ring at the bell brought forth, first a motherly and decent-looking servant, then Lane himself—a very young man, fair, stout, beaming with good nature, and as familiar with us, especially with me and little Ellen, as if he had been our brother. The house which he had taken for us was next to his own ; a very small and comfortable cottage.

Lane proved a friend indeed. He was equally a companion to my father and myself, and the adviser of all. Not long after we had settled, my father received a letter, without date, but bearing the postmark of Ashdean (near which my uncle Mark lived), and written in a very clownish hand and manner, telling him to look after his own interests, for that Mr. Boteler was very ill—dying, and that he was at the mercy of a woman who had been his cook, but who had persuaded him to marry her, and that she and her son were perfect tyrants to the sick man. My father, in spite of his bad health, set out for Ashdean with me ; we reached the place without difficulty, and saw my uncle, alone. He was in bed, evidently dying ; he condescended to "forgive" my father ; but said that all the property would go to the

hair; and supposed, with a sneer, that it was a brotherly reconciliation that my father came for, not the money. We made our visit short; and it was a fatal one to us, for the fatigue and chagrin destroyed my father, even before Mr. Mark Boteler was laid among his ancestors.

My father died all the happier at thinking that he left us near so good a protector as Lane. I had grown old enough to incur some blame at not having yet chosen a business; but my father's health absorbed every other anxiety. Not long after that suspense had ceased, Lane settled that, although so old, it would be best for me to be articled to him; and articled I was accordingly. He undertook every trouble, every expense, every responsibility.

I had been with him some time, when another letter came, in the same hand as the former, addressed to my father; from the context it seemed to be written by a discharged servant, who had grievances of his own; but its main object was to tell my father that his brother Mark had repented, and had left him some money—had revoked his will; but that there was some foul play, of which Lawyer Harris could give an explanation. Through Chance, Mereweather, and Bannerman, his London correspondents, Lane made inquiries, the result of which was, that there were some odd proceedings at Applefield, my uncle's place, just about the time of his death; but Mr. Harris was too respectable a man to be the object of suspicion. However, the effect of all these matters was, to give us a strong suspicion that there had been some foul play; the suspicion took complete possession of my mind, and I secretly determined to take some decided step, to confirm or remove it. To satisfy me, Lane kept up inquiries, which served indeed to strengthen his own doubts; and thus it was that we heard of Harris's being without a clerk. I determined to apply for the situation, and obtained not only Lane's consent, but, by his means, a recommendation from several respectable lawyers in London.

Before I left Ashdean, I was agreeably surprised by an event of which, as is often the case in such matters, I had no anticipation. Lane announced to me, with a timidity and deference towards myself that were not the least surprising part of the business, that he was attached to my sister, whom I still thought of as a mere child—for she was even now barely sixteen; what is more, he told me that she had no dislike to him; and finally, that my mother had accepted him for a son-in-law, only <sup>2</sup>craving a little delay on account of Ellen's youth. But what surprised me most was the discreet self-possession which little Ellen had shown—first in keeping her secret, and then in taking her position as a woman, the affianced bride of a sensible, substantial, and respected man like Lane. Woman's tact jumps to these conclusions in the most astonishing way, without teaching or experience. In departing from Lynford I felt that I left behind me but one family, comprising all I cared for in the world. I promised to write through James Edwards, a cockney brother of one of Lane's clerks, John Edwards, whose name I, John Boteler, borrowed for the expedition.

Once more, encountering no trouble or hindrance, I entered the thriving little town of Ashdean, and without much difficulty I found, in the newer part of the place, the new brick house of "Mr. Harris," whose name was on the door; while "Office," on a small brass plate, directed me to the bell above it. All was admirably clean and neat in and about the house, showing that not a sixpence had been withheld to set it forth, not a sixpence wasted. A most respectable middle-aged servant-maid opened the door, and then ushered me into the office, which was in fact the front parlour.

It was a good sized-room, but full half of it, next the two windows, was parted off by a high partition with a rail at the top, enclosing a large double desk, which re-divided the enclosure into two, each compartment with its separate door: one was evidently the vacant place of the missing clerk; in the other, on a high stool, sat Mr. Harris; he glanced at me, motioned for me to sit down, and continued his writing. His appearance put no denial on my suspicions. He was a gentlemanly-looking man, all in black, with white hair trimmed close, and, though not exactly little, was of small proportions, and excessively neat, both in build and costume. His face, pale but not unhealthily so, was small and delicate in features, and mild in expression; but the thin, compressed lips, more compressed as he wrote, gave it a mechanical

firmness : it was what you would call a wooden face, and was scarcely redeemed from that unimpressible character by being grave to a degree of severity. When he came to a pause in his writing, he turned round and asked me what he could do for me ; on which I introduced myself, and he hastily shook hands, with a short, dry bow. Having come to an understanding as to what I had been used to do, and arranged for salary and so forth, I asked him when I should enter upon my duties ? " At once," he said, " for I have been put to much trouble for want of a clerk." In five minutes my quill was playing a duet with his on the vacant desk ; and so we continued for some time. In the midst of it the decent maid-servant, whose name I now found to be Elizabeth, came in and said that dinner was ready ; my watch being then exactly at one o'clock. Harris immediately left his desk, with a look of invitation to me ; and we stepped into the parlour behind the office, where dinner was laid out, with one chair at the table. Harris motioned me to take another, and, in removing the cover of the dish before him, said he hoped there was enough, for he had forgotten to order more since I had come. I made no doubt of there being enough, and took care not to eat more than one-third of what was on the table ; keeping an eye to Elizabeth's good favour. In a short quarter of an hour we were again at our desks, with scarcely a word exchanged ; and again we worked on till tea time ; then till nine o'clock, when Harris said that his clerk, who lived in the village, usually went home, and that I might take a walk if I pleased. I said, I should prefer working ; having determined in my own mind never to flinch while Harris stuck to his stool. He said no more, but the shadow of a smile on his face showed that he was not displeased. I found that I had set myself no easy task in undertaking to keep pace with Harris ; who was never from his desk, excepting when he went out on business—and then he always returned in half the time that might have been expected ; or when clients came in, and then his methodical conversation sent them away almost before they knew that they had told him all they had. His manner was always the same—precise, dry, and steadily rapid. He seemed to chase money with his pen along the paper ; but, as we grew more acquainted, his rigidity slightly relaxed, and in his attention to my smaller comforts he was kindly : for, as a stranger from a distance, I had arranged to live in the house. As to work, he seemed to feel it no evil, and to be unable to conceive that others should prefer anything else to it.

One day, while we were at work, a client came in. There had been a sound of horses' feet just before ; there was the tread of boots and a jingle of spurs as he came along the passage, and he entered the room with a swaggering stamp, blowing with his lips as he did so. I looked up and saw a tall young man, in a green coat and a kind of sporting dress, brandishing a large hunting-whip in his hand. He was well built, and looked strong ; but his face was strangely pale and bloated, such as I had seen in some hard livers. The predominant expression was brutal insolence, which was increased by the trick he had of puffing out his under lip, from time to time, with a blowing sound. The instant Harris caught sight of him, the lawyer stepped forward and led him into the back parlour, and there they talked for a full hour—the young man's voice loud and unceasing, though his rude utterance prevented my distinguishing his words. Harris seemed to speak in his usual placid and low tone. The client was dismissed by the other door of the parlour, without coming again through the office. When Harris re-entered, he looked as precise as ever ; but there was a trace of strong vexation in his countenance. Whenever that client came, Harris took him into the inner room ; and there they talked, always in the same manner. I was not long in discovering what I suspected, that the young man was my cousin, Mark Boteler. He always seemed to be remonstrating with his lawyer, as though he were angrily, or even threateningly, importuning him to do something, which the other refused. I could occasionally catch such phrases as, " Where the devil is the good of boggling at this." " You and I should not quarrel." " Do this, and I won't ask for anything more," and so forth, intermixed with the most disgusting imprecations, which Mark threw out as the ornaments of his discourse ; and, indeed, without them it would probably have been bald enough, for his phrases recurred exactly in the same form over and over again, as though he had few ideas, and fewer words. My mission seemed to promise success, for I could perceive

a growing confidence in my master, and I now felt that I was in the thick of the plot. One day a coach stopped at the door; there was a little bustle in the passage; a young lady entered the office, and Harris—never in my life did I feel so astounded as at the unexpected exhibition which I then saw—Harris rushed to the young lady, clasped her in his arms, and hugged her might and main to his bosom; using the most playful and sportive terms of endearment; the which having done for some moments, he put his arms round her, and took her into the back parlour, where they remained for a short space, while I heard boxes brought in and set down; and the coach drove away. Eventually Harris came back: his face had resumed its wonted precision, his pen worked again like a machine.

At dinner, there were three chairs at the table, at the head of which now sat the young lady, Miss Susan Harris—a comely girl, fair, blooming, and lady-like, all smiles and good humour. But Harris's face was the wonder to me, and I could scarcely keep my eyes off it. The wooden man was now all nods and becks and wreathed smiles, his countenance perpetually in a flutter of delight, and his lips running over with satisfaction. With all his delight, however, the quarter of an hour was not exceeded. He kissed the girl and wished her good-by, as if he were going off on a journey; and then again we were at our desks, driving the quill as usual, for Harris was a clever lawyer and a busy one.

Harris's own ability was fortunate for me, since it enabled him to appreciate the good groundwork in the business which I had derived from Lane; and that, no less than my unflinching diligence, encouraged a rapid extension of his confidence. He now began to send me freely to his clients; and I was always eager to do whatever I could, either to show him my assiduity or to give him ease; for indeed I almost pitied his self-imposed slavery. The respectability of the man, his bland kindness, and now this show of affection for his daughter made it impossible for me to help contracting a kind of regard for him,—strangely mixed up with the feeling that I had when I looked upon his wooden face, bent over the paper, and thought how he was the man who had helped to ruin my father, and to keep my mother from her rights.

Another change followed upon Miss Harris' return. She was usually in the back parlour, for the house was small, and that was our only sitting-room. Harris seemed as much to dread her meeting with Mark Boteler as mine; and now, instead of taking my cousin into the private room, he always found some errand for me out of doors as the unpleasant client entered. Each new visit from him served to revive all my suspicions and my dislike to Harris. I observed another coincidence: whereas there was one client whom Harris kept always altogether to himself, there was one place which no one else ever went to. In the wall, near the little gate of the enclosure about his desk, was a large closet, in which a great number of papers were kept: there was another such closet in the back parlour, and round about the office were the usual shelves and tin boxes: to the whole of that domain I was gradually admitted, with one exception—in the office closet was a large strong box let into the wall at the side; and that strong box was never visited by any one but my master. Something wrong was there.

Miss Harris' arrival made other differences to me. I found her a very agreeable companion in the short intervals of work; and the household was much enlivened by the presence of a gay and kindly girl. Nor was she only gay: I found her, in conversation, well enough for the daughter of a country lawyer, and still more endowed with natural sense than with education. As I increased in the master's confidence, so my discretion helped me in the father's, and also in the young lady's; and after a time I became as one of the family. There was something, although I could not resist the temptation of yielding to it, not altogether satisfactory in this change; for I began to have compunctions, to feel doubts how far my playing the spy was honourable, or even humane. I learned the motive of Harris' sagging at work, and also, perhaps, of his knavery: he was working for his daughter; and Susan herself was at least innocent—innocent, I was sure, of all wrong whatever; and yet I found myself playing the spy upon her father; so apt are we, in combating vice, to fall into vices of our own.

It was when Susan left us for a week, to visit some friends, that I felt how much

she was missed in the house. But her absence was useful in one way : for we had an extraordinary press of work, and, to enable me to get through great part of it without interruption, Harris stationed me in the back parlour, while we took our meals in the kitchen. There was no longer any occasion, therefore, to send me out should Mark Boteler come, and my hope that he would do so was not disappointed. The very day after Susan had gone, I heard his swaggering step and loud voice in the office. Now, I had been there just before, and had taken the precaution, with a view to the contingency, of leaving the door ajar, though I banged it slightly as if it were quite closed. There, within my hearing, stood the knavish lawyer who had defrauded our family ; there stood the ruffian in whose favour he had done it ; and now I should hear, without let or hindrance, the whole of that story which Mark told over and over again, and of which I was accustomed to hear such tantalizing scraps. I will not repeat the disgusting but tedious conversation. It consisted, on Mark's part, entirely of abusive importunity. I gathered that he had two objects. One was to obtain possession of that "damnation will," which he said belonged to him more than to Harris ; for Harris had had the full price of it. He knew that no other lawyer would have had £5000 for the job ; only Harris was too sharp for a poor dying fool. However, this demand seemed to be only as a screw to extort compliance with another—that Harris should give up "John Talbot's lease." The will Harris said little about, as if he were sick of the subject ; but to give up the lease he flatly and obstinately refused. He asked Mark what he could possibly want it for. "Oh, you need not know ; Talbot is an insolent bully, and has been behaving badly to me." Still, Harris said, Talbot was his client, and he felt as much bound to be a faithful lawyer to the tenant as to the landlord. "You a faithful lawyer !" cried Mark, with a burst of oaths ; "remember that cursed will." "At all events," answered Harris, "I was not then engaged on the other side." "Oh ! that's your morals, is it !" And so the conversation went on. Now, either Harris pretended not to know Mark's motive, or he was not so sharp in matters of gallantry as in law ; for although Mr. Boteler refused to say why he wanted the lease, about which there appeared to be some supposed irregularity injurious to Talbot, he could not, in his incontinent speech, conceal the true reason : he had assailed the virtue of Talbot's daughter. The sturdy yeoman had defended his child against his landlord. Mark, as usual, departed in a storm of wrath, and as soon as he had gone I went into the office, that Harris might not discover how I had managed to leave the door ajar.

That same afternoon came Mr. John Talbot—a portly, robust farmer. At first he was all red ; but after he had exchanged compliments with Harris he looked ready to faint, and, wiping his forehead, sat silent. "Can I do anything for you, Mr. Talbot ?" asked Harris, reluctant to waste time. "My lease ?" said the farmer, in a feeble voice. "Your lease!—is there anything amiss ?" "No, Mr. Harris, not that I am aware of. Have you got it ?" "Oh, yes. Let Mr. Talbot have the lease, Mr. Edwards ; there it is in that box, 23, over your head ; yes, that one. Give the lease to Mr. Talbot." I did so, and Talbot looked at it much as a housewife looks at fish which she has bought and suspects to be bad. "Is there any *flaw* in it, Mr. Harris ?" said the farmer, in an awe-stricken tone. "It might have been better drawn up, Mr. Talbot ; but I think I could defend it." "Ah ! you was not my lawyer then, more's the pity. Mr. Boteler said he would have it back from you." "Mr. Boteler," said Harris, "did not leave that lease with me, Mr. Talbot ; in this matter I am *your* lawyer ; and it should never leave my hands until it reached yours. Would you like to take it home ?" "Oh, not at all, quite the reverse," answered the farmer : "it is safer with you than with me. We all know Lawyer Harris ; but I only came to set my heart at ease. Please put it back, Sir," he added, turning to me. I replaced it, and Talbot went away a strong man again.

I profited by the same trick, of leaving the door ajar, two days afterwards ; for Mark came again, and I heard still more. He had now a new demand to make, though I soon gathered that it was only the revival of an old idea. It dismayed me more than I should have expected. He mentioned it as if it had just occurred to him, and as a capital way of settling all disputes between him and Harris : he wanted the lawyer to give him "that girl, his daughter," for his wife. "And surely," he

said, "Mark Boteler, of Applefield, was worth a lawyer's daughter, any day." Harris hesitating, out came the old story of the will; it was all said and re-said and said again, almost in the same words, at least five times within the hour; and I am sure that it had been in like manner said in quintuple every time Mark Boteler called. Harris's share in the conversation consisted of placid refusals either to give the daughter or the document. He had, he said, already done enough in that business of the will, and he would do no more; for, if he were to lose his hold over Mr. Boteler, he did not know what mischief so rash a man might do. As to his daughter, he said she was not his property, but his companion; the choice of a husband should be her own, and he did not believe she had any liking for Mr. Boteler: an assertion repeated every time Mark urged his suit, which drew forth a volley of oaths, uttered every time with such singular sameness of expression that I wondered how Mark could remember the words. At length he was got rid of.

On the following Saturday Susan was to come home; and I could see that Harris was rather perplexed at having to fetch her, as he ought to go to Mr. Hammersley, a rich client, whose seat was about twelve miles from Ashdean, and who had sent, at short notice, to ask Harris to come over to him that very evening. Under such circumstances, I ventured to offer to take his place in the gig, which he had borrowed, to fetch his daughter. He seemed delighted at the offer, and had evidently abstained from asking me only because it was not exactly within the province of a clerk—an etiquette in which I found him very punctilious. Anything like mistrust at sending so very decorous and discreet a young man as I had proved myself to be, seemed never to have entered his head. Accordingly, I took the gig, and set out on the errand late in the afternoon, with a feeling of delight which I did not attempt to criticise. Susan was surprised to see me instead of her father, but I did not observe that she looked displeased. It was late when we returned, but the night was moonlight and beautifully quiet. The conversation flowed easily; and when I went to bed it was with a feeling that I had been admitted more intimately than ever into the family, and that I was even a greater rascal than I supposed in becoming a spy.

One evening, when we rose from tea, Susan said something to her father, which I did not hear, about his never ceasing to work. "Well, my child," he answered, "it is all for your sake. I am sure I have done many things for your sake that I would never do for anybody else's. You will be all the better for it, Susan, by-and-by." Susan declared that he had already enough for them both, and that she would much rather he would begin to take some rest. Harris laughed, and said, he suspected that she was not thinking so much of him as of some one else; and then, turning to me, he said, "Perhaps she is right, Edwards. I think it would be decidedly better for you to rest; so I shall leave you a prisoner, as hostage for me;" and he went out of the room. It is curious to see how sensible men, who have seen the world, make these little blunders. Harris never dreamed that he had said too much, even to so discreet a clerk; but when I glanced at Susan, I saw that she did so. I felt rather awkward, and there was a silence; which I broke by saying something about my inability to thank her for being so considerate; which was indeed carrying on Harris's blunder. She suddenly rose up from her chair, and looked out of window. She did that so abruptly, that a sudden fear seized me that I had made the stupidest of all blunders, and had presumed a motive and interest which did not exist. I therefore followed her, and said, "I hope, Miss Harris, that your father has not led me into giving you offence, by supposing that—by thanking you where it was a presumption to suppose thanks due." She neither turned her head nor answered, and my fears began to master my discretion very rapidly. I believe my voice must have been altered when I said, "I am afraid, from your silence, that it is so?" She now turned quickly round,—never, I thought, had I guessed how lovely she really was,—and she said, "It is I who ought to apologize for—for seeming so strange, but"—She burst into tears, and crossed the room to leave it. At the door she stopped, and I took her hand. "My father," she added, in a low voice, "did not make any mistake." And she went away. Now, here I had fallen into a further trap: having come merely to recover my own property, and to obtain my rights as an honourable man, I had already made considerable progress in stealing



my master's daughter. I felt very much perplexed, and very much ashamed; but I had gone too far now, to go back either way; and I went on shutting my eyes to the future.

Towards Harris's secret I made considerable way. With the increase of his confidence I was able to see more. As usual, whenever Mark had been with him, he went to the closet which I was never suffered to visit; and, as he was more indifferent to my presence than he used to be, I was able to observe that in that closet he used always to open a particular little japaned box, which he placed in a corner of the strong box. From seeing it three or four times I got to know it by sight, and felt no doubt of what it contained. Like a man with an unpleasant secret on his mind, Harris went to it instinctively, when it had been talked about by Mark, to see that it was safe. I now only watched for an opportunity of being fully admitted to the closet, and ascertaining that the document was what I assumed it to be, before I brought upon the crafty lawyer the full exposure.

The "exposure," however, was not to happen without some other things intervening. One day, when I returned to the office from a client's house, I heard a strange confusion in the back room. Harris was not in the office, and, from the perfect stillness down stairs, I supposed Elizabeth to have gone out. In the back room I could hear Mark's voice loud enough to understand what he said, if he had not spoken with that coarse blubber-lipped indistinctness, and that half-drunken slackness, that made his speech not very clear, even when there was no door between you and him. Mark seemed to be walking about the room. Supposing that Harris was in talk with him, I paid no great attention for a minute or two; but presently I was astonished by hearing Susan's voice, followed by another burst from her visitor; then Susan's voice again. She seemed in trouble. I ventured to open the door and look in. On seeing me she cried, "Oh! Mr. Edwards, I am so glad you are come!" and she at once moved towards me. I had no difficulty in understanding what had passed: my respectable cousin Mark had forced himself upon her with the declaration that Harris would not make for him; and, being very awkward and shamefaced, he had spurred his courage to make up for those deficiencies by bullying, mingling his profession of attachment with oaths and such asseverations, not to mention some abuse of the young lady for slighting him. Susan seemed to have been sitting under a kind of fascination and despair, conscious that she was left alone in the house, and quite uncertain what the ruffian might do next. When he saw me, the bully seemed almost glad of a proper object for his excited anger. "What business have you here, my man?" he cried. "Get out of the room, or I will kick you out." Without answering him, I turned to Susan, and asked her if Mr. Boteler was there with her good will? "Oh, no, indeed," she answered; on which I requested the young gentleman to step with me into the office. "I should like to see myself talking with a d——d clerk," he said; and he laid hold of my shoulders to force me back through the door. I was not slow to seize him. His grasp was firm, and he had somewhat the start of me; and I felt that it was as much as I could do to hold my ground. I could hear Susan panting with suppressed terror. Of course defeat in such a presence would have been terrible, and I did my best; but I could feel every fibre in my frame strained to its utmost; and yet I yielded, Mark gradually forcing me back. Suddenly his grasp grew tighter, clinching my arms like a vice; but at the same time he staggered and tottered: I looked at his face—it grew black and purple: I could feel his fingers gathering up to themselves—his breath was short and convulsive—and as I forced myself from his grasp he fell heavily back upon the floor. The drunken brute was in a fit. Susan was dreadfully alarmed; but we managed to undo his collar, and soon afterwards, Harris and Elizabeth coming in, Susan was sent off to her own room, while Mr. Monck was summoned.

The fit passed off; but Mark still seemed in a state of torpor, and, with Mr. Monck's concurrence, it was determined that Harris and I should take him home in a coach, which we did accordingly; and we left him in bed under the care of the doctor. Harris and I returned home in the coach, and on the way he made me relate how it had all happened. He took my hand, and shook it in a very

affectionate manner, as if I had really done something in the way of rescuing his daughter; for I never saw a man more shocked and horrified than he was at the idea of Mark's having spoken to Susan without check or witness; and I could partly guess his reasons for that. He was very much agitated, and, while he shook my hand again, he said, "My dear Edwards, never commit a bad action, for I can tell you that it destroys a man's happiness. I have done one thing in my life which I am very sorry for, and you see it has put me in the power of this miserable young man. I have often thought that I would settle it all, freely and frankly; but I have never been able to muster the courage to do it in *that* way. And now what to do I do not know; for you see we are always exposed to this kind of attack." There was more in his manner than in his words, in saying this, as if he were penitent at the past, and dismayed at the future. I felt for him much. Taking his hand, I assured him that, while I was with him, the house should never need a protector; and that, whenever he liked to keep me at home, I should be very willing to stay as a watch. "You are very good—very good, indeed, Edwards," he answered; "and I assure you that I feel great relief in thinking how much you are at home, on account of this Mr. Boteler."

No more passed then; but when we got home we found Elizabeth in great trouble, as her young mistress was very ill. Harris hastened up to his daughter's room, while I remained below, in no very comfortable state of mind. Presently he returned, and said that Susan was better, and that he supposed it was nothing but alarm; but he had sent for Mr. Mouck, to come as soon as he should return. Her illness, indeed, was merely transient, but I did not see her any more that night; and I went to bed to ponder in the usual way on the inconsistencies of my position, being now the pledged protector of the villain Harris, and almost the acknowledged guardian of his daughter.

When I saw Susan next morning, and shook hands, I could feel my hand pressed with a fervor which she did not think of concealing, and there was a grave expression of what I cannot call anything but affection in her face which went to my heart. Still I was sufficiently master of myself to keep my enterprise in view, though I had already determined very much to modify the "exposure" with which I had meant to visit Harris for his villainy.

The long-looked for day at length came. We were at tea in the back room, when Harris missed a paper that he expected to find in his pocket. It was one of great importance, and he was rather alarmed. He had been walking a great deal during the day, and was very tired; and, without asking him, I went to search about the office in all places where the paper was likely to be; but I could not find it. At last Susan suggested that he might have put it away and forgotten it. He did not think so, "but perhaps I might as well look," he said; and he added, "if it is anywhere, it is in the strong box," holding out the key. My hand trembled as I took it. I went into the office, contriving half to close the door as I did so. I opened the closet, then the strong box; and there, in a corner of it, lay the little japanned box which enclosed my right—the right of my mother—the right for want of which my father had died. I looked at it for a moment, as it lay perfectly still, regarding it almost as a conscious creature—it seemed to mean so much. Altogether forgetting the lost paper, I seized the box—I opened it. There was one parchment within—it was my uncle's will, disinheriting his son, or rather declaring him to be illegitimate, with some further declaration of his ingratitude, and leaving all his property, as well as the estates, to my father—therefore, to me. I saw it all at a glance; but still I gazed upon the paper. The moments flew. There was a dead silence in the office, and in the other room. Harris called out in a familiar tone that struck strangely on the ear, "Have you found it, Edwards?" I could not answer. The question was repeated, and then followed, "What are you doing?" Still I was silent, absorbed in looking at the parchment, and bewildered how to act. Harris moved—he hastily entered the office—looked into the closet—at the open box—at the parchment in my hand; and then he began, in a stern voice, "What is this you are doing? By what right have you dared?"—"Mr. Harris," I answered, "I will deceive you no longer,—my name is John Boteler." He



looked like one struck by lightning:—staggering to a chair, he threw himself on to it, and leaning his arms upon the back, he buried his face in them; and so he sat, trembling fearfully. Ruin and disgrace had come upon the respectable lawyer in the midst of his good fame and prosperity. I myself was shocked at the desolation I had hurled upon him. I was more shocked when Susan, alarmed at what she heard, came to the door of the parlour, and looked at her father and me in terrified amazement. She went up to him and laid her hand upon his shoulder, and again her face was turned to me, as though she were afraid of me, and would defend him. I could not stand that look. I already felt more than ashamed of myself. “Susan,” I said, using that name for the first time, “do not look at me so—I cannot bear it. This has gone too far and I did not know what I was about when I began it. Mr. Harris,” I continued, gaining a steadier voice, “you have nothing to fear from me: you now know that I understood better than you thought, what you said to me, the other night, in the coach. I did mean to expose the one bad action of which you spoke; but I am not at all sure that I have not committed bad actions myself in the attempt. At all events you shall suffer nothing at my hands. You have been very kind to me, and I would sooner go on for ever as I have done, than profit by your downfall. One bad witness against you, at all events, shall be put out of the way.” And so, scarcely thinking what I did, I put the parchment which I held on the fire, and I stood watching as it was destroyed, in that kind of stupor which seizes us after moments of sharp emotion, when the future is all doubt.

I felt my hand taken, and pressed to a pair of warm trembling lips: I looked round,—it was Susan kneeling. “Susan!” I exclaimed in astonished deprecation; and I raised her in my arms. She buried her face in my neck, nestling close to me, with little short sobs. Presently I could feel by her weight that she had fainted, and I called out to her still motionless father—“Mr. Harris! our Susan is ill!” He was up in an instant, and then I saw that his face was white and his eyes were red, and his whole countenance showed that he had gone through a paroxysm of grief. However, without saying any more then, we placed Susan on the sofa in the back parlour, and summoned Elizabeth to take charge of her.

As soon as I knew that she had recovered, anxious for a little relief, I walked out and took a turn beyond the bounds of the village. I was coming home, when I heard, very little noting it, the sound of a horse in violent motion behind me, with a shouting. Conway, the butcher, who had a personal as well as a professional regard for all in Harris’s household, called out to me, with some concern, “You had better get out of the way, Sir.” I looked round, and saw Mark on horseback, galloping towards me. He seemed bent at once upon striking me with the butt end of the large whip that he usually brandished, and upon riding me down; at the same time shouting forth horrible imprecations and terms of abuse. For an instant I stood still in sheer amazement; but I was about to step aside, when his aspect changed—both his arms were flourished violently in the air—then, as they dropped, he fell forwards upon his horse’s neck, and so tumbled heavily from his saddle to the ground. Conway and many others immediately ran up to help him, and in a few seconds he was lying on a sofa in Mr. Monck’s surgery. He seemed to be dead or dying. I sent a messenger to fetch Harris, as the most proper person I could think of, to look after his client’s mortal affairs. The lawyer came without delay—looking in some alarm. I took his hand, eagerly, in both mine, and, shaking it cordially, to re-assure him, I said, “My dear friend, I have no time to say anything now, except that I am afraid the miserable Mark is dying; and I would not leave him to expire among utter strangers.” Returning my grasp, Harris went towards the group around the dead man—for such Mr. Monck now pronounced him to be—while I went, at the father’s request, to re-assure Susan; lest, hearing of the hasty summons, she should suspect some mischance. I saw, from her manner, that she had not even known of her father’s having been sent for; but that she was thinking only of what had passed before I went out. I was not long in explaining to her all that perplexed her—in re-assuring her on the subject of my respect and regard for her father, and in directing her looks to the future.

The death of Mark removed all difficulty from the case; for, without any

"exposure" of Harris' share in the matter—and I was now only anxious to hush it up—I succeeded Mark as heir to the estate, of which Susan became, in due time, the mistress; Lane and Ellen, the visitors; while my mother, henceforward, divided her time between Lynford and Applefield. She would have forgiven anybody, at all times, but Susan soon made her love Harris like a relation; and as for him, his heart seemed to expand, and take us all in: for his every thought became devoted to doing all he could to please and serve us all—especially my mother, whom he treated with the most affectionate respect.

### REVIEW OF BOOKS.

A STORY BOOK OF COUNTRY SCENES, written for Young Children. By Mrs. HARRIET MYRTLE. With Illustrations by JOHN ABSOLON, Esq.

A STORY BOOK OF THE SEASONS:—SPRING. Written for Young Children. By Mrs. HARRIET MYRTLE. With Illustrations by JOHN ABSOLON, Esq. Cundall, Old Bond-street.



These two delightful little volumes usher in a new name to the Nursery Library: one that it will gladden the hearts of young readers and infant listeners to hear, wherever these pretty "Story-books" find their way. It is a pleasure to make known the merits of a writer for children, such as Harriet Myrtle; who has that rare, but essential, quality of being able to see and feel as a child, and is thus able to describe scenes and express emotions in such a manner that the infant mind may understand and sympathize.

She has besides an artist-like power of vividly painting scenes and objects; so that her descriptions are presented to the mind with that distinctness of form and colour which real things have when seen by the eye. She enters into the mind of infancy; and the ideas suggested by her narratives are of that simple, natural, and elementary character proper to this early stage of development.

The "Country Scenes" are more particularly fitted to amuse and interest a child bred in town; as the stories are of a little girl who goes with her parents to live in the country, and meets with rural scenes for the first time in her life; yet they would be scarcely less interesting to a young reader accustomed to a country life, because of the dramatic effect with which the London child's delight at this new sort of existence is described. The little rustic would find new pleasure in familiar objects and every-day incidents. Little Mary's journey in the coach, and her arrival at the pretty cottage, where she meets her mamma, are described in such a simple and natural, yet picturesque, manner that even the adult reader feels the charm of the narration, and appreciates the touches of colouring that give freshness and repose to the scene. Goodman Dove, the old carpenter of the village, with his grave, quiet humour, and deliberate way of producing his rule and putting on his spectacles, is quite a character. The arrival and domesticating of the dog, the poultry, pigeons, goat, cow, and bees, each in succession, together with the episodes of the geese and donkey on the common, and the Italian boy with his puppets, furnish entertainment, together with a due proportion of information; and Mary's fondness for the creatures inculcates a lesson of kindness to animals, by associating them with pleasant recollections.

"The Story Book of the Seasons" is a more exciting kind of reading; dealing with adventure, though still of a simple and probable character, and venturing on fairy ground. The story of the "Pet Lamb," which is found lying in a ditch by a little boy, who carries it home, is nicely told; the little fellow's consolation of cold diverted by natural objects and by feelings of sympathy for suffering, and changed to gamester pleasure when the pet lamb is taken home, are charmingly depicted, with a

graceful blending of fancy and feeling : the children mimicking the gambols of the lamb, and the waving of the snow-freckled furze-bushes in the moonlight, is a pretty conclusion. The fairy tale of "Bertha and the Bird" is a good imitation of the old style of fiction, without its objectionable points ; it has that mixture of human interest and reality with romance and mystery which constitutes the peculiar charm of these fictions ; reminding one of the pretty figures and scenes rising out of flowers in arabesque borders.

ITALY, AUSTRIA, AND THE POPE: A LETTER TO SIR JAMES GRAHAM, BART., by JOSEPH MAZZINI. London, Printed by U. Albanesi, 8, Queen-street, Golden-square. A succinct and clear exposure of the present state of Italy under its several governments, written with all the impassioned fervour of the exile for liberty ; but yet logical, well argued, and depending for accuracy of statement upon authorities not to be controverted. A clear exposure of the present state of Italy ; and at the same time a distinct avowal of the faith and intentions of "Young Italy," for the truth of which the known character of the writer may be sufficient voucher.

"The Italian question is very little understood in England. People know in general terms that the country is suffering, but few are aware to what a height that suffering has arrived. They know that some efforts are making to change its manner of Government, but they believe it is by a mere handful of conspirators, destitute of influence, and not possessing the sympathies of the masses, without any thing, in short, except the blind and dangerous promptings of their own hearts."

"It is not true that the Italian provinces under the Austrian rule are well governed ;—it is not true that the habits and local tendencies of those provinces are consulted and provided for by a special administration :—it is not true that central, provincial, municipal assemblies, free to speak, unshackled, sure of being listened to, form, as has been asserted, a species of representative Constitution, for Lombardy ;—it is not true that, owing to the cure of a paternal government, the material comforts are so great as to cause it to be forgotten (not by Italians, that is out of the question, thank God, but forgotten by you English), that our government is a foreign yoke, which deprives us of what is most precious to a man in this world—Independence, Spontaneity, Liberty."

The following is a sample of the catechism for children in the public schools of Lombardy :—

"Question : How ought subjects to conduct themselves towards their Sovereign ?

"Answer : Subjects ought to behave towards their Sovereign like faithful *slaves* towards their master.

"Question : Why ought they behave like slaves ?

"Answer : Because the Sovereign is their master, and his power extends over their property as over their persons."

This for children, and for the men who refuse to be made slavish even by such education. Spielberg dungeons, the Carcere Duro, and poison (*atropos belladonna*) infused into their food, "in order to wrest from them revelations, by weakening their nervous system." This is the "mild paternal government."

"Education, intellectual development, administration, justice, finances, all are corrupted, shackled, ill-organised, in the Austrian régime which governs the Lombardy-Venetian Provinces ; and the little progress that is made there, is made, not through it, but in spite of it—by the strength inherent in us, by the struggle that overhears us."

The great object of all endeavours now is the unity of regenerated Italy.

"The National party in Italy comprehends the immense majority of my fellow-citizens ; that it has been, and would be now more than ever, master at home, were it not for the immediate armed intervention of a Foreign Power."

"You may preach as much as you like to those individuals on whom you have fixed the appellation of chiefs, but you will put no stop to Italian agitation. Never—not even with the concurrence of those chiefs, if you could obtain it—will you succeed in re-establishing in Italy, what you are bound to call peace, so long as things remain as they are."



THE

# DEAD GUEST.

FROM THE GERMAN OF

HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

(Continued from p. 350.)

## THE SURPRISE.



"A, poor Waldrick!" said Frederica, one Sunday, as she and her mother sat chatting together on their return from church. The room was well warmed, and they sat at the window looking down on the deserted streets through which the rain ran in streams. "I wish he may not now be on the road. Up to this time it has been the most lovely weather for travelling; and now, just as he sets out, the bad weather must come."

"A soldier must bear whatever comes," said Madam Bantes; "and if you choose to be a soldier's wife, you must accustom yourself in good time to the thought, that your husband belongs more to the King than to you, to honour more than to love, to the camp more than to the house; and that, when most men are menaced with but one death, a hundred lie in wait for the soldier. For these reasons I never would have been a soldier's wife."

"But look out, mamma, see how angry it looks! How black the sky is! and only see, great hailstones mixed with the rain!"

Madam Bantes smiled; for an idea crossed her, which at first she was doubtful whether she should impart or not. At length she said, "Frederica, do you know that this is the first Sunday in Advent—the day on which the Dead Guest's rule is said to commence? The wild prince announces himself always, it seems, by a storm."

"I will engage, mamma, this fall of rain has caused many a heartache amongst the people of Herbesheim, who are, probably already, in the middle of the clear noonday, bolting their doors that the long pale face may not gain admittance."

At this moment in came Herr Bantes hastily, with a loud and somewhat strange laugh. It was strange, for one could not guess whether it were voluntary or involuntary.

"Ridiculous stuff and the like!" cried Herr Bantes. "Mamma, go to the kitchen, and bring the maids to order, or they will pitch the roast meat into the soup, and spill the soup among the vegetables, and pop the vegetables into the cream."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Madam Bantes, in amazement.

"Do you not know? The whole town says that the Dead Guest is arrived. Two manufacturers come rushing into my counting-room, breathless and dripping wet, and begin to tell what they have already heard from ten different quarters. I would not listen to a word of the mad nonsense. I pass by the kitchen door, hear an uproar amongst the maids within, pop in my head to see what it's all about; the stupid things screech out loud at the sight of my black wig, and run away like fools: they thought I was the Dead Guest. 'Are you all idiots?' I cried. 'Good gracious!' cried Kate, 'I will not deny it. Herr Bantes, I am horribly frightened, my knees are trembling. I never used to be a bit ashamed of keeping company with Max the chimney-sweeper, or of having promised to marry him; but now I would give all the world I had never laid my eyes on Max.' So cries Kate; and in her efforts to dry her eyes, down she lets the pan with all the eggs fall out of her hands. Susan sits by the fire crying behind her apron. Poor innocent old Nelly, that's past fifty, even she seems all astray, and actually cuts her finger with the kitchen knife as she is in the act of wiping it."

"Did I not tell you, mamma?" cried Frederica, laughing heartily.

"Do go and restore order in the kitchen, mamma," continued Herr Bantes, "or else the first devilment of the Dead Guest in Herbesheim will be that we shall all starve this blessed Sunday."

Frederica skipped off laughing to the kitchen, and crying out, "No, no, he shall not play us quite so wicked a trick as that!"

"Here are the fruits," said Herr Bantes, "the bitter fruits of superstition, and the common sense of the people. Nothing but the common sense of the people, from top to bottom, from the groom to the minister! Let schoolboys and priests, midwives and professors, privy councillors and privy courtiers, abuse me now about enlightenment. They say it brings insubordination, irreligion, revolution, and want to scribble people back to their former stupidity; and, those asses of fashionable verse-makers bray forth their songs of saints and miracles; and the asses of book-makers employ their time writing fairy tales, and, trying to make the Heathens and Turks, Catholics, to set up the Pope as a god for the King to worship, they turn the state into a forge for his use. Pack of rascals! they will hardly give one farthing for the improvement of the schools, but squander millions upon soldiers and upon luxury; and, if they do not tie up the necks of reasonable people, at least they stop their mouths: but whoever will cry up nonsense, servility, and slaughter, is loaded with orders, titles, and gold lace: and now we reap the benefit. Superstition above and below—first of Advent—wintry weather. See the fools creeping into corners, blessing themselves, and crossing themselves, and fancying that the Dead Guest is the cause of all this Sunday's rain, and the like!"

Madam Bantes smiled softly, and said, "Papa, not so hasty, not so angry; the affair is not worth it."

"Not worth it? Why, you yourself have got old worm-eaten notions, mamma. Do not defend superstition, do not defend any nonsense. When I die I will leave behind me a legacy of ten thousand florins for the purpose of paying a teacher at the school who shall teach sound sense. Whoever tolerates such mad fancies about ghosts, devils, apparitions, and Dead Guests, must be prepared to see the whole world become a madhouse, each land a prison, wherein one half of the people become bondservants, the other half keep them in order with muskets and cannons."

"But, papa, where are you wandering to?"

"Cursed be superstition! But I see how it is—they will have it so: the English

are right in one thing, the more ignorant the people the more easily are they oppressed. Things will never be better till Master Bonaparte comes back again with an iron rod, and sets up a school for the fools."

Whilst Herr Bantes stormed on in downright earnest, walking hastily up and down the room, and from time to time making a dead stop in the midst of his perambulations, the bookkeeper stepped softly in.

"It is true, though, Herr Bantes."

"What is true?"

"He is really arrived; he is lodging at the Black Cross."

"Who is lodging at the Black Cross?"

"The Dead Guest."

"Folly! Must you, a rational man, go and believe everything that the old women choose to tell you?"

"But my eyes are not old women. I went out of curiosity to the Black Cross. The justices' clerk was, as I may say, my companion; we were taking a little glass, as I may say, for an excuse. There he sat."

"What?"

"I knew him on the spot. The host seemed to know him also; for as we went out of the door he turned to the clerk, opened his eyes, and drew up his eyebrows and mouth as much as to say, 'He who sits there brings no good luck.'"

"Nonsensical stuff!"

"The collector of taxes, who had already recognised him at the door, set off instantly to the lieutenant of police; the collector told us so himself as we were coming out of the Black Cross."

"The collector is a superstitious fool, and he ought to be heartily ashamed of himself."

"Very well; but with your leave, if he is not the Dead Guest, he is his twin brother. A pale face, dressed in black from head to foot; a figure four, five ells long; a treble gold chain round his neck attached to his watch; sparkling diamond rings on his fingers; splendid equipage, extra post."

Herr Bantes looked long at the book-keeper with a fixed look in which amazement and incredulity seemed to struggle; at length he laughed loudly and immoderately, and said, "Is the Devil making game of us, that this fellow should pass through exactly on the first Sunday in Advent?"

"And just as the church was over," said the book-keeper, "exactly as the people were running through the streets, and the wind and rain, as one may say, raging frightfully."

"What is the stranger's name?" asked Herr Bantes.

"I know not," answered the book-keeper; "he will in the end take what name he pleases; he is one time Count de Graves, another Count of Altenkreuz. It appears to me, as one may say, remarkable, that he should take up his abode at the Black Cross: the name appears to have attracted him."

Herr Bantes remained for some time silent, earnest, and thoughtful, finally drew his hand quickly across his forehead, and said, "It is nothing but accident—an extraordinary freak of chance; do not keep thinking of the Dead Guest and the like fudge! but it is a strange coincidence,—a curious hit! just on the first Sunday in Advent, in the worst possible weather—tall, black, pale, the rings, the equipage. I would not believe a word of it, my dear book-keeper, if you were not a rational man; no offence, however. You heard the story of the Dead Guest; saw a stranger; he was dressed in black; forthwith your mischievous imagination plays you a trick and supplies all that is wanting." There the matter rested; Herr Bantes could think of nothing else.

## THE APPARITION.



THE Dead Guest was now the subject of conversation at table during meals; they took pleasure in trying to discover more about him, and also to acquire precise information concerning the arrival of the stranger, at a winter's evening meeting which was to take place that night at the burgomaster's; and, if not from the official mouth of the burgomaster himself, at least through his lady, who without the aid of any secret police, kept a true and uninterrupted day and night chronicle of Herbesheim. The ladies assembled at her house immediately after the afternoon service. Herr Bantes promised to follow them as soon as it became dark; he had some business to arrange with some of the people of his factory, whom he generally allowed to come on Sunday afternoon.

He was just about to dismiss the last of these people, and to set out for the little party, when suddenly a piercing female shriek struck his ear. Herr Bantes and the manufacturer were dread-

fully frightened—there was a deep silence. "Do run and find out, Paul, what has happened," said Herr Bantes. He went, but returned in a few minutes with an agitated air and with a trembling voice, and with difficulty said, half aloud, "A person wishes to see you."

"Let him come in!" said Herr Bantes rather crossly.

Paul opened the door, and a stranger walked slowly into the room; he was a thin, tall man, dressed in black; his countenance indeed was pleasing, and his features fine, but very pale; the large black silk handkerchief round his neck increased the paleness, and made it actually deadly; the mournful dress, the extremely fine linen whose snowy whiteness was rendered more remarkable by the black silk waistcoat, the brilliant rings which sparkled on his fingers, and the dignity of his whole appearance bespoke the stranger to be a man of high rank. Herr Bantes stared at the unknown—he saw the Dead Guest before his eyes; he recovered himself, however, as well as he could, and, as he bowed with a somewhat uneasy politeness to the stranger, he said to the manufacturer—"Paul, do you remain here; I have something more to say to you by-and-by."

"I am delighted at the happiness of making your acquaintance, Herr Bantes," said the stranger softly and slowly; "I would have waited upon you this morning, but that I required rest after my journey, and feared to intrude upon you and your family so soon after my arrival."

"Much honoured, much honoured," answered Herr Bantes, with some embarrassment; but an involuntary shudder seized him. He hardly trusted his eyes; he handed a chair to the stranger, and wished him a hundred miles off.

The stranger bowed slowly, took a seat, and said, "You do not know me, but doubtless you guess who I am?"

Herr Bantes felt as if every hair stood on end under his wig. He shook his head politely and nervously, and said, with constrained friendliness, "I have not the honour of your acquaintance."

"I am Hahn, the son of your old friend!" said the Dead Guest, with a hollow voice, and smiled at the old man. The smile turned his heart to stone.

"You have no letter from my old friend?" asked Herr Bantes. He unfolded a handsome pocket-book, and handed him a letter; it contained only a few lines of recommendation, and a request that he would give the bearer his assistance in his

endeavours to win the heart of his intended bride. The handwriting certainly resembled that of the old banker, still there seemed to be something odd about it.

Herr Bantes read long, and read again, in order to gain time and to reflect. His feelings were naturally in a state of conflict and contradiction; in spite of the involuntary shudder, he was unwilling, as an enlightened man, to believe that the Dead Guest stood before him. But as little could he wish or persuade himself the son of his friend should resemble so precisely in appearance and figure the form of the terrible Guest, which was so well known from the description in the legend. Here was no conjuring up either of chance or imagination. He sprang hastily up, begged pardon, he must seek his spectacles, his eyes were somewhat dim; and he withdrew, merely to come to some decision in this state of embarrassment.



Herr Bantes left the room. Paul laid hold of the handle of the door; the Dead Guest slowly turned his pale face towards him, and with a spring, every limb shaking, Paul jumped out of the room, and did not return till he heard Herr Bantes coming out of the adjoining chamber. Herr Bantes had truly considered in haste, and in his haste had come to a desperate conclusion. Still doubtful what guest he had before him, he was at least unwilling to deliver poor Frederica into the hands of a doubtful one; he accordingly approached him, not without some palpitation, and, with a shrug of the shoulders, and in a tone of regret, said, "Listen, my worthy Herr von Hahn, I have the highest respect for you personally; meanwhile, things have occurred here, most fatal things, which I could not foresee. Had you but done us the honour of coming sooner! Since then a love affair has sprung up between my daughter and the commandant of this garrison—an engagement and the like; I was first informed of this a few days ago. The captain is my adopted son—he was formerly my ward: what could I do? Willing or unwilling, I must give my consent. I had intended mentioning this *contretemps* to-morrow to your father, and begging of him not to trouble you. It grieves me. What will my old friend think of me?"



Herr Bantes could say no more; his voice failed him from fear. His guest, who sat opposite to him, had, contrary to his expectations, not only listened to him calmly and quietly, but his countenance, which had hitherto been unmoved and sad, visibly brightened up at the words, "love affair," "engagement," as though it was just the thing he wished—to meet with a maiden whose hand and heart were already given to another. Nor did it escape Herr Bantes that he quickly sought to compose his pale countenance and to recover his former seriousness, as though he felt that he had betrayed himself.

"Do not distress yourself about this," said Herr von Hahn, "neither on my father's account, nor mine."

Herr Bantes thought within himself, "I understand you well!" But now he was doubly resolved to keep this terrible seducer (who exactly answered the description in the legend) for ever out of Frederica's way.

"I should certainly," said he, "not leave you at the hotel, but rather beg of you to take up your abode in my house: but this history between my daughter and the commandant and the like—you understand how it is—a second bridegroom in the absence of the other and the like; and then you may understand that people in such a small town gossip more than you can imagine—my daughter, too"—

"No apologies, I beg," said the banker's son. "I am very well at the hotel. I understand you—if you will only permit me to wait on Mademoiselle Bantes."

"But you"—

"For to have been in Herbesheim, and not to have seen her who was to have been my bride, is a thing I could not answer to myself."

"Certainly you are"—

"I must envy the commandant. All that I have heard of the rare beauty and amiability of the young lady"—

"You are too good"—

"It would have been to me the greatest honour to have been received into your excellent family, and to have been called the son of a man of whom my father can never speak without the tenderest emotion."

"Your very obedient servant"—

"May I beg at least to be presented to the young lady?"

"I am sorry, very sorry; but she and my wife are gone this evening to a large party, where it is a rule that no one may introduce a stranger under any pretext; therefore"—

"Indeed, for this evening, I do not press it, for I feel still fatigued; still less do I wish it be in a large company, where one is always, more or less, constrained and reserved. I would much rather see her in her every-day home circle."

Herr Bantes bowed in silence.

"Still rather, and this you will kindly grant me, would I speak for once alone with the young lady, when I might confidentially impart to her much that"—

Herr Bantes started; he thought to himself—"There it is; he is marching straightforward to his point." He cleared his throat. The stranger now paused, and waited to see if Herr Bantes would speak; but, as he did not, he continued:—"I hope, through my communications, to lead the young lady to form a more just opinion of me, as I can set her at ease upon many points, and secure her esteem, which, under the present circumstances, is by no means a matter of indifference to me."

Herr Bantes tried to offer all sorts of excuses, in order to avoid a confidential *tête-à-tête*, which would, probably, have such consequences: in his anxiety he said much, but, from politeness, confusedly and mysteriously. The Dead Guest, however, understood nothing, or pretended not to understand, and became more and more urgent. The situation of Herr Bantes became every moment more painful as he saw his beautiful child ensnared by the wiles of this cursed apparition, and with her little head twisted round.

During this conversation, which lasted for a good while, it had become quite dark. As the guest, spite of all he could do, would not depart, Herr Bantes stood suddenly

up, and declared, with many expressions of regret, that he must leave him, being called away by unavoidable business, and thus he forced him to take his leave. The guest did so rather reluctantly, but begged permission to return.

Herr Bantes hastened to the burgomaster's winter meeting, but was strikingly silent and thoughtful. Every one was talking of the Dead Guest. Some would insist that he had brought a great heavy chest, full of gold, with him; that he was already acquainted with all the promised brides of Herbesheim; that he was a pleasing-looking man, but one might perceive something of an earthly smell about him. All that he heard agreed, for the most part, but too well with what Herr Bantes had himself remarked in the appearance of the rich banker. As soon as Herr Bantes returned home with his wife and daughter, he told them of the visit of the Dead Guest, and how he had, as he hoped once for all, dismissed him. At first both the ladies were astonished, or rather frightened; both smiled and wondered as they heard the name of the bridegroom from the metropolis; but they actually laughed upon hearing that her father had formally declared Frederica the affianced bride of the commandant.

"Oh! papa, dearest papa," cried Frederica, as she threw her arms round his neck, "and won't you keep your word?"

"Oddslife!" cried the old man, "I must keep my word."

"Even, dearest papa, should the Dead Guest in the end turn out to be Herr von Hahn?"

"Do you think I have got no eyes? He is not Herr von Hahn, he is an apparition: how could such a diabolical idea enter young Hahn's head as to disguise himself in the figure of the Dead Guest, of whose history he has, probably, never in his life heard!"

The occurrence was certainly incomprehensible to the ladies; but they felt inclined to believe that the papa's excited imagination had added something, or that chance had for once been playing a comical trick, rather than doubt the individuality of the newly-arrived Herr von Hahn. This very obstinacy of both mother and daughter, and their not allowing themselves to be persuaded to the contrary, served to increase Herr Bantes' anxiety.

"That's the way of it—precisely so," cried Herr Bantes, vexed and alarmed; "he has you in his claws—he has bewitched you both already! I certainly am not generally superstitious, and am not yet an old story-telling woman; but what I have seen, I have seen. It is an infernal apparition, which has almost made me crazy. Reason does not comprehend it—but there may be many things which reason cannot comprehend; and, if I should have to lock you both up in the cellar, I would rather lock you up than let you have anything to do with that diabolical ghost."

"Darling papa," said Frederica, "you shall have it all your own way on much easier terms: the Dead Guest may or may not be Herr von Hahn; but I promise you not to love him, and never to forget dear Waldrick. But do you give me your word, as a father, that you will not separate my Waldrick and me, even though the Dead Guest or Herr von Hahn himself become my suitor?"

"In truth, I would rather give you to the poorest beggar in the street, so he were a living man, than to the ghost—to Satan."

#### GOOD AND BAD EFFECTS.

FREDERICA passed the night in charming dreams. Herr Bantes spent it most uncomfortably. The black figure and the pale moon-face, staring out fearfully from amongst the black hair and thick black whiskers, kept hovering visibly before his closed eyes. Frederica, on the contrary, cherished a feeling of sincere gratitude towards the ghostly unknown, who had so suddenly changed her father's mind, and in his alarm had turned him towards Waldrick.

The following morning, as soon as Herr Bantes had breakfasted with his family, he betook himself to the chief burgomaster (this was the result of his night's



reflections), and begged of him to make use of the authority of the police to remove the stranger from the town. He related to him openly all that had taken place at his house on the evening before, previous to his joining the company; and how his wife and daughter were already half obscured in their senses, and held the Dead Guest for the expected son of Hahn the banker, although the young banker would certainly never have adopted the form of the well-known apparition, in order to play the part of a bridegroom; or even supposing that, through folly or frolic, he might have been willing to have done so, he certainly could have known nothing about it.

The burgomaster shook his head thoughtfully; he knew not what to say to the matter; but promised that he would institute a most serious inquiry, as the whole town was disquieted at this discreditable apparition. As Herr Bantes, after some hours (during which he had been holding counsel with the lieutenant of police and other friends), was returning home, he chanced to look sideways through one of the windows on the ground-floor of his own house. The window belonged to a nicely-furnished chamber which the Commandant Waldrick was usually in the habit of occupying. Herr Bantes could hardly trust his eyes; he saw the wild Dead Guest then in deep and, as it would appear, in very animated conversation with Frederica. The maiden smiled upon him with a friendly air, and appeared to offer no opposition as he seized her hand, pressed it to his lips, and kissed it. Everything now reeled before the old man's eyes, or rather he reeled himself. At first he was about to rush into the commandant's chamber in order to interrupt the tender conversation, and drive the invincible seducer from the house. Then he reflected that the consequences might be dangerous to Frederica: he recollected the duel that had taken place a hundred years before between the Count von Altenkreuz and the viscount.

He hurried pale as death to his wife's chamber, who was terrified at his appearance. When she heard the cause of his present condition she sought to quiet him; assured him that the supposed ghost was really the expected bridegroom—a modest, amiable man, with whom she and Frederica had had a long conversation.

"I can easily believe it, mamma, that he is modest enough with a person of your age; but go and see how far he has gone with Frederica in so short a time. They are kissing."

"That is not possible, papa!"

"Why, will you give these eyes the lie? He has kissed her; she is lost! Why are they alone? Your understanding must be destroyed, else would you never have left them both alone."

"Dear papa, he asked permission to explain himself to Frederica alone. Quiet your imagination. How is it possible that you, the enlightened man,—you, who are so ready to ridicule all,—can allow yourself to be so taken in, and become so suddenly the most superstitious of human beings?"

"Taken in! superstitious! No; circumspect, prudent, and the like, in this diabolical illusion, be it what it may, one should in no wise let themselves be tricked. The girl is too dear to me; and, once for all, I command that all intercourse with this so-called Herr von Hahn be broken off."

"But what will his father say?"

"Oh, the old man will say nothing; how should he? And, in Heaven's name, let him say what he will. Go, I conjure you, send the betrayer off!"

Madam Bantes was embarrassed. She approached him affectionately, and, with a gentle tone of entreaty, said, "Dear husband, reflect what you are about to do from silly fear; though he may have a pallid face, and though he may wear black clothes, yet is this stranger certainly no ghost. If, however, you command it, and insist upon it, and that it is necessary to your peace of mind, I will obey you. But think: Frederica and I have already invited him to dinner."

"Now, that is enough to kill one," cried Herr Bantes. "Actually to dinner! he must have an enchantment and the like in his breath, to have bewitched you as the African serpents do the little birds: in they must go into their open throats, whether they like it or no. Out with him! out with him! I will have nothing to do with him!"

At this moment Frederica entered smiling.

"Where is Herr von Hahn?" asked her mother, with vexation.

"Just gone for one moment to his lodgings, but will return immediately. He really is a good, a noble man!"

"There it is!" cried Herr Bantes; "in one quarter of an hour's conversation she has set it down that he is a good and noble creature. How—you love Waldrick! Oh that Waldrick were here! if he—— The short and the long of it is, I will have nothing to say to it; let some excuse be made. Tell him a lie—a fair lie of necessity; tell him I am taken ill—that we regret very much, but we cannot see him at dinner to-day, and the like."

Frederica was alarmed at her father's vehemence.

"But hear me, papa, you shall know all that he has said to me. He is, indeed, an excellent man, and you will"—

"Stop!" cried Herr Bantes, "I will hear nothing; I have already heard too much. See, child, let me have my own way. Call it whimsicality, call it what you please, but listen to me. Whether the Dead Guest resembles Herr von Hahn, or Herr von Hahn resembles the Dead Guest, it all comes from the devil. I will have no part in it; and if you can induce your noble, excellent man, and the like, to leave Herbesheim this very day, and to leave it for ever, I give you my word of honour you shall be Waldrick's, even should the real son of my old friend come here. I promise you to write at once to his father honourably to annul our contract the very moment I ascertain that this black man is gone. There, take my hand upon it. Now tell me, can you induce him to pack up his goods and take to his heels?"

"Good!" cried Frederica, in an ecstasy of delight. "You shall see—he will go. Only permit me to speak to him again *tête-à-tête* for a few moments."

"There it is again! No, be off. Write him a few lines; let him not come to dinner; let him be gone!"

No entreaties availed. But the prize which had been offered to Frederica was of too much value. She wrote to the banker, who had so suddenly become her friend; apologized for not being able to see him at dinner on account of her father's indisposition; entreated him, if he had any esteem or friendship for her, to leave the town as soon as he possibly could, as upon his departure hung her own happiness and the peace of her family; and promised to unfold to him, in a letter by the next post, the strange cause of this most strange, ungracious, but most urgent request.

#### CONVERSATION WITH THE DEAD GUEST.

A SERVANT carried Frederica's letter to the hotel, and asked for the banker Von Hahn. The lad had made no delay, for he hoped to catch a glimpse in some direction of the far-famed Dead Guest; but when he opened the door of the banker's room which they pointed out to him, he shrunk back as he saw the tall, black, pale gentleman step towards him, and heard him ask with a hollow voice, "What do you want?" The form seemed to him now much blacker, taller, and more ghastly than he had pictured it to himself.

"Pardon me, your honour," said the terrified man, with a countenance on which mortal fright was depicted, "it was not you I wanted, but Herr von Hahn the banker."

"I am he."

"You!" said the poor man trembling, and he felt as if the soles of his feet were cleaving firmly to the ground; "for Heaven's sake, let me go back!"

"I am not keeping you; who sent you here?"

"Mademoiselle Bantes."

"For what?"

"This letter; you are"—With these words, which he left unfinished, for the banker had advanced a step towards him, he threw the letter at his feet, and dashed out of the room.

The banker said, half aloud, "Are all the people in this part of the country fools?" He read Frederica's note, knit his brow, shook his head, and walked up and down the room whistling.

Another gentle knock came to the door; the host entered timidly, holding his cap respectfully in his hand, and with many bows.

"You have just arrived in time, good host; is the dinner ready?" said the gentleman in black.

"I fear that our dinner is not good enough for your honour."

"Anything but that. Your cookery is excellent; my appetite is never a good one, but that is not the fault of your cookery."

"They keep a better table at the Golden Angel."

"I care nothing for the Angel. I stay at the Cross; you are the most moderate hotel-keeper I ever met; let them lay the cloth soon."

The host twirled his cap in his hands, and appeared at a loss how to express something that seemed to lie heavy upon his heart. The black gentleman did not at first perceive it, but continued to walk up down buried in his own thoughts. As often as he approached the host, the poor man stepped carefully four steps aside to avoid him.

"Do you wish to say anything more?" at length asked the banker.

"Why—yes, if your honour would not take it ill."

"Not in the least—out with it," cried the Dead Guest, and, stretching out his hand, was about to clap the host kindly on the shoulder; he, however, misunder-

stood the movement, and suspected the worst — perhaps he imagined that the Guest was about to practise upon his head and neck, as he had done on those of many a young maiden a hundred and two hundred years before. Like lightning, he ducked his whole body down, twirled himself round, made a jump, and in one spring was clear out of the door. However vexatious this conduct might appear to him, Herr von Hahn could not help laughing. He had perceived this extraordinary timidity in every member of the household ; it had struck him more particularly all that morning. “Do they then,” said he to himself, “take me for a second Doctor Faustus?”

Once more they knocked at the door, which was gently half-opened, and a martial-looking head, with a Roman nose and thick moustaches, thrust in with the inquiry, “Am I right?—Is this Herr von Hahn?”

“Certainly.”

A great, strong-built man, in police uniform, now stepped into the room:—“The burgomaster requests your worship’s attendance upon him for a few minutes.”

“My attendance?—that savours of the police. Where does he live?”

“At the end of the street, your worship, in the great corner house with the balcony. I shall have the honour of conducting you there.”

“That is not necessary, my good friend. I neither love military nor police escorts.”

“The burgomaster has so ordered it.”

Good ; and you obey implicitly. You have been a soldier, have you not?”

In the 3rd Regiment of Hussars.”

In what skirmish did you receive that honourable scar upon your forehead?”

Hem! Your worship, in a skirmish with one of my comrades, about a pretty girl.”

Then your wife will not admire the scar, unless she may have chanced to be the pretty girl.”

“I have no wife.”

“Your sweetheart, then—it is all the same ; for the man who bears about such visible and honourable marks of his devotion to the fair sex is not likely to remain insensible. No, no ; your fair one will prove refractory when she hears all.”

The whiskerandos knit his brow. His questioner was amused to find in the behaviour of the hero a kind of confirmation of his suspicions, and therefore continued:—“You must not lose courage ; for your wound will in itself be a proof to your sweetheart that you will be ready to run any risk for one look of her fine black eyes, or one lock of her pretty brown hair.”

The police officer grew pale and stared with astonishment.

“Does your worship, then, already know the girl?”

“Why not? Is she not the prettiest lass in the whole town,” added Herr von Hahn, pleased at having, through his bold and chance questions, so quickly guessed at the policeman’s love affair. This question, however, did not please the policeman ; and he thought there was something diabolical in the roguish smile of his pale and deathlike countenance.

“Your worship knows her already? How can that be possible? You arrived here but yesterday. I have hardly taken my eyes off the dressmaker’s door, and when I was not there another kept watch for me, so that you certainly were not inside the house.”

“My good friend, a pretty girl is easily known—and houses have back-doors.”

The man stood stupefied ; for he remembered that there was in fact a back-door. Herr von Hahn, on the contrary, encouraged by the confusion of the policeman, amused himself by exciting his jealousy. “So the prude plays with your tenderness. I thought it, though—that scar!”—

“No, your worship ; not the scar. No offence—you, yourself!”

“What, I? don’t dream of such a thing. Fie, you are not jealous : let us make a compact with one another—understand me.”

“I understand you but too well. It won’t do—God forbid!”

"Bring me to your young dressmaker, and I will reconcile her to your scar."

The policeman made a movement, as though a sudden shudder had passed through his frame, and then, with a dry and official air, he invited Herr von Hahn to follow him to the burgomaster.

"I shall come; but I decline your company through the town."

"I have my orders;"

"And I order the contrary. Go and tell the burgomaster so. If you make the smallest objection, do not count another moment on your sweetheart."

"Sir, for Heaven's sake!" said the brave policeman, in an agony, "I obey; but worshipful sir, do not take the innocent creature's life."

"I hope you do not suppose that I am going to devour her out of pure love."

"Give me your word of honour, gracious sir, that you will spare the poor child, and I will do for you whatever you command, even should you require my own life."

"Compose yourself. I willingly give you my honour to let the fair maiden live; but tell me how comes it that your terror has brought you at once to such a terrible conclusion? Who in the world wants to take a pretty girl's life?"

"You have given me your honour, gracious sir, and I am satisfied. What good can it do you to twist my pretty Katie's neck. I shall go and leave you to follow by yourself. Even hell must keep its word."

With these words the poor man departed. He heard the Dead Guest laugh loudly behind him, and this laugh pierced through his ears. It appeared to him a fiendish laugh of Satan. He hurried to the burgomaster, and, to his astonishment, related his story.

*(To be continued.)*

### FAITH—THE COMFORTER.



! not "in vain"! Even poor rotting weeds  
Nourish the roots of fruitfulest fair trees:  
So from thy Fortune-loathed Hope proceeds  
The experience that shall base high victories.  
The Tree o' the good and evil Knowledge needs  
A rooting-place in thoughtful agonies:  
Failures of lofty essays are the seeds,  
Out of whose dryness, when cold Night dissolves  
Into the dawning Spring, fertilities  
Of healthiest promise leap rejoicingly:—  
Therefore hold on thy way, all undismay'd  
At the bent brows of Fate, untiringly!  
Knowing this—that, through all woe our earth involves,  
Sooner or later, Love must be obey'd.

**\*\*L\*\***

## SKETCHES OF INDIAN SPORTS.

*(Continued from page 262.)*

MY DEAR DALGLEISH,



**H**AVING, after the severe attack of jungle fever (mentioned in my last letter), recovered sufficient strength to bear the fatigues of the journey, I was sent to Bombay, and recommended by my medical adviser to proceed by sea to the Malabar coast; which recommendation having been confirmed by the Medical Board, I soon made preparations for the voyage. A bachelor in India is generally in light-marching order, and ready for a move. My arrangements were soon completed, and, my servants, horses, and traps being put on board a native craft, I found myself sailing out of Bombay harbour with a favourable breeze from the northward.

The vessel in which I had embarked was called by the natives a pattamar; she was about a hundred tons burden, and appeared to me very primitive in her construction, having very little length of keel, with a heavy, overhanging stern, and a projecting prow as sharp as a wedge. She had two masts, which, instead of raking aft, were, as Sam Weller observes, "quite the reverse," and appeared as if inclined to pay a visit to the bows. Her canvas consisted of mainsail and mizen, and a jib; the two former resembled the latteens of the Mediterranean. Notwithstanding the celebrity which Bombay has acquired as a ship-building port, no improvement appears to have taken place in the construction of native vessels; there they are, to all intents and purposes the same odd-looking craft as those seen by Vasco de Gama, when he first visited India, upwards of three hundred years ago. The pattamars sail remarkably well in smooth water, but, owing to their wedge-like shape forward, are dangerous in a head sea; in fact, they are only intended for fair-weather sailing, being invariably laid up during the rainy season of each year; that is, from the beginning of June to the latter end of August; during which time the wind blowing from the southward in squalls, and at times in fresh gales, causes a heavy sea to prevail.

There was no regular cabin in this pattamar; but in the afterpart a platform of bamboos, about twelve feet square, had been laid down on the beams, and the space covered in with bamboos, and thatched over with palmyra leaves. My servants, by spreading a carpet and placing my traps to the best advantage, had made my berth look tolerably comfortable; but I was nearly overpowered with the smell of rancid ghee (butter), salt fish, and garlick. Having left Bombay late in the evening, I soon felt an inclination to retire for the night, and, my sea-cot being slung, I turned in. Soon after I had directed my servant to put the lamp out, I heard something buzzing about, and presently an immense cockroach came into my face, and ran over it, followed by about a dozen others. The sensation was dreadful; for, independent of having them running over me, they emitted a most offensive odour. I very quickly jumped out of my cot, and rushed out into the open air, and did not venture into the berth again until the lamp was relit, and some of the crew had destroyed two or three dozen of the horrible creatures. It was some time before I recovered from the effects of this noisome attack; and, when at length I was about dropping off to sleep, I heard a rustling amongst the palm leaves over my head, and immediately afterwards an enormous rat jumped down upon me. This second attack obliged me to abandon all hopes of sleeping in the berth; so I again went outside, and, sending for my bedding, I managed to find a spot near the helmsman, where there were some planks, and, after lying awake for nearly an



hour in momentary expectation of another visitation from the rats or cockroaches, at length fell asleep.

In the morning I found that we had made good progress during the night. The breeze was still favourable, and we were slipping through the water at the rate of seven knots an hour. At eight o'clock the crew went to their breakfast, and I was much amused in watching the process. The caboose, or cooking-place, was in the hold of the vessel. I saw a man emerge from below, with a large wooden platter or bowl, at least two feet in diameter, and about three inches in depth, piled up with boiled rice, smoking hot, a complete mountain of viands. He was followed by another man, bearing a jar, and rather a small earthen pot, which emitted a savoury odour; whilst a third brought a large piece of broiled salted fish. The man with the rice having deposited it carefully on the deck, or rather platform, thrust his right hand into the jar, and brought it forth full and covered over the wrist with ghee (clarified butter); he then commenced lubricating the whole mass of rice, by sifting it through his fingers, ever and anon thrusting them into his mouth and sucking them. By this time about a dozen of the crew, looking as hungry as wolves, had assembled around the reeking bowl; but, before commencing operations, the lindle (master) of the boat took a handful of the rice and threw it into the sea as an offering to his gods. The whole of the crew, with the exception of the steersman, now squatted down, sitting on their heels (in a manner only to be accomplished by an Oriental), in a circle around the heap of greasy rice. Each had a piece of salt fish handed to him. The rice was then flattened down, and a hollow made in the centre, into which was poured the contents of the earthen pot referred to, and which proved to be a fish curry. These preliminaries being adjusted, a regular onset commenced: each individual thrust his right hand into the rice, and, taking a handful, squeezed it into a ball, which, being dipped into the curry in the centre, was transferred into the mouth, where it was speedily bolted like a huge bolus; occasionally a bit of the salt fish was resorted to; and ever and anon the particles of rice and gravy, adhering to the fingers after the balls had disappeared, were carefully licked off; and as the meal drew to a close, when there was only a little greasy gravy left, the sight became so disgusting that I was obliged to turn away. For some minutes after rising from their meal, nothing was heard but loud eructations. However disgusting this may appear to Europeans, it is the usual manner in which Asiatics express that they are satisfied with their repast.

I found time pass heavily enough, although I was well supplied with books, and the scenery along the coast was magnificent; and was not at all sorry when, on the morning of the fourth day, we anchored off Jellicherry, on the Malabar coast.

Having landed and seen my horses safely disposed of, I went in search of a friend, but soon learned that he was absent, having proceeded to Cannanore. I was therefore obliged to take my traps into an upper room of the custom-house. Having breakfasted, I mounted my horse and went out to look at the place. The houses were built amongst cocoanut and other trees, which gave the town a cool and pretty appearance. To the northward of the town, and overlooking the sea, were several comfortable European residences. The costume of the Malabar women (Hindoos) is peculiar; and, although no doubt it may be considered very cool and adapted to the climate, rather militates against our ideas of delicacy: they merely wear clothes from their waist downwards, leaving all the upper parts of the body bare. The Malabars, men and women, chew the nut of the areed mixed with lime, and the leaf of the betel-pepper, to great excess; this causes their teeth to assume a dark red appearance, which looks very hideous. I once taxed a Malabar woman with the horrid colour of her teeth, to which she laconically replied, "Sir, monkeys have white teeth."

Being anxious to get on towards my destination—the Neilgherry Hills, and not meeting with anything of interest in Jellicherry, I soon returned to my quarters. I found about a dozen men, with my head servant in the midst of them, all talking together, and making a terrific noise. Having managed to obtain silence with difficulty, I selected a spokesman, who said he was the muccadam, or head man of

Coolies, and that he wanted to contract to carry my luggage to the Neilgherry Hills. It did not require much knowledge of physiognomy to decide that the said muccadam was a bad lot; the word rascal was strongly marked on every feature of his jackal-like face. My experience has taught me to consider every native of India a rogue, until circumstances may have proved the contrary. The muccadam commenced by saying that it was a native holiday, and, consequently, none of the Coolies would start that day, but that early the next morning he would have as many ready for me as I should require. Having inspected my luggage, he decided that it would take fourteen men at least to carry it, and demanded an advance of one half of the hire at once. To this I was obliged to accede.

At daylight on the following morning I was awakened with the intelligence that the Coolies had arrived; and, after taking coffee, I started with thirteen Coolies, the luggage having been made up into parcels of convenient weight and dimensions for being placed on the men's heads. I had some difficulty in keeping the Coolies together, for, under the pretext of drinking water, they were constantly putting their loads down on the road and disappearing into the jungle; and I soon discovered that their potations had extended to something stronger than pure water, as many of them walked very unsteadily, and jabbered like a parcel of monkeys.

It was eleven o'clock, and the sun had become quite oppressive, when we arrived at our first halting ground, called Kottapirambah. I found the remains of an old triangular fortification, on the bastions of which comfortable bungalows had been built by Government for the accommodation of travellers. It is the fashion in India to abuse these public buildings; I can only state that I am grateful for the shelter and comfort they have frequently afforded me. At each bungalow a Government peon is stationed to assist travellers in procuring such supplies as the place affords. Chairs, tables, and in some places couches are available. For this accommodation a tax of half a rupee (one shilling) is levied for a few hours' rest; and one rupee if the traveller remains for the night.

I found one of the bungalows already occupied by an officer so I took possession of another, and waited patiently until my meal was prepared. By the time I had dined it was past three o'clock, and nearly time to resume my journey. Whilst getting my retinue together I saw the gentleman before mentioned sitting outside smoking a cigar. In India we are not so formal as you are in England; the circumstance of two gentlemen meeting in the jungle is sufficient introduction; and I immediately went up and made myself known to the stranger, who proved to be Lieut. G—— of the Madras Army. That he belonged to the Madras Presidency I had already concluded, from the length of his cigar, which was a real Trichinopoly, and measured at least six inches in length. I found that G—— was going to spend three or four days in the Wynaud Jungle, in the hope of shooting some large game; and, as our route was the same, we started together at four o'clock, and walked to the next halting place, called Kannoot, about eight miles from Kottapirambah. We found a very comfortable bungalow, and passed the evening very pleasantly. My companion, it turned out, knew several of my Madras friends; and we sat chatting until nine o'clock, when we retired for the night.

By half-past four o'clock on the following morning we were astir, and got our guns ready, in expectation of sport. After taking coffee and a biscuit, we started at five o'clock. We heard several jungle and pea fowls calling on all sides, but could not get near them on account of the thickness of the jungle. After walking three or four miles, we came to some rice fields, which were swarming with snipe, and by eight o'clock we had bagged upwards of twenty brace. We then mounted our horses, and half an hour's brisk riding brought us to our halting place, called Nud-dybrinjal, about eight miles from the last stage. Our servants and the Coolies had arrived some time before; so by the time we had bathed and dressed, our breakfast (including some of the snipe) was ready for us. The accommodation for travellers at this stage was merely a kind of shed; and upon inquiry I learnt that the malaria, during the night, was so bad, that few persons sleeping there escape fever; hence Government very wisely holds out no inducement for travellers to remain.

We resumed our journey again, at three o'clock, and found we had to ascend a range of mountains. The road was cut diagonally along the sides of the mountains, one part overhanging another. We were struck with the sound of the voices of some of our party immediately beneath us, but could not see them for the thick foliage which intervened. As we ascended, there was an evident change in the temperature, and we found ourselves in a most delightful climate, quite different to what we experienced during the former stages. During our march, G—— could not resist the temptation of firing with his rifle at a large black monkey, although I interceded very hard for the poor animal. It was only wounded; and its piercing cries, as it fell from the tree on which it was perched and went rolling down into the valley below, were quite distressing. Whilst we were toiling up the ascent we saw a great variety of beautiful birds; the notes of some of them were really pleasing (which is not usual in tropical birds). One of these warblers imitated human whistling so exactly that, at first, we mistook it for a man amusing himself; but the thickness of the jungle quickly dispelled this notion; afterwards we heard several of these mockers in places where no man could have climbed.

As we crowned the pass I looked back on the country I had traversed. A succession of hills, in the most beautiful disorder, sloped gradually down to the sea—a streak of which, gilded by the setting sun, was just visible on the horizon, at more than thirty miles' distance. After a most toilsome march of upwards of six miles, all up hill, we reached a village called Perier, where we found an excellent bungalow, and did ample justice to our supper. Perier is famous for its bananas, which have the delicious flavour of strawberries. It happened to be a very dark night, and we saw a most splendid sight: nearly the whole of the surrounding trees and foliage, which was very thick, were swarming with fireflies, and the effect produced was magnificent. These insects do not emit a steady light; but apparently have the power of varying its intensity: hence the effect becomes more beautiful. Fancy to yourself myriads of these creatures in a tree, at one moment lighting it up so brilliantly as to show the minutest leaf and twig, and immediately afterwards reducing the light so as to leave it in comparative shade. I never witnessed a more beautiful display, in the way of illumination, in my life.

We left Perier at daylight, after taking our coffee as usual, and found it a cool, foggy morning, with a very heavy dew falling; as the sun rose, however, the fog disappeared, and it soon became warm. As we were journeying along, we met a native of the Poliar or slave caste, carrying a bamboo bow in his hand, with a quiver of arrows slung over his back. We stopped him, and entered into conversation, and found that he earned his livelihood by killing large game, including elephants and tigers. My friend G—— was rather sceptical as to the Poliar's dexterity in the use of his weapons. I, therefore, proposed that we should put it to the test. G—— accordingly stuck a rupee (a coin somewhat smaller than half-a-crown) on the bark of a tree, at thirty-five paces, and told the man he should have it, if he could bring it down with an arrow. The Poliar very quietly bent his bow, whiz went an arrow, and down came the rupee, which he just as quietly picked up and put into his pouch. I now produced a rupee, and having stuck it against the trunk of a tree, placed the man at least fifty long paces from it. Whiz went the second arrow, and down came rupee No. 2. G—— and I looked at each other, without speaking, but made a motion to the man that he might go; which he did, with a broad grin, evidently well satisfied with the result of his two shots.

We had a long and fatiguing march to the next stage, called Manantoddy. The road was very dusty, and as the sun approached the meridian, when exposed to his rays, we found it very warm; but in the shade (of which we, of course, took every advantage) it was pleasant enough. Knowing that we should not meet anybody of consequence, and in order to adapt ourselves for the long march, we were not very particular as to our toilet. G——, for instance, had put a pair of long cotton drawers over his silk sleeping drawers, which, fitting close to his legs, showed their symmetry admirably; a pair of thick ammunition shoes completed his nether man; his upper clothing was confined to his shirt, for he had handed his shooting-jacket

over to his nigger to carry for him; on his head was a broad-brimmed straw hat. My costume was very similar to his, excepting that I disdained the tights, and contented myself with a pair of loose silk drawers; my boots were very much torn, but, being comfortable for walking in, I did not like to discard them. Neither of us had shaved since we left Jellicerry, and we looked complete banditti. In this manner we entered Manantoddy, which we found rather an extensive place. A military officer was stationed here with two companies of irregular infantry, styled the "Wynaud Rangers," to prevent the smuggling of tobacco into Mysore. The principal people engaged in this traffic are the Maplas (Mahomedans of Malabar), who sometimes endeavour to pass the picquets of the Wynaud Rangers, and very frequently desperate affairs occur between them. On the evening of our arrival we were hospitably entertained at dinner by the commandant, and returned at about ten o'clock to the travellers' bungalow, when G—— proposed that, instead of going direct to the Neilgherries, I should remain with him for a few days, and take my chance of sport. To this I readily acceded, and went to bed with my head full of anticipations of the havoc I was to commit amongst the denizens of the Wynaud forests.

Early the next morning I was awakened by G——; and, having put a few changes of linen into a carpet bag, I directed my cook to take everything in his line necessary for four days' consumption, and accompany me. My second servant was desired to select from my stores what he thought would be required, and to follow us. Having perfected all our arrangements and procured a guide, we mounted our horses and left Manantoddy. We soon quitted the main road and struck into the heart of the jungle. We followed our guide along a bridle path, and for two hours traversed a dense forest; the trees were so thickly interwoven over the path that the light could hardly penetrate the gloom. At length we arrived at an open space where there were some miserable hovels, and a very squalid-looking woman and children, who ran away screaming directly they saw us. On alighting, we took up a position under a tree, where a carpet was spread for us, the appearance of the huts not being sufficiently tempting to induce us to enter, although one was very kindly offered by our guide, for our accommodation.

Soon after our arrival, half a dozen men, who had been absent collecting firewood, returned and came up to us; they were all armed with bows and arrows, but were the most squalid, diminutive, miserable-looking beings I had ever seen; in fact, their appearance was very little superior to the ourang-outang. We now held a consultation with these "kings of the forest glade," our guide acting as interpreter. We gave them to understand that we wanted sport. At first, blacky-like, they declared that they had not seen even a single head of deer for months; but when we showed them some money, and in addition promised them some brandy, they began to relent, and undertook to show us plenty of large game. After a great deal of talking, it was arranged that we should not go out after game or fire our guns during the day, but should wait until night. We left all the arrangements with the guide, and then set seriously to work to get through the hours which would have to pass before nightfall. Our first and most necessary act was to have breakfast; we then smoked some cigars, and got our guns and ammunition ready; we then played at picquet until noon, when we had a glass of Bass's bottled ale, with some biscuit, &c. It was then proposed that, as we were likely to be up the greater portion of the night, we should have a nap. Our mattresses were spread out on the carpet; and a second carpet made into an awning over us, to keep off such of the sun's rays as had penetrated through the tree. In this manner, between sleeping and waking, we managed to get through the time, until three o'clock, when we got up and determined upon taking a walk.

Although it had been agreed that we should not fire guns, excepting in case of emergency, the country we were in looked too wild to allow us to wander about without means of defence; so we each carried a rifle on our shoulder. After walking some distance we came upon one of those pagodas so numerous in Hindostan; it was built upon the banks of what in the rains would be a river, but which was then

almost dry, excepting a deep sheet of water of some extent immediately in front of the pagoda. This water was swarming with fish of the carp species, and which were so tame that they came close up to us. Many of these fish were two feet long. I was anxious to catch some of them, as I thought they would have made an excellent addition to our bill of fare; but the guide, in great trepidation, told us that they were held as peculiarly holy by the Brahmins, by whom they were regularly fed, and, should we meddle with them, it might occasion a disturbance; this, of course, was sufficient. We saw nothing more of consequence, and returned to our bivouac and dined at six o'clock.

At sunset our guide came with three or four villagers; and taking one servant, our guns, and ammunition, with plenty of cigars, a cold fowl, &c., for supper, and a supply of brandy and water, we followed our leader. After half an hour's brisk walking we came upon a small patch of water in a ravine, and were assisted up into a high tree (overhanging the water), in which we found a commodious platform covered with a carpet, with our cloaks and pillows. Our guide told us, that as soon as night set in all kinds of large game would come to drink at the water, and we should have a good opportunity of knocking some of them over. At first I did not like the idea of lying in ambush and firing at the poor brutes, without giving them a chance for their lives; but my companion soon overruled my scruples, when he told me that we stood as good a chance of shooting tigers as anything else. Having seated ourselves comfortably, and disposed of our guns so as to have them ready for immediate use, we lighted our cigars, and conversed for some time in whispers; but after an hour had elapsed, our guide requested us to maintain silence. Shortly afterwards we heard a rustling sound, and presently could distinguish the forms of about a dozen deer, which we knew to be the cheepul, or spotted deer. My companion fired at the one nearest us, and I at the next, and we brought them both down; the rest of the herd scampered off; the report of our guns reverberated through the forests in a thousand echoes. Two of our followers descended from the tree, and having drawn their knives across the throats of the deer, which were not quite dead, dragged the carcasses close up to, and tied them to, the trunk of the tree, and then reclimbed up to their stations. The report of our guns must have frightened away all the animals in our immediate neighbourhood, and we were enabled to smoke some more cigars and talk a little. In half an hour we were again directed to be silent; by this time a heavy dew was falling; it had become quite chilly, and we were glad to wrap ourselves up in our cloaks. It was a clear starlight night, and all the surrounding objects were quite distinct. We kept silent watch for upwards of an hour, when we heard a rustling as if some large animal was coming towards us; and presently a tiger came stealing along towards the spot where the deer had fallen, and we could hear him lapping up the blood which had flown from them; he then looked stealthily round in every direction, and, sniffing the ground, gradually approached the spot where the deer were tied. We were quite ready for him, and just as he had reached the deer, we both fired our right and left barrels, and had the satisfaction of seeing the brute on his back struggling with his legs uppermost; two more shots killed him outright. We now descended from the tree to inspect our victim, and found that we had killed a large full-grown royal tiger; and after satisfying our curiosity we once more returned to our perch. Upwards of an hour elapsed before we heard anything; but we were much startled by a kind of yelping sound at a distance, which gradually approached us, and what was our astonishment when we saw a large deer dash through to the open space before us, followed by a pack of from twenty to thirty wild dogs; so novel and exciting was the spectacle, that my companion instinctively gave the view holla, and I cheered on the dogs. It only wanted the addition of a few wild huntsmen, mounted on demon horses, to have equalled one of the wild German legends of the Schwarzwald, the Harz, or the Brocken. Such was our surprise and admiration, that neither my companion nor myself ever thought of firing at the wild dogs; and yet I regretted it afterwards, as I should have been very glad to have ascertained whether these dogs are similar to the kolsun (*Canis Dukhuriensis*) of the Mahrattas. Our guide informed us that these hunts are of very common occur-

rence, and that the wild dogs generally manage to run down their victim, as, once on the track, their powers of endurance make them a match in the longest chase, for the fleetest of the deer tribe. Having recovered from our surprise, we supped, and, wrapping ourselves in our blankets, laid down, leaving the natives to watch. However, nothing occurred to disturb our rest, and shortly after daylight, we were awakened by our servant who had prepared coffee for us. We walked back to our bivouac under the tree, followed by the natives carrying the dead tiger and deer. We passed the day very similarly to the foregoing, its monotony being somewhat relieved by watching the process of flaying the dead animals, and particularly in getting the skull of the tiger cleaned, so as to prepare the head (which was a fine specimen) for being preserved with the skin on.\* At nightfall we took up a position in a tree, in a spot some distance from, and in a contrary direction to, the place where we had been on the previous night. I will not now trouble you with the details of our sport, for three successive nights, during which time we killed several deer, two wolves, a leopard, and two hyenas. On the fourth day we returned to Manantoddy quite satisfied with our sport, but rather tired of our nightly vigils. My future progress towards the Blue Mountains (Nēilgherry) shall be detailed in my next.

Yours faithfully,

SHIKARREE.

#### GOOD COUNSEL OF CHAUCER,

" UPON HIS DEATH-BED LYING IN HIS ANGUISH.



LY from the crowd, and dwell with soothfastness ;  
*Be content with thy good, though it be small :*  
 For hoarding hath hate, and climbing *uncertainness*,  
*The crowd* hath envy, and wealth is blent over all  
*Covet* no more than thee behove shall ;  
 Read well thyself that other folk canst read ;  
 And truth thee shall deliver, *there* is no dread

Pain thee not each crooked to redress,  
 In trust of her that turneth as a ball ;  
 Great rest standeth in little business ;  
 Beware also to spurn *in the teeth of all* ;  
 Strive not, as doth a crock *against* a wall.  
*Judge* thou thyself that *judgest* other's deed :  
 And truth thee shall deliver, *there* is no dread.

That thee is sent receive with *cheerfulness*,  
 The wrestling of this world asketh a fall :  
 Here is no home, here is but wilderness ;  
 Forth, pilgrim ! forth, beast ! out of thy stall  
 Look up on high, and thank *thou* God for all.  
*Forsake* thy lusts, and let thy *soul* thee lead ;  
 And truth thee shall deliver, *there* is no dread



THE ISLAND

## THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

## PART I.

## KING EDWARD.

The summer ripeneth like a pear  
 Upon the cottage wall,  
 While autumn waits to catch the fruit  
 That in her lap may fall.

The rich and ready wheat hath bowed  
 Beneath the reaper's hand,  
 And "Harvest home" comes here and there,  
 Singing, over the land.

The fields are parched, you scarce could tell  
 The stubble from the grass;  
 And cattle stand perplexed in clay,—  
 Was late their looking glass.

In hamlet wide, or city pent,  
 All clamour for the shade;  
 And sweeter music scarce could fall  
 Upon the thirsty sense of all,  
 Than that by rain-drops made.

King Edward in his palace sate ;  
 " 'Twas noon, and he must dine :  
 " God wot, God wot ; but it is hot ;  
 " Bring me a cup of wine ! "

And first he tried the ruddy hue,  
 And then he tried the pale ;  
 And every drink (save water)  
 From metheglin unto ale ;  
 (The Welshman's curse hissed hot enough  
 To make metheglin fail.)

But none could quench the royal thirst ;  
 And so he cursed and swore,  
 As many a king before and since—  
 Perchance as many more.

" Ye hounds (like drones), now stir, now stir !  
 Throw ope each casement wide."  
 But the city's din came hot within,  
 Like another sun beside

" I would the sea might whelm them all,  
 So that it harmed not me !  
 Methinks a goodly breeze might blow  
 Were yonder city sea.

" I would mine island for to-day  
 Might dwindle in its bound ;  
 Then I might sit on my good throne,  
 And have the sea all round ! "

" The time is come ! " bethought an earl  
 Who sat anear the king ;  
 " Now warn thee well, Queen Isabel,  
 The stone is in the sling ! "

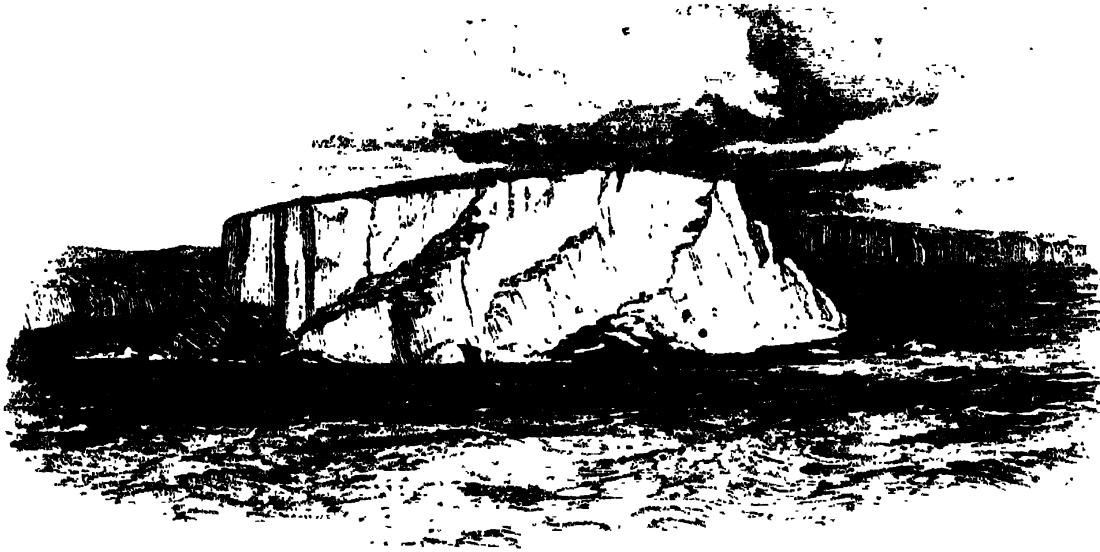
Then narrowing in his subtle eye,  
 Said,—silky voiced and slow,—  
 " My liege hath power to stretch his bound,  
 Not straiten it, I trow.

" There is an isle, his own to claim,  
 So please his royal mind ;  
 That throne him wheresoe'er he may,  
 The ocean he will find.

" This island has a Queen who scorns  
 Alike thine earls and thee."  
 " Oh, oh ! oh, oh ! and does she so ?  
 Where may this island be ? "

" Vecta it is ; and westward lies.  
 My liege, 'twere merry play  
 To make that island thine. Wilt name  
 The royal hunt to-day ?





CULVER CLIFF

## PART II.

## QUEEN ISABEL.

In Sandown Bay her castle stands  
 So near upon the sea,  
 That oft Queen Isabel commands  
 The frolic spray to kiss her hands  
 Beside her lattice free.

Her castle, that her cradle was ;  
 Her nurse, the rocking deep,  
 And sweet the lullaby it sung  
 Beside her happy sleep.

Full fifteen summers had she blessed  
 The island in her sway ;  
 They were no flatterers who said  
 She scarce seemed aged a day.

Her heart was in her island locked,  
 Its beauty was her thrall ;  
 For gentle ladie, gentle love,  
 May never worse befall !

She cared well for her people's weal ;  
 Guarded their rights and rest ;  
 But, sooth to say (it might be sin),  
 She loved her island best.

A lovely and a fertile isle,  
 As rich in courtesie,  
 Where gracious corn bows o'er the cliff  
 'To greet the rising sea.

She knew each rock upon the shore,  
 Each curve upon the down,  
 From Culver—whiter than the wings  
 That give its cliff renown—

To Alum Bay, where westering suns,  
 Whate'er their hues of grace,  
 May look with wonder on the cliffs  
 That meet them face to face.

She knew the rock-founts, and the streams  
 (Had tracked them by their song),  
 That, like the birds in darkness born,  
 Soon as they catch the light of morn  
 Go chirruping along.

And she has trained her palfrey white,  
 To chase the waves amain;  
 To turn his crested head with theirs,  
 And race for shore again.

And she has trained her palfrey brown,  
 To mount the rocky steep,  
 And o'er the Chinclet waterfalls  
 Swift as a deer to leap.

While stately in her stable stands  
 A steed as black as night,  
 The pride of many a tournament,  
 Without a fleck of white,  
 Save when the foam has stained him o'er  
 In the ardour of the fight.

We reck not as we smile o'er life  
 Of tears shed long before;  
 As little recks the traveller  
 Who views the land-slip o'er

With eyes of wonder and delight,  
 How, when that hap befel,  
 As o'er a living love defaced,  
 Wept queenly Isabel.  
 "Sweet Heav'n! avert the prophecy,  
 And shield mine island well!"



ASHRA DOWN.

## • PART III.

## THE DEFIANCE.

Now, who comes pricking over the plain  
With an armed companie ?

“ It is the earl—I know him well ;  
Why comes he now to me ?  
And why the followers that he brings  
Wear Edward’s liverie ? ”

“ The earl ! the earl ! my maidens all,  
Is coming us among ;  
Remember our first mother Eve,  
And ’ware the serpent’s tongue ! ”

She sat within the carven oak  
That served her for a throne,  
In silence waited through the hall  
Her people every one.

She held her sceptre in her hand  
As light as ’twere a fan ;  
And said (as tried a scornful smile  
For mastery of her lip meanwhile),  
“ Of the earl’s presence in mine isle  
’Twere well his speech began.”

Like arrows armed from one who knows  
 His shafts fly sure as keen,  
 The words fell off the earl's white lips  
 With ne'er a pause between :—

“ King Edward's greeting, and he sends,  
 Fair guerdon for thine isle,  
 Six thousand marks—and peace—so thou  
 Upon his bidding smile.

“ But if with stubborn mind thou dar'st  
 To work his will annoy,  
 From east to west, with fire and sword,  
 Will he thine isle destroy.”

The first word—and the Queen was red ;  
 The next—and she was pale ;  
 The sceptre quivered in her grasp  
 Like a reed before the hail.

She made three paces towards the earl,  
 She met him in the face ;  
 His eyes shrunk up beneath her gaze,  
 He backened in his place.

That moment's look for her completes  
 The history of the deed ;  
 Insatiate power, wrought to wrong,  
 With malice, for the lead.

“ No words have I, for thy base part,  
 Thine act's beneath my tongue ;  
 But since to Edward's chaffering  
 An answer doth belong,

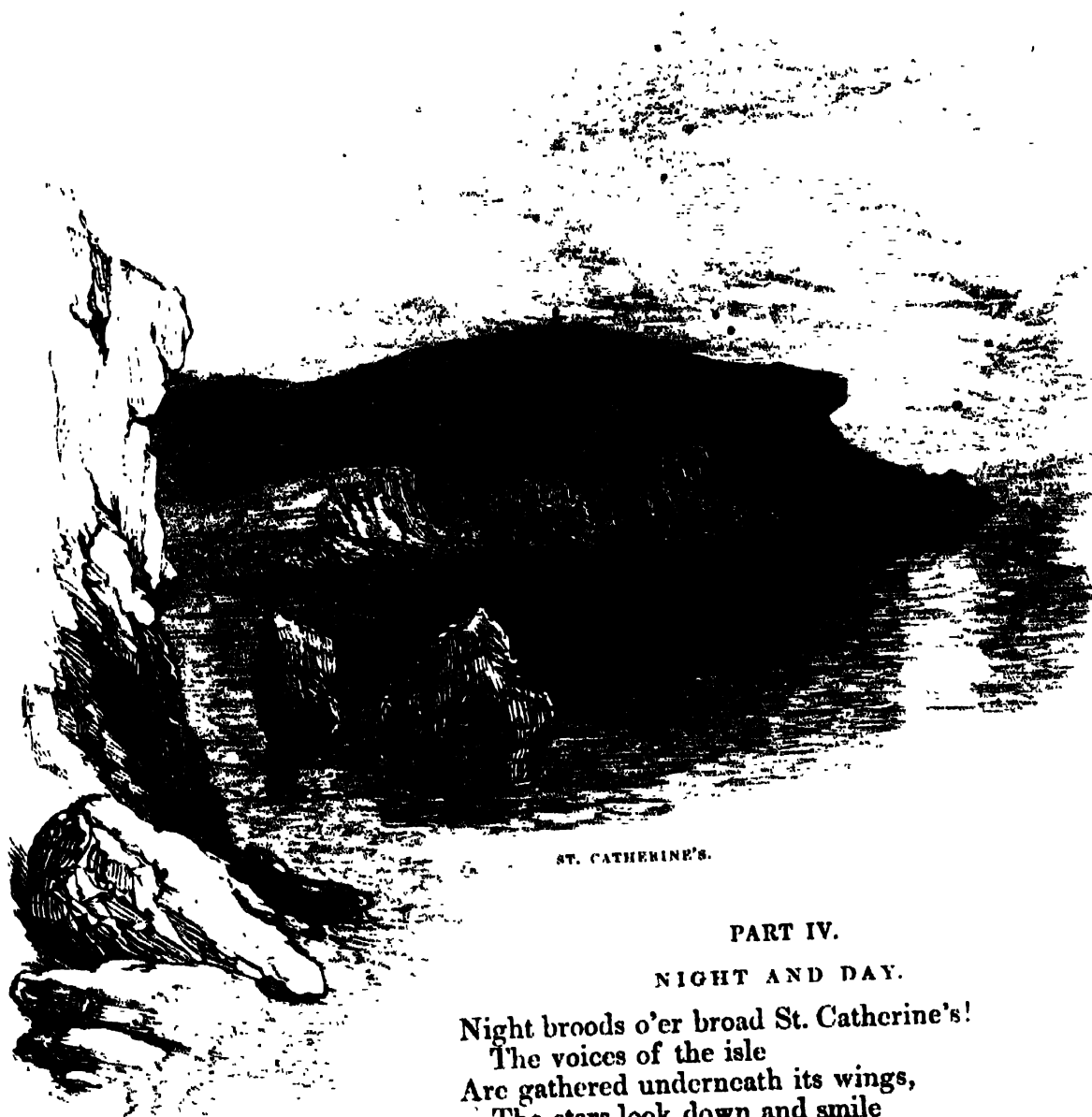
“ Now hear, now hear, the oath I swear,  
 Thou slave unto a slave,  
 And bear it back to him whose doom  
 Is still to have and crave ;

“ Sooner than yield mine island up  
 (Or people) unto thine,  
 God sink us all in yonder sea,  
 Or bid us float—all's one to me—  
 In their heart's blood, and mine.”

“ Away ! away ! enough is said !”  
 And towering, on she drew,  
 While eye, and lip, and regal brow,  
 Proclaimed her Queen anew !

“ Away ! yet stay—for that the day  
 Is spent, and night draws on—  
 Until the morrow's sun be up,  
 Then on thy way begone.

“ Room thro' the hall, my seneschal !”  
 Heads bowed them every one ;  
 And ere the earl could make reply,  
 Queen Isabel was gone !



ST. CATHERINE'S.

## PART IV.

## NIGHT AND DAY.

Night broods o'er broad St. Catherine's!  
 The voices of the isle  
 Are gathered underneath its wings,  
 The stars look down and smile  
 O'er down and town, o'er rock and sea,  
 While Earth takes all things silently.  
 Only the wavelets on the strand,  
 Like guardian watchers, hand in hand,  
 Give their pass-word whisperingly;  
 Now advancing, now retreating,  
 Each to each the word repeating,  
 "Peace," from one unto another,  
 "Peace," will answer him his brother.  
 In rippled music round and round,  
 Comes (like stillness more than sound)  
 "Peace," "peace," along the shore,  
 "Peace," "peace," for evermore!

In the chapel on St. Catherine's  
 The holy monk lies sleeping :  
 He it is who rings the bell  
 When the winds to the shore and the huge waves swell,  
 Blackgang's rocks o'erleaping.  
 Long and lustily ply his arms,  
 When the sea, up the Chine is dashing,  
 Many an Ave says he then  
 For the souls of shipwrecked men,  
 As he hears the timbers crashing.

He counsels well the poor, and shrives  
 The living and the dying ;  
 From dawn till day-down you may see  
 To the chapel flocking, a companie,  
 Knights and ladies of dignitie,  
 Vassals and churls of low degree,  
 Cripples, who rest them as they go,  
 The heavens above, and the sea below,  
 Watching (thé while) half joy, half wo,  
 The child in the sunshine lying.

The monk looked out ere he went to his rest,  
 Not a breeze o'er the sea was stirring ;  
 The monk looked over the down—all still,  
 Nor ever a bat's wing whirring.  
 In the forest's depths sat mute the owl ;  
 Mute in the valley the mastiff's howl ;  
 But the voice of the stars was heard on high.  
 While the heart within made low reply,  
 Such utterance ne'er the sleep could scare,  
 And the monk has laid down on his pillow in prayer !

Rest brief as sweet ! In the deep midnight  
 A sound on the silence falls,  
 A clatter of hooves along the down,  
 A knocking without the walls.

The monk arose, he lighted a torch,  
 He oped the wicket wide ;  
 A ladie sat on a brown palfrey,  
 With a single squire at her side.

Bright flashed the torch on a pale, pale face,  
 And an eye alive with flame.  
 " Heaven shield thee well, Queen Isabel.  
 What would'st thou, in God's name ? "

She bade the squire wait without ;  
 She led the way within ;  
 And straight into the chapel hied,  
 And knelt at Catherine's shrine.

Then spoke :—" Father, King Edward sends,  
 And fain mine Isle would buy,  
 And foully threats to harry mine isle,  
 If I his suit deny."

"What saidst thou?"—"Nay!—and sware him nay,  
By an oath that I will keep;  
But tell me, father, of these dreams  
That fright the blessed sleep.

"I dreaméd once, I dreaméd twice,  
I dreaméd thrice the same;  
'Till I scarce knew which was sleep or wake,  
And away to thee I came.

"Methought I stood where now I stand,  
Where I so oft have stood;  
And the silver girdle of mine Isle  
Was sea no more—but blood.

"Again, methought I sat below  
By holy Lawrence' Well;  
For sparkling water, blood did flow,  
With a distant battle's yell.

"Again, I sought the forest paths  
Where I knew no water was;  
But all the leaves, and wild flowers too,  
Bore drops of blood where once was dew,  
Blood on each blade of grass.

"Then to the crucifix I fled  
Lo! by the taper's light—  
From the hands, feet, side, of Him who died  
To save the souls of all beside,  
Blood trickled in my sight."

The monk has heard, the monk has thought,  
And low the monk replied:

"Lady, no dream is this thou tell'st,  
For Peace, the Saviour died.

"And since that time, by whomsoe'er  
The blessed peace is slain,  
They crucify the holy Christ,  
And bid Him bleed again."

"On Edward's head come down that curse!"

"No, Lady—'tis on thine;  
To keep from blood the fountain free;  
From blood the dews—from blood the sea;  
Thou must thine Isle resign.

"Let Edward will, thou can'st not hold  
Thine Isle, another sun;  
Thou knowest how such strife must end,  
Before such strife begun.

"Thou knowest thy vassals will not fail,  
But fight—to find their graves;  
Their punishment, the dower they leave—  
Their wives and children, slaves,

"Thine Isle thou lovest, so beautiful,  
That for a scented flower  
Should hold thy dying memory,  
Will curse the fated hour.

"Unjust to thee, though Edward be,  
It were a baser part,  
Thyself, thy nobler self to slay,  
By trampling on thine heart."

"Where should I lay my weary head  
If what thou say'st is best?"

"Do thou Heaven's will," the monk replied,  
And Heaven will give thee rest!"

She knelt—she tried in vain to pray,  
She could nor speak, nor cry,  
Like a body parting from a soul,  
Was her mute agony.

She writhed, she grovelled on the stones,  
She beat upon her breast;  
It might have stirred her grandsire's bones  
To break their marble rest.

The stony sleepers on the tombs,  
Uprising one and all,  
With vows to help that ladie's need,  
Had scarce seemed miracle.

The monk knelt down with clasped hands,  
Beside the troubled Queen,  
With pleading (yet with pausing voice,  
For tears fell oft between).

He bade her look upon the Cross  
That she so oft would kiss,  
And said 'twas chosen before a crown  
For sake of others' bliss.

He bade her think on Catherine  
The chapel's blessed saint,  
How she was broke upon a wheel  
Yet never heart did faint.

He said "that Crosses did but lift  
The soul to heavenlier love,  
An idol she would make her isle,  
Her people's good, above."

Unto his words or tears, alike,  
The Queen made no reply,  
But pale and rigid as a corpse,  
At the altar's foot did lie.

The monk has raised her to her feet,  
She stood like marble there;  
With eyes wide open that nothing saw,  
He led her to the air.



The night had sped, the night had fled,  
While there the Queen had been ;  
The dawn had come, the morn had come,  
One lovelier ne'er was seen !

The south breeze met her in the face,  
In the east the sun rose bright,  
A lark was singing up above,  
As though his song were light.

Glancing here, and glancing there,  
Come on the glad sunbeams,  
The forest wakens into life,  
With birds, and bees, and streams.

Graciously the mist recedes,  
Unveiling as it goes, -  
A new beginning paradise  
That every moment grows.

And happy human voices chimed  
There matins merrily,  
The peasant sung along the down,  
The fisher, by the sea.

The dewdrop sparkles on the grass,  
The fount runs free and bright,  
The "silver girdle" of her isle  
Is radiant in her sight.

"No blood ! no blood !" said Isabel,  
And the tears gushed fast and free,  
"Father, absolve me from mine oath." --  
And she sank upon her knee.

*(To be continued.)*



SHANKLIN CHINE.

## FETE DES LOGES, ST. GERMAIN.

"Dulce est desipere in loco."



No is there in this age of steam-travelling, with the advantages that we see posted on every wall, of rapid, cheap, easy travelling, and no fees to coachmen?—who is there, we say, who has not paid a visit to our continental neighbours; and, being there, who has not assisted at their *fêtes*?

Is there not a charm in the recklessness of their enjoyment? Have we not, despite our national prejudices, many pleasurable recollections of these merry meetings?—

"And noting, ere they fade away,  
The little lines of yesterday,"

in this gloomy month, let us recal those scenes of joyousness.—

"Sweet memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,  
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail,  
To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours,  
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers."

On a recent tour on the Continent, it was my good fortune to pass through Paris at the time the most *recherchée* fête of the year takes place: it is known as the "Fête des Loges;" its locale, the forest of St. Germain;

its origin, a solemn religious service observed at the *Maison des Loges, ci-devant* a monastery, now a *Maison d'Education* for the daughters of reduced officers.

On the *fête* of St. Fairne, which occurs the first Sunday in September, solemn mass was celebrated, which was very numerously attended by the Parisians; and, though the religious part of the ceremony is fallen into disuse, the profane still continues, and the *fête des Loges* is much in vogue, and is frequented not only by the *bourgeoises* of the good city of Paris, but by most of the noble and distinguished families in the environs, who seldom omit to grace with their presence its innocent festivities.—'Tis mid-day, in the early part of September; the sere and yellow leaf adds a varied hue to the landscape; the dew, that spangled each blade of grass and trembled on every leaf five hours ago, is gone; the mossy banks whereon at eve "the glowworm loves her emerald light to shed," and the elastic turf are free from moisture; perchance, but for the pleasant breeze that rustles through the forest, scarcely audible, the day would be hot. We enter within the walls of the forest, whose gloomy chateau strongly contrasts with the myriads of laughing faces passing through the gate, all bent on enjoying the present moment. What to them are the many melancholy incidents, now part of history, that have occurred within that pile of antiquated bricks? Nay, probably it is unnoticed; perhaps, some may point out the darksome tower where England's King James II. lived and died, a comment on the chapel and the grave of the unfortunate. And on they go: at the forest gate crowds of tired pedestrians are wrangling for one or other of the many vehicles that are in attendance to take *fête*-ists to the scene of action. Here is one ready to start. "Montez, monsieur, montez? nous partons toute de suite," says the shrivelled mummy-like proprietor, who, with whip in hand, salutes every person he meets with the same invitation; flying here, and flying there, to secure the earliest and fullest complement of passengers. Complement! what is his complement? Reader, imagine a long cart, covered with a gay canopy, with four pieces of wood placed transversely across the body of it, upon each of these it is expected three persons shall sit. There are already ten passengers; and a heavy couple, who sit on the last seat, near the end of the *charabanc*, give a seriously oblique inclination to the vehicle, and painfully suggest the more than possibility that either the unfortunate horse will be overbalanced, and, like Mahomet's tomb, remain between heaven and earth, or that the gear will be too fragile to bear the pressure; and then, like a heap of melons shot from a hamper, we shall roll upon the plain. Why does our Jehu so pertinaciously attack the stout gentleman? What insinuating terms is he using to call such a radiance over his auditor's countenance! He prevails—*le gros homme* mounts the steps, we recover our equilibrium, and Monsieur le Gros is complimented on his being *très utile*, and our carriage rumbles quietly on.

As the distance to the *Maison des Loges* is quite two miles, most of the pleasure-seekers, who arrived by railway and entered with us, had to seek their mode of conveyance, and soon the road was one continuous line of carriages, which for variety of colour, costume, and style, could not be surpassed. Here a worthy shopkeeper from Paris, with his family in a nondescript conveyance, dreading to pass that rickety, ill-contrived, ill-mended *charabanc*, with a poor mule hobbling along, whose harness is more indebted to the ropemaker than the saddler. I dare say he dreads to pass him, fearing his own power to recover the line again. Not so the dashing barouche with the fine pair of bays, whose appointments make the proprietor one of the ton. It requires but half a glance to decide where the driver has been taught to "handle the ribbons." The nonchalant manner in which he turns in and out of the line proves him to be from this side the water; and an accomplished whip.

Two miles by railway seems no great distance; it is not irksome travelling it by a four-in-hand coach, such as I recollect the Shrewsbury Wonder; or it may be done by an English cab; but in a French *charabanc* with eleven passengers, three of them stout, and only one small punch horse, it seems rather problematical whether the distance can be accomplished at all. Yet, arrive we did, and no sooner there, than we were politely assisted from the carriage by a number of intelligent youths, who, directly they found we were safe on *terra-firma*, with one accord, in front,

flank, and rear, set upon us with clothes brushes, expressing the utmost anxiety that we should be free from dust, nay, one of them had nearly brushed out my pocket, such was his earnestness, but, as the *gendarmes* were among us, I could hardly fancy it was done with felonious intent, and I had no time to waste in making inquiries. As the carriages are not allowed to come beyond a certain barrier, we had some little space to walk before reaching the *fête*. The *coup d'œil* was very pleasing; half-hidden by trees, were gay tents, with gayer flags; beyond them glimpses of theatrical representation, such as may be seen at our English fairs, excepting that the dresses and appointments were much cleaner, and such things, surrounded by trees, far away from man's haunts, have a more striking effect than when they are seen relieved by brick walls or dingy houses. In the centre, as you enter by the great road from the chateau, is erected the large ball-room, a very commodious place, tastefully illuminated by coloured lamps, and hung with natural flowers—some twisted upon long branches of ivy, and hung in festoons; the vine, also with its beautiful leaf and elegant tendrils, interwoven with roses and carnations; here in corners (where possibly some ugly post might offend the eye) a mass of wild heath, cut from the forest, and whose bunches of bright purple flowers make a beautiful corner of a cornice; and in such a place, for a few *sous* admission money, and a few more at the termination of each dance, do our light-footed neighbours heartily enjoy themselves. The ball does not commence until evening; at present other subjects call our attention; it is the custom at this *fête* to dine *al fresco*; let us walk up this alley of beech trees; how temptingly that moss-covered root suggests the propriety of sitting down, or change for this bank, whereon the blue harebell seems to vibrate with chords in harmony with the deadened clangor of the many instruments that ~~are~~ inviting guests to see the wonders in the booths. The distance hence, and the sound passing through the trees, take off the harshness, and mellow it down into something almost musical. Let us, while resting on this bank, contemplate unnoticed the various characters that, kaleidoscope-like, change each moment; some coming from behind the brushwood, with merry exclamations, in groups of four or five; their first glimpse of the *fête* being satisfactory, then comes the arrangement of their head-dresses, which it is possible have been disorganized *en route*; that done, on they go. Here are others going into the forest, but they generally go in couples; there are two; remark the gay, frank, *débonnaire* look, with which he kissed his hand to those companions he now parted with. Now that he is escaping from the crowd, is it that the "shade of melancholy boughs" exerts a little influence over him, or what can it be? And his companion,—surely anything but unhappy thoughts could arise from her society. How earnest are his entreaties—how calmly they are received; perhaps it is for her hand at the evening dance—perhaps for — *mais cela ne fait rien*. Here are two more: they, like the "Babes in the Wood," do, hand in hand, traverse the tangled woodwalk and the tufted green. Sweet innocents! Ah! I'm afraid he has placed his arm round her waist, and, by Jove, the sleeve of her dress crosses the back of his coat in like manner. Well! as I am a great lover of regularity, I don't object to it.

If a contented mind be a continual feast, as we tell one another, certes that group of healthy-looking peasant girls (whose white teeth outrival their snowy caps) are indications of it: they enjoy it to perfection in the forest of St. Germain.

The peasantry, who in general assist at this *fête*, though, perhaps, not equal in number to the denizens of Paris, are much more interesting; the care with which they preserve the peculiarities of costume that belong to the commune wherein they reside; the hearty, unsophisticated hilarity they seem to feel and display at the meeting of friends, sometime separated, and only to be met on the occasion of this *fête*; then the roguish manner in which they wear their caps, and their great variety, too, is, perhaps, the most striking feature of a *fête*. Here a small *bonnet d'Argenteuil* contrasts with the tower of lace that decorates yon *couchoise*; there the gay and sprightly demoiselle of Nanterre with her close nun-looking cap opposed to the head-dress of the maidens of Surenne.

How many of ye, day after day, dine off a crust of bread and an apple, that your

"robe de bal soit comme il faut, et le bonnet de dentelle bien gentil. Vive la bagatelle!"

I have already alluded to the custom of dining *al fresco* at this *fête*. There is, nevertheless, no necessity that you should bring your dinner with you, or be content with a cold one. Do you see this *allée* with a range of tents? Observe, at the back, how nicely the tables are laid out; already have some commenced their dinner. Let us walk up the avenue, and choose for ourselves.

Let me ask you, reader, Are you acquainted with the apparatus necessary for cooking a dinner? Know you what is called a roasting-jack? Did you ever take cognizance of a set of stew-pans? Can you see, half hidden by the foliage of that tree, a huge stone slung by a rope over the large bough? Now, carry your eye, if that heap of melons will permit you, to the origin of the rope; look how cleverly they have made a small fireplace; mark the wheels, which are now revolving, and, moreover, how sluggishly that turkey and two legs of mutton are turning, how nearly they are done brown, and no wonder, for what a glorious fire! Watch with what "adroitness" the *chef de cuisine* places those poulets and pigeons on the spit; and what an inexhaustible store they seem to have, also; what heaps of peaches and fruit of all sorts. Truly, the earth is teeming with good things. How pleasant to contemplate the dozens of black bottles, sealed up with black, yellow, and red; not to mention the champagne that is cooling itself under the shade of the trees in yonder icetub; but do not forget this perfect arrangement of stew-pans. See, with what a turn of the wrist, the *chef* inserts his spoon; how scientifically he charges the plate with the *ragoût* that this moment was bubbling on his glowing charcoal. Do you see that elegantly-dressed woman who is hanging on the arm of the man with the small moustache? I mean him with the light moustache; she is Madame la B——, she has just determined what she will have for dinner. Observe how rapidly the *chef de cuisine et garçon* make the necessary arrangements; they dart into the shady recesses of the forest with napkins, wine, fruit, and all the good things of the season. Reader, the very sight makes me hungry. I must taste the good cheer, and then we will go together to the ball. The orchestra calls the votaries of Terpsichore to the dance; and Heaven only knows how many are the embraces stolen and given; how many are the love intrigues which glide in amidst the indefatigable quadrilles from the setting till the rising of the sun. The sight of those smart laughing girls, now entering, might tempt more staid and serious persons than myself to rob the lover of his right, and "steal the kisses for another meant;" how beautifully those blue and scarlet ribbons contrast with the glossy jet-like braids, and how gracefully the snow-white robes waft with every motion of their supple forms! What sly ironic glances they cast (in conscious superiority of grace) at that jolly dame who looks as though dancing would be to her rather a business than a pleasure. Now appears one of the lions of the ball, with flowing hair, curling moustache, and eyes whose every glance is meant to do more execution than his elegant dancing; he has chosen a pretty dark-eyed girl for his partner in the mazy dance, and really his love-acting deserved to be remembered. Taking her hand, dropping it gently with a deep sigh, looking the image of sentimentality with one eye, and keeping the other ready to take in the effect it had on the surrounding groups. Would that my eyes would keep extended, and my thoughts clear, then would I describe; but everything must have an end, and so must the "Fête de St. Germain."

## A WORD FOR ITALY.



It has been our general wont to avoid the political arena; and this—we willingly seize the occasion to declare it—not so much from a desire to be *guiltless of offence* towards our readers of every shade, as from the profound respect we profess for the thing itself, and the disgust we have imbibed for the manner in which it is for the most part treated. For us, politics is the science of Life here below. Its problem is the organization of the State, of human association, with a view to the ideal that man is pursuing, and which is revealed to us by each epoch more beautiful, more grand, more divine. Its point of departure is the undefined educability of the human race; its road a continuous progression towards God, towards the discovery and application of His law; with Belief, Faith, for its stay and sanction. And with such feelings working in an artist-soul, what had we to do in the hubbub of that Faust's kitchen, where all men were fighting for a chance of skimming the cauldron of material interest? How invoke the name of the Most High, Knowledge-Love-Power, between the scream of a railway-engine and an hurrah for the ten-pound franchise? It is no longer God but Mammon that is worshipped. The mild, spiritual face of Jesus is veiled before the power of figures. The Pharisees and the Scribes—the hypocrites and the speculators—have once more invaded the Temple. They have substituted the worship of the form for the adoration of the spirit—the calculations of physical well-doing for aspirations towards the beautiful, the true, and the holy. Therefore it is we meddle not with *politics*. Humble as we are, we wish not to have our slumbers disturbed some day by the voice of Frankenstein demanding of us a *soul*, and reproaching us for having made him a gigantic body without infusing *that* which ought to dwell there, and without which every body is a corpse.

But when, instead of this, it is the *soul* that asks of us a *body*—the life that claims the power of manifesting itself abroad, and protests against the brutal force that denies it this sacred right, then we, adorers of the Beautiful, no longer fear to soil our wings with the filth of the idolaters of Matter, and recognize the necessity of joining our voice to the protest. Life is sacred: its source is in God himself. You have the right to direct it, the duty to develop it: you may not, in any case, suppress it. And as, since the gospel of Christ, we all are made one, brothers in one God, members of one spiritual society, so you cannot deny life and the right of life in one place without denying it in all. The cause is the same, wherever you may plant the black flag of atheistic negation. We all are together bound to protest, that God may not ask of us, “Cain, where is thy brother Abel?”

This soul without a body, this element of life, to which is denied incarnation in some visible, tangible guise, from which the entire globe may profit, was yesterday Greece—to-day it is Italy. Italy, that gave to us all science and art; to whom we owe the seeds of our civilization and the exemplars of our liberty; that on her second bed of death, by the hands of one of her wanderers, linked to humanity a new world.

Two months since we commended to the notice of our readers a pamphlet,\* in which one of Italy's exiled sons laid bare her sufferings, her wants, her wishes. But a brief portion of a year has rolled away since the publication of this little work, and all the statements that it contained as to the general discontent of the country, the craving for Life that has seized on all classes, and as to the exterior obstacles that alone keep this craving in check, have received a new corroboration in the most afflicted portion of the country, the States of the Church. An insurrectionary effort was made in the same quarter in 1843: the guerilla of the brothers Muratori for some weeks filled with affright the heart of the aged Pope. An insurrection broke

\* Italy, Austria, and the Pope. A Letter to Sir James Graham, Bart. By Joseph Mazzini. Strange, Paternoster-row; Clarke, Pall-mall East; Putnam and Wiley, Waterloo-place, &c.

out in 1844 at Cosenza; sanguinary conflicts between the people and the soldiery were frequent in various cities of Romagna; fellow-creatures were handed over to the executioner; and the tragic end of the heroic brothers Bandiera, officers of rank in the Austrian navy, who went to the death for the national cause at the other extremity of the Peninsula, closed the drama. We are now in 1845, and an insurrection, already extinguished, took place in the Roman States during the last days of September; an insurrection so much the more remarkable that it sprang not, if we are rightly informed, from a concerted plan, but from the impulse of two of the patriotic party, who, menaced and compelled to quit the country, were unwilling to abandon their father-land without leaving a remembrance behind them in the shape of an armed protest. One city, Rimini, remained for three days in the power of the insurgents. The garrison fraternized with them. The news sufficed to electrify the youth of the cities of Romagna; movements were made; two bands sprang up at different points in the twinkling of an eye; young men from another state, Tuscany, set out to join them. Bloody encounters ensued—combats of an hour's duration between inexperienced youths and disciplined troops, in which the loss was greatest on the side of the latter. This sudden movement, unlooked for by the people, and unprovided with *materiel*, could but be abortive. Without a centre, without direction, without money or munitions, those who had risen were compelled to retire on Tuscany. But there, another confirmation of the general feeling of the country was exhibited. So powerful a sympathy for the insurgents was manifested, that notwithstanding a treaty of extradition for political offences existing between Tuscany and the States of the Pope, the Grand Duke was constrained to accord them a free passage. The exiles were embarked at Leghorn for France, whence probably the government may drive them hither. The *paternal heart* of the Grand Duke, according to the newspapers, was moved at the sight of these unfortunates. Oh, no; the *paternal heart* of the Grand Duke did not hinder him last year from delivering over to the Pope two of his subjects—Viola, and another whose name we cannot call to mind—who were shot at Bologna as guilty of revolt. But opinion, though not to be raised in favour of one or two individuals, unless distinguished by genius or influence, grew warm in favour of hundreds, and the Tuscan Government found themselves obliged to give way.

We have spoken of sanguinary conflicts as driving the insurgents into Tuscany. But who sustained these conflicts with the insurgents—Italians? No. If we except the Pontifical *volunteers*, principally recruited from the prisons, and the Carabinciers, who, as the general instruments of tyranny, fancied themselves sure victims of popular resentment, they were *foreigners* who fought for his Holiness. Whilst one body, the Austrians, crowded Ferrara with troops, and sent vessels of war to blockade the coast, Swiss mercenaries hunted the young Romagnese in the mountains.

What then must be the discontent of a country, where the rash freak of two or more individuals is sufficient to endanger public tranquillity, to alarm neighbouring governments, and to provoke preparations for invasion on the part of a power like Austria? Who does not see in these measures, in the uneasy tone of the German papers, in the panic which the news of the outbreak at Rimini produced on the Stock Exchange of Vienna, in the active concert of all the governments interested in maintaining what they call peace\*—who does not see in all this, that if the Italians were left free to express their wishes, if Italy did not present to Europe the strange anomaly of a country where life is submitted to the control—to the *veto* rather—of a foreign army, three months would not pass away without seeing a re-born nation rise magnificently tranquil from that mass of fragments, now without name, without bond, without common life, without progressive activity, condemned, as the consequence of those deprivations, to destructive but partial struggles, that are beginning to be periodical, and that no possible means can prevent?

Here then is a serious question, and one that demands to be gravely considered. For, if the truth be as we think, here is a great crime committed each day, and each hour, against a member of the vast human family. Twenty-two millions of men, our

\* The French Government has seized the papers of two Tuscans, residing at Paris.

brothers, claim to live the life of God, the life of the *spirit*; and to these men brutal force, the force that chained Prometheus to his rock, makes answer, "No; you shall live but the life of the body."

Now, since Christ, if we well understand his gospel, there are no longer *strangers*, save only the wicked. There is a mighty struggle in the world between good and evil; between the just and the unjust; between God and Satan. All those who fight and endure for the good, for the true, for the just, are on our side. We no longer ask of any man, *In what latitude wert thou born?* but, *What is thy standard? What principle servest thou?* And all those who can respond, *Thy standard is ours; we serve God and HUMANITY*, have a right to our active sympathies—to our fraternal aid—to our prayers to God—to our protests before man. Shame to us, the people, if we comprehend not that oneness which, on their part, was so well understood by the governments of 1815. Shame to us, who shrank from no sacrifice for the emancipation of the blacks, if we could remain indifferent spectators of the slavery of a nation of whites at our own doors.

And when this nation is the one that initiated us all in civilization by ancient Rome—in liberty by her *comuni*—in commerce by her great navigators—in production by her now extinct manufactures;—when the soil is that from which came to us poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, music—Dante, Raffaele, Michael Angelo, Brunelleschi, Bramanti, Palestrina, Rossini;—when the question refers to the country that, at the revival of literature and the arts, renewed our historical tradition with Greece—to the country, that by a wonderful series of men, great in head or heart, has promoted more than any other the cause and the science of humanity—to the country whence Shakspeare drew the inspiration of so many of his masterpieces, the country that Milton loved, that Byron and Shelley have sung; ought we not, at the contemplation of her disasters, of her supplications, of her wailings, to feel something within us, like the emotion of the child for his stricken mother, of the lover for his Juliet, laid, death-like, in the tomb? Is ingratitude a crime in individuals only? And we, that, as artists, historians, and antiquaries, have recourse to the ruins of Italy to search out the secret of the life of the past—we who look for health and vigour from the perfumes of her plains and the pure air of her mountains—are we never to divine the treasure of future life that is there hidden for the world, the immense loss that the Pope, the Swiss, and the Austrians cost us?

We are a cold, slow, distrusting race; but sound at the core, firm and obstinate on the path to good. There is a chord at the bottom of our Saxon heart that vibrates for every noble cause, at every great evil that is made known to us. For the most part, we want but to be informed. We could wish—whilst France is throwing into prison\* the exiles of Rimini and the Romagna—that an association were established here in England for the initiation of the country in a knowledge of the grievances and the requirements of Italy, for the advancement of the Italian national cause. We have that confidence in our fellow-countrymen to prophesy that such an association would find an echo, and would produce effective results. For ourselves, we would contribute to its success with all our means, whatever they may be.

\* See the later newspaper intelligence.



CHRISTIAN AND HIS COMPANIONS; OR, PATRIOTISM  
AND LIBERTY.



THERE was an old King of Norway, who, though he came to the throne late in life, brought with him none of that discretion which should belong to maturity of age; but only great tyranny, and a violent will.

There were three young noblemen of his kingdom, of great fortunes and independence, named Christian, Gustavus, and Frederick; who often, conversed together in private of the disgusting practices of the old King, and of his unwholesome government.

It happened, that after having reigned two years, his extravagances became so

great, that he levied a heavy and burdensome tax upon his people, insomuch that they murmured, and were out of heart, saying, "Why should we sweat thus in our affairs? The more we get, the more is taken away from us; they let us live only that we may surfeit them." All confidence in dealing—all energy and interest were gone.

These three noblemen were walking in a garden, talking on the hated subject of the King's tyranny and the people's sufferings, when Christian, the greatest of them, proposed that they should risk their lives and become the champions of the liberties of the people; that they should sell their vast estates and lands, and convert them into money to obtain arms, &c., for the sustenance of troops. So they departed to consider of the matter, agreeing to meet each other on the following day in that place, and swear an oath. Having thought of the thing, and being fully resolved, feeling enthusiastically the virtue of the cause, they met before the appointed time in the garden, and there swore never to desert each other, or the cause of liberty which they had espoused; nor take any steps without the full consent of all three. Having knelt down and taken this oath on their swords, they parted to gather their fortunes into a heap, and strengthen themselves amongst those who hated but feared the Government. They all found the love of the people was equal to the hatred of the monarch, for the same cause had produced both. They had for a long time provided their families with bread, and fed the rapacity of power by paying its burdensome demands upon them; the time, however, was now come when they were to effect a change.

They retreated from the city to the mountains; and there, suddenly hoisting a standard, gave hopes to all who would come to them. At the first their numbers were many, though not one-third of what they should have been: for the poor-hearted, having no faith in their cause (though knowing it honest), would not join them, for fear of the King. They, wisely seeing that something must be done, came down from the mountains and gave the King battle; after a bloody fight they won it, beating the King unto his very gates.

It was now that the true dispositions of men appeared: for no sooner had they gained this victory, than those who were before tame, became as wild as wolves; and those who were afraid were mad with vigour in their cause.

The tyrant, fearing they would besiege him within his walls, hastened to try once again his fortune in the field. A second battle was fought, but with doubtful success, for night had closed upon the scene of action, and forced a retreat.

It happened that Gustavus, who with a chosen number had penetrated to the gates of the city, determined upon entering it; and, having cut their way through, they flew to the senate-house, supposing the council would be sitting to advise in their exigences. In this they were not mistaken: there they found the old retainers of the King—the feed bloodsuckers of their country—the seals to tyranny—the vouchers and abettors of all wrong; and there without mercy they hacked them to death, so that the blood poured through the crevices into the street. Having done this, they broke through into the great garden, past the palace, into the plain; thus avoiding any further encounter. Gustavus, however, did not return as he had come—it had been well for him if he had. In passing the palace he made prize of the youngest daughter of the King, and carried her off with two of her women; marching through the valleys till they had gained the main army. Both parties being sufferers, thought it wise to retreat for some time.

The lady whom Gustavus had taken, though young, was artful in the extreme; and she, wishing well to the Government, and ill to the faction, pretended to fall violently in love with him, and yielded to his pleasure: seeking every means to loosen the firmness of his mind, and to make herself the sole object of his thoughts. This she accomplished, like a true woman; so that Gustavus began to show marks of despondency and strangeness of manners before his two friends. The princess was suddenly missed, and it was rumoured that she and her maids had escaped. The truth, however, soon appeared; which was, that Gustavus had turned traitor, and had sent her to her father with a promise to join him. Gustavus at first thought of

persuading his comrades to a peace, but a little reflection soon convinced him of the impracticability of such a scheme. It came at length to this point: whether he would sacrifice the cause of liberty, or his affection for this woman. The trifle prevailed, and the great weight rose in the scale.

Soon after her flight, the King's party showed signs of active preparation for battle, for the eagerness of which none could account but Gustavus. Measures were taken to meet them; and when both parties had fronted each other, and paused for the word of attack, Gustavus drew off his troops, and, making a circuit round a hill, fell suddenly into the King's ranks, and faced upon his friends. Christian and Frederick looked on each other amazed, and Christian said sorrowfully, "We are no longer the crescent three." Frederick turned furiously round, and made an attack upon the part where Gustavus was stationed; and, having left the main battle to Christian, he with a hundred chosen-men chased Gustavus up and down the ranks, cleaving his way through every opposition, till he had secured him and taken him prisoner. Christian, seeing a favourable opportunity, found it prudent to sound a retreat; having sustained but little loss, and disabled the King's troops too much to follow him. In the morning they assembled and sat in judgment upon their prisoner, who, by this time, had come to a full sense of his dishonour, and desired nothing so much as to die, and end at once his misery and the mean opinion he had of himself. When he was brought before them, he stood with much humility and unaffected sorrow; never lifting his eyes from the ground, or shifting his melancholy position. Christian spoke, saying, "What are we to do with thee? Thou hast deserved the death for sacrificing thine honour to thine inclination; for abandoning the sacred cause of liberty and the people; and (worst of all) abetting their fast enemy. Thy fault is great; but thou hast been so long my brother and fellow-counsellor in the ways of honesty, that I cannot stop thy breath. What you have done in our affairs has been done with a full heart; and what you now feel, I am well assured, is felt with a full heart,—that is, that you have lost your honour, and the blessed hope of bestowing liberty to your fellow-men. What you did was through the infatuation of that bad woman: it was weak, and we cannot again trust you in our great cause. What are we to do with you?"—Frederick immediately answered, saying, "There is but one thing to be done. We swore an oath, which oath was to be our judgment; and it sentences this traitor to death. Is it not merited? But for the aid of Heaven, we had, through his treachery, been sacrificed to our enemies; and, for our blind confidence in his hollow faith, have died a death most beastly, under the steeds of our enemies. His life is forfeited to every soldier here—chiefly to you and me—and I demand it in all justice of you."—Christian replied, "You have spoken the truth; but there is one thing greater than revenge, and hand-friend to our cause—it is mercy. Let him live; we can spare him and all who are traitors. His cause (which was his armour) and his power being gone, he is become weak as a naked sword. If you will be revenged, let him be sent forth in a burnished car, decked in a purple vest and garlanded, with chains upon his wrists, to his new master the great King; and let his dishonourable wife take him to her arms, and pay him for his loss of peace and honour with a kiss; then he may work for the King. I fear no harm that he can do us; once known, the faith is broke. This is enough for all thy great revenge, and better than his blood. Seek not his life; I pray thee, let him live."—But Frederick was boisterous, and demanded his life, and would by no means listen to the feelings of Christian; saying, he would act no farther in the cause if every article was not obeyed; so that Christian, finding that he was not to be pacified, agreed to draw lots with him, which should have the disposal of the prisoner. Humanity was repulsed; for Frederick won it, and condemned him to death, swearing an oath that he should die. Christian, finding nothing would prevail upon him to relinquish his design, came down, and folding his arms about Gustavus, embraced him, saying, "Care not, we are parted, but for a little time. I will be always anxious to do more than I have done, as being mindful of the sorrow you feel at having left undone so much. You see I cannot help your fate, but I am sorry. I now embrace you for the last time; you have been, and

might be noble; what you are I shall ever forget. Will nothing save his life?"—Frederick sternly answered, "No, nothing." So they parted, both shedding tears. When Gustavus had recovered his voice, he said firmly, and in a manly tone, "Ye neither of you know me. That I am so mean in the opinions of my honourable companions, is much, very much; but that I am so mean in my own, is more. I am mad to think of what I have lost: I am glad that I am overtaken in my crime. Be it known to you, Lord Frederick, that in some senses you are the poorest of the two; for you are proud to wrench from humanity that which I loathe and shall throw by. I know not why, but I feel you are out of my memory. I regret not to leave you, and hardly seem to have done you any offence. But to the greater and gentle Christian what can I say? Never enough—never half. I feel my heart aches, and thus will I be peevishly revenged upon it. I will whisper thy name, and it shall usher me to heaven." So saying, he stabbed himself to the heart, and fell on his back, dead. When Christian saw this he ordered his soldiers to take him away; and he buried him, and mourned for him sincerely.

The King, finding he had gained nothing by this move (by which he had expected to gain everything), became more wary and cautious, and endeavoured to recruit himself by ceasing to provoke hostilities. The patriot captains finding this, began to plan some measure for assaulting the city and carrying it by storm; in consequence of which, Frederick undertook with a body of chosen men to go out, with an intention to discover the state and power of the enemy's outposts. This adventure he performed successfully the first time; but on the second, other fortune awaited him. The King's scouts having discovered his first attempt, alarmed the captain of the guard; but he was then too weak to attack men whom he knew would fight desperately; and, moreover, he judged that, by keeping close in the bushes and the fern where they were in ambush, and suffering them to return unalarmed, they would make an excursion of the same nature, when he would be better provided to repulse them. In this he was right; and, having set a spy upon a hill, he awaited patiently for the signal of their approach; which, when he saw, he ordered his men to fall flat upon their faces amongst the heath. As soon as Frederick and his men were passed in silence and supposed security, they rose up quietly, with a staunch arrow in each bow, and discharged upon them with a horrid shout; and many a brave fellow fell, wounded in the back. They turned, however, as savage as wolves, and fought a bloody battle with their enemies, who were ten times their number; but the valour of Frederick was a host in itself, and he ever cheered on his men with enthusiastic shouts of liberty. Although his numbers were so great, the captain of the guard began to doubt the issue of the fight; and, to put more spirit in his men, promised them each a piece of gold if they were conquerors. This did much; but Frederick and his fellows fought till every man lay stretched amongst the grass; most of them hacked to death, and but a few wounded. Frederick having received three wounds, and having fainted from loss of blood, they took him prisoner, and carried him into the city with the poor remnant of his men, and there cast him into prison, till he should be cured or die.

Christian waited in his fastness with painful impatience for the return of his friend and colleague, and at last summoned a troop of horse and went in search of him. When he came upon the field of battle the cause of this delay was fully explained. There the condition of each man spoke for their valour, insomuch that Christian muttered, "They have fallen as we would trim a tree, joint by joint. Dost thou behold, thou placid Heaven? Their cause was liberty. If any be thy children, these are they—large-hearted, noble fellows." The glorious zeal he felt burning in his bosom gave way to wonder and amazement at the number of the enemy that lay dead. Soon, however, he thought upon Frederick, and, hoping yet to find some life in him, went anxiously searching, but could not find him; still, thinking that he never would be taken by the enemy alive, he was about to order a second search, when one who was wounded told what had happened to Frederick. Christian said, "They must know that he cannot be spared." And, having collected all the wounded of friends and enemies, they retreated to their camp.

Christian now began to think industriously, and to study with all diligence, desire, and patience, what was to be done; strengthening his heart to do for the best, having lost his two friends, and determined to fight it out till his last breath. After mature thinking, having taken the sense of the wisest men of his army, he determined to raise all the power he could, attack the city at all its gates with fire and sword, and thus burn out the tyrant and his horde: moreover, he had a secret cause in his heart, which was to gain (if possible) the liberty of his fellow in arms. This measure took some time to execute; but when his army was formed, judiciously disposed, and the plan of attack nearly completed, he received news that Frederick had accepted a title and station under the King. This he could hardly credit, especially when he thought upon the death of Gustavus.

The fact was this: when Frederick had recovered from his wounds, he had nothing to expect but present death, all ransom being refused. The King, who judged (and in some measure rightly) that the love of liberty in those out of office is another name for the love of power, thought it prudent to tempt Frederick, and if possible to win him to his interest: not that he would benefit himself much by it, but that it would eat into the heart of Christian, and shake the confidence of his troops. Restless ambition, joined to a severe and ferocious disposition, and the love of power (not the love of honour), were the prevailing features of Frederick's mind; so that, not having the courage to die, he renounced his faith, and took his seat by the King's chair.

Christian credited this for truth; but thought secretly, that Frederick had done it through craft, and to win time that he might by some means escape and again join him. There appearing, however, great mystery, he was perplexed how to proceed; but at length determined to alter his plan, and delay the time of attack till he had been himself into the city, and found the truth of the matter. Disguising himself, therefore, in the habit of a slave, and providing for his absence as well as he could, he left the camp under the best direction in his power, and made for the city. There he offered himself to serve in the King's army, took their cloak and habit, and by this means gained admission. This was no sooner done than he gathered the truth respecting Frederick; still thinking that he waited only for some chance to join him. When he arrived at his palace his joy was great. Here, again, taking the habit of a slave, he engaged himself as a servant. But his confidence was a little shaken when he saw with what heartless happiness he lived, and that he behaved to the King with smiling indifference, and not with a smothered hate. He brooded over the apparent truth continually, thinking on the death of Gustavus, and sweating with great wrath.

It was the custom of Frederick to walk in his garden secretly at noon. After three days, Christian, in full conviction, gave way to his vengeance; and, watching Frederick till he was at the end of the avenue of the garden (where his guard could not hear him, and where he was free from interruption), came up to him and said, "I have long looked for this opportunity; know thou that thy happiness is complete. I am no slave, but a messenger disguised from the soldier Christian, to give thee hopes of deliverance, and afford means for thy flight secretly." Frederick bit his lips, and, folding his garbient round him, said, "Slave, you mistake me; I am not of your faction." Christian struck him a violent blow on the mouth with the back of his hand, casting at him a look of loathing and disdain. They both drew their swords and fought; Frederick smote madly, as if to justify his treachery; but Christian followed him on, blow for blow, with a most potent eye and secure confidence that doomed him to death. Having wounded Frederick in the throat, he struck him on the head and knocked him down; and, striding over him, waited to see if he was yet dead. When he was revived a little, Christian said to him, "Thou devil (or worse), be it known to thee, that the great cause thou hast betrayed is its own avenger. Though thou hast deserted Liberty, sweet Liberty, shall be her own champion. It is a word to melt the crowns of tyrants yet; and for such petty worms as you, that eat their way into our human hearts, and take the life-blood smiling, her foot is on thee—her arm of vengeance can reach thee on thrones

or in palaces. Know me for Christian!" And he raised his arm to strike him; but Frederick called for mercy and pardon. Christian said, "Pardon thou hast, but mercy none; and yet a little—as much as thou didst give Gustavus. Art thou so mean a beast as to wish to live in thine own filth—a tyrant's engine of unholy wrath? O fool! O fool! how worse than mad. What hast thou lost? Where are the shouts up from a thousand hearts made happy by shaking the dull leaves from overblown oppression? Where is the echo that high heaven would send in answer to that peal? Where is thy banner in the victory—thine oath—thine honour, and thy name in heaven? All gone! Would you yet wish to live? Where is thy hatred to a tyrant King? All turned to love; nay, worse, to callous nothing. Thyself remembering, but all else forgot that makes thee worth remembrance. I forgot thee not. Poor worm, dost struggle? This for the cause of liberty—this for the nobler Gustavus; myself and Heaven come last. So, now my sword hath supped, it shall to bed. Thou bloody picture!—Amen to thee!—henceforth I do forget thee." So saying, he turned his back upon him, and left him lying under the tree, dead. Returning to his army, he bethought himself how he might best atone to his great cause for the falling of another of its sworn leaders. As his difficulties increased, his love to the cause of the people became greater, and he grew more firm in its defence: determined on this one thing, setting his life at nothing. And all this was indeed needful.

He returned to his camp, full of anxiety, hope, and firmness; and sending for his officers, he unfolded his mantle and discovered himself. They no sooner saw him than they fell upon him, bound him, and gave him over to certain of his enemies who were at hand, and left him at their mercy. In vain he threatened and called for his guard—none answered; they bore him, full of doubt and perplexity, back into the city, and cast him into a dungeon. Still his firm heart was not shaken at this mutiny of his captains; and, rendering his cause into the hands of Heaven, he bethought him, vigilantly, by what means he could once more gain his liberty, to espouse it. On looking round the prison he saw three of his soldiers bound, and standing at his back; and he said, "My fellows, how are you in this misfortune? Tell me (if you know), how came we thus?" They neither of them answered; but, casting their eyes upon the ground, hung their heads in silence. When Christian pressed them further, one said to the other, "Do you tell the captain, my throat aches." And he, who was an old veteran, said, "My lord, you have heard my voice often thunder in the war; but I have to tell a childish tale, unfit for a man's breast to send forth, or a man's ear to hear; so I will suit it to the story. My eyes are wet, too, and fretted, for I spy nothing but ruin where I have seen honour. But enough of this. Oh! yet anything rather than come to the matter; but, as well as I may, with powers impaired with grief and shame, I'll tell it. Ope thine ears, and brace thy heart, for I will tell this tale but once, and to you only; and, sooth, none will believe it. We four, here, are the greatest sacrifice that honour and a great cause ever registered: we are not man's soldiers now, but God's; for man deserts us. I take the praise that is due to us, for it fills our hearts without the help of the world. Captain, there is one thing called gold, and another honour: when they go together, they are Heaven's champions; when not, they are enemies, and fight. The arch-fiend found his way into the camp, and, for a little, plucked the true hearts to his side; bought honour in, and the great seal upon the sweet bond of liberty stickled no longer for the point,—nay, less than coy, gave up at once, like a hot maid. Come, come, I will be plain. Thy officers (the devil burn them!) said to thy men (fierce fire consume them!), "The King hath sent us gold, would fain be friends, and bring us to peace; hath sent us laws signed by his proper hand, grants of land, and measures of corn in the hard season. Show this camp your shoulders; go, break your swords, or bend them into hooks; fall on your knees, and, when our captain comes, I'll give him to the King to make you friends. By Heaven! these tall fellows all gave up at a wink, a nod, and murdered precious Liberty down in the dirt. But why do you weep? All piping? Captain, where's your tough heart now? I'll lend my handkerchief; be quick, for 'tis in use. Ay, the devil, gold,

and want of honour did it. Damned be they all!" After a long pause, Christian said, "World! world! O world!" and, looking on his fellows, asked why they were there. He who had spoken replied, laughing, "Fate will have his joke—I came to die." The second said the same:—"I have strained for one cause, and will crack in the losing on't. It was a good one; I will be out of breath in it." The third said, "Ask me not, for we four brothers can understand by signs." Christian folded them each in his arms, and blessed them in the great name of Liberty, saying, "This is all I can." When his mind was a little calmed, he fell to deliberation, hoping to find some means by which to lift his standard once more. In the evening he was carried before the King, who, having great judgment, was fully aware of the nobleness of Christian's nature, and designed to sport with him. He kept him standing like a groom, often looking upon him, without noticing him, and trifling with his courtiers in jest. At last he said, "Christian, as a rebel to your anointed King, you are doomed to death; but, as I know thee, thou rare bird, I will save thee on one condition. Barely say that thou wilt live at peace with me, and no longer choke with thy valour my free way, and I will come down, and with my own hands undo those chains." Christian replied (smiling with contempt), "Thou dost not know me, thou fool, or thou hadst not made so idle a request. Nay, no more talk; despatch me in thy wrath. I tell thee, if I had thee thus, I would cut thy throat." And the King said, "For what dost thou despise my grace?" "For a word, merely." "I must hear it." "Thou dardest not." "The word!" "Liberty!" And they all four cried out, "Liberty!" till the King in anger delivered them to the guard, when they went out shouting, so that all the assembly feared, and wondered at them. When they were gone, the King retired to feast, and caroused in joy at the end of the war.

Soon after the prisoners had got to their cell, a messenger came with the warrant of death sealed in his hand, and commanded the three others to leave Christian in his cell; so that these brave fellows were forced to part. They went away as if they had been going on a party of hawking, or some graceful pleasure, but with hearts puffed up to their ribs. As Christian heard the last whispers of their footfall pass the vault, tears started involuntarily to his eyes; yet he knew not despair, but was full of excessive feeling. He thought over all his battles, and felt proud at heart for having done greatly, and for the best, in all things: a happiness greater than any but himself could know. He, though the butt of all mischance, was great enough, in his own honour, to stride over fate; and, thinking once more on the blessed cause he had upheld, he grew fond (as is the way of people in distress); and, being full of poor thoughts for this world, played tricks in his imagination, fancying that he and his three comrades were dead, and wandering amongst the fields of heaven, with the same honest faces, but free from care; and, so musing, he fell into a placid sleep.

If it is a joy to find a good man happy in this world, listen, and rejoice with me.

When midnight came he was awoke by low and melancholy singing in his ear, and, raising his eyes, he beheld a figure and face of heavenly beauty leaning over him. So strongly did this blend with his dream, that he was some time entranced, between sleep and wake, certainty and doubt; but when the hand of this beautiful woman fell upon his head, the vision of his dream was gone. She, sitting herself beside him, began, with actions full of grace, to comfort him, and bade him hope that he might live after sunrise, for all the warrant of the King; while he, struck with the strangeness of the thing, sat looking and adoring by turns. Thus the time passed in pleasant converse; he never desiring his liberty, and she giving him hopes. When the morning came, the lady left his prison by the same pass she had entered, the secret of which yielded only to her knowledge. Christian's mind was filled with wonder at this circumstance, and his heart yearned with affection towards one (whoever she might be) that could visit him in his distress, and enter so ardently into the virtue of his cause. Above all, her face and manner were so pleasing to him, that the whole dwelt in his mind as a vision; but in the middle of his heart he nourished the hopes of escape, once more to try his fortune with the tyrant.



Now, this lady who had visited him was the eldest daughter of the King, and heiress to the throne. Neither she nor Christian had ever seen each other; but, being of a different nature to her father, she had long had a great affection for his nobleness and virtues, desiring nothing so much as to behold him. She was a woman of deep sensibility, sympathized with the cause of Liberty, and would have espoused it, but for some lurking of natural feeling towards her father. Since Christian was fallen into this misfortune, she determined to succour him, and went into his prison for that purpose. But after she had seen him her life, as well as his, was at stake; for she fell deeply in love with him, and saw nothing beyond this hope. When she had retired to her chamber, and was ruminating on the best means to save his life, her women came running to her in great distress, saying that the King was dead. She flew to his chamber, and found him in the arms of his attendants, a hideous spectacle. Having gloried greatly at Christian's distress, he ate and drank so freely as to cause a surfeit; and, being left in bed by his attendants, he had shifted his head from the pillow, so that it hung down from the bed, and so beastly insensible was he that he could not relieve himself. The blood flowed into his head, that his eyes were black and starting from their sockets; his cheeks blue, and puffed up; and his tongue swollen from beyond his teeth, and as black as ink. In vain they bled him, and applied baths—he was dead, like the violent beast he had lived, the victim of his own grossness. His daughter, seeing this, felt shocked, and was very miserable.

Having buried him, she bethought herself of the anxiety of Christian, and went to him, not telling him of these things. His penetrating eye soon discovered some sorrow at her heart, which he was too delicate to ask the cause of, but did all in his power to comfort her. She, feeling this, was melted to tenderness, and said, "Christian, I have an offer to make to thee. There is nothing on earth thou desirest so much as thy liberty, and there is nothing I desire so much as to be thy servant. If thou wilt take me for thy wife, thou art free; if not, thou art still free, only thou dost owe me thy love; which, if thou art long in paying, my heart will be bankrupt and broken." Here she paused anxiously. Christian replied, "Dear lady, I am neither blind nor ungrateful; for I see thy beauty, and feel thy love and affection for me. I take thee at thy word, and will be dutiful to thy delicate affection. I ask not who thou art, for I feel full well thou art honourable." After a short time they parted affectionately, and she went sorrowfully to her council.

Three of the richest men in the King's dominions, and who were of his friendship, had conspired together to deprive the young Queen of her rights, and had already taken measures for such proceedings. She, hearing of this, took a priest, and went to Christian's prison and married him. Afterwards she told him who she was, and of the conspiracy against her crown, saying, "Thy cause is once more in thy own hands; besides, thou art to struggle for a crown, and for me, thy wife. Therefore, by the loves of those people whom thou hast so long served, I conjure thee to be vigilant." She then led him out, and with his three comrades passed him out of the city. Having gathered arms, and secured all the money in the treasury, she retreated, and joined her husband. The rebels, knowing their power to be great, soon came out to meet Christian; and he, having disposed the strong posts in the hands of his three friends, joined battle with them. It was desperate and bloody; but Christian, being able to rely upon his leaders, fought it so ably as to slaughter most of his enemies; amongst whom were the rebel leaders. Thus he gained the reward of his merit—the long hoped-for cause—a lovely woman, and a crown.



## THE RECREATIONS OF MR. ZIGZAG THE ELDER.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE FLEET,

" Five miles, meandering with a mazy motion  
Through wood and dale, the sacred river ran ;  
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean."

THERE are few objects more stimulating to the zeal and curiosity of the enterprising traveller, than the adventure of penetrating the veil of mystery which broods over the unexplored origin of some river of ancient fame. To follow, step by step, the windings and deflections of its devious course, and to trace, amid many agreeable and extraordinary transitions of scenery, the gradual contraction of its waters from the full flood to the gliding stream, from the stream to the brook, from the brook to the rill, and thence to the modest fountain—the parent of its pure and bright-eyed infancy,—is a pursuit which has led men through peril and privation,—both over the burning sands of Africa, and the fields of everlasting ice which surround the poles—encouraging them to dare and do more than the heroes of a hundred battles. It is in such a spirit that the chronicler hath resolved likewise to perform his mission, albeit the same may not carry him to any very remote region, nor expose his steps to many of the perils, marvels, and vicissitudes which beset the wanderings of your Marco Porlo, your Mandeville, and terminated in melancholy obscurity the intrepid researches of ill-fated Mungo Park.

Not the mysterious Niger, nor the overwhelming Amazons, neither the vaunted La Plata, is it which hath attempted the enterprise of the Ancient ; but a stream of little fame, lying upon the boundaries of London city, and, although it is sufficiently known by name even to that degree of familiarity which is said to breed contempt, yet it is not shown that any one hath discovered and distinctly pointed out the original source thereof. Wherefore, though with but little prospect of renown attending such a consummation, the adventurer did resolve to cast himself among the Bedouins of Field-lane, instead of the Ishmaelites of the Desert, and to confront, instead of the lions of Timbuctoo, certain rats, which howbeit are large, fierce, and numerous : having this encouragement, that, if he succeed in arriving at the head springs of the river in question, and there drink a libation of its waters, he, if not the first that ever did so, will in all probability be at least the only traveller that has recorded the performance of such an achievement. And as the Illysus and Scamander have had their Homer, and the Nile hath had its Bruce, so it seemed meet that the Fleet likewise should have its Zigzag.

In pursuance of this resolution, the chronicler meditated privately upon the adventure, according to his wont, before entering upon any great and pregnant undertaking ; and, pacing briskly to and fro in his cell, he stopped from time to time, to gather from the shelves divers gnostic volumes, some of which he replaced with an impatient pish ! or the contemptuous stigma of " balderdash ;" but certain others were conned with more complacency, and various satisfactory passages marked off for future reference. Anon he stepped forth into the shady cloister, making a sortie upon the cats, or vainly essaying to awe, by the majesty of his presence, one old grey vagabond of that species who, having had experience of the ancient gentleman's trick of admonishing his feline enemies somewhat briskly with a slipper, now warily eschewed his approach, and looked down from a ledge, at the height of some eight feet, with an aspect both grotesque and hirsute, like unto certain monsters which grin from the angles of old churches in a way that is neither sublime nor beautiful. At length Mr. Zigzag behoved to summon to his councils his loving nephew

Zigzag the Younger ; and, when they had each lighted a pipe of Trinidad,

the Elder gravely proceeded to unfold his project of making a journey to the intent such as has been described. Now, it happened that this important disclosure was not effected without certain observations on the part of Mr. Zigzag the Younger, which appeared to the elder gentleman to savour of a contumacious spirit bordering upon downright mutiny.

"The Fleet" quoth the nephew, tranquilly replenishing his pipe, and looking the very personification of guileless innocence; as he uttered the treasonable words "I pray you, reverend sir, mean you the ditch so called?"

"Ditch!" ejaculated Mr. Zigzag the Elder, with such an aspect

"as when some mighty painter dips  
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse."

"Ditch!" he reiterated. "Boy! I speak of the ancient River of Wells"—

"The King of dikes! than whom no sluice of mud  
With deeper sable blots the silver flood."

persevered the younger gentleman. Here the brow of Zigzag became contracted into an expression absolutely leonine, and rampant was his posture, as he arose ready to smite the table in vehement wrath.

At this awful crisis an impressive hem! was audible, and the shade or eidolon of Master Cobweb was seen majestically helping itself to a glass of punch with one hand, while with the other it pointed to a passage in a pocket edition of the Plays of Shakspeare, which lay open before it.

The solemnity of this vision effected an immediate suspension of the discussion, which had lately threatened to become dangerous. Mr. Zigzag the Elder sunk back into his elbow-chair, his eyes fixed upon the spectre; while the latter tranquilly quaffed a huge sip of the beverage which it had poured forth, and the younger Zigzag filled to fill a pipe, and presented it to the visionary man, who hem'd three distinct times, and then uttered these words:—

"The volume before me contains the works of the immortal Shakspeare."

"It seems but a modern trumpery edition," quoth Mr. Zigzag the Elder, replenishing the glasses.

"Hem!" said Master Cobweb, without noticing this aspersion, "Act 3, scene 4, here it is—'A room in the Tower.'"

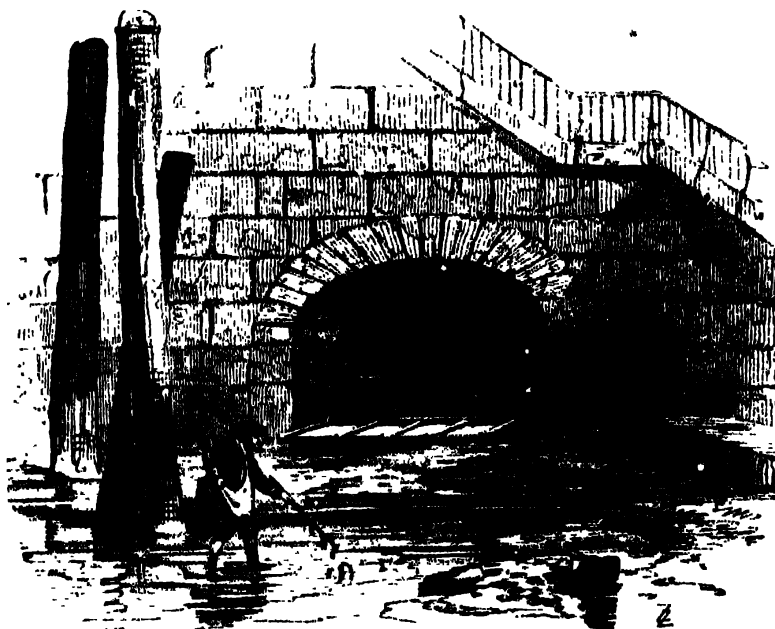
"Why, what then, thou prosy phantom! Is that all thou hast crossed the Styx to tell us? If there be aught further to reveal, speak out, pr'ythee, and rid us of thy portentous presence."

The phantom replied not, but slowly puffed at the Trinidad until he was enveloped in a thick cloud of smoke, whence at length the following oracle was heard to proceed:—

"My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,  
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;  
I do beseech you, send for some of them."

"Well quoted, old Guildhall!" exclaimed the Elder, turning with a gracious countenance; but the cloud had dispersed, and the place where the eidolon of Master Cobweb had appeared now was void; the empty bowl being the only substantial evidence of its having been there at all. Mr. Zigzag now, addressing his rebellious junior in a tone of calm severity, proceeded:—"Behold, my son, the effect of thy levity. The wraith or doppleganger of Master Cobweb hath been compelled, even from the calm retreats of Crooked-lane or Puddle-dock, where his corporeal part loveth to solace itself with fat ale, hither to confront this rebellion! Alack, what effects may not have been produced upon his sensorium by this ubiquitous notation! Concoct now another bowl, good neophyte! while I expatiate upon the hint wherewith the words of Shakspeare have rebuked thine infidelity. 'Good strawberries—who but a bishop should have of the best?' Strawberries worthy of being coveted by a king!—such fruit never grew upon the borders of a foul and abominable ditch. No, the pleasant River of Wells was then a stream of a different complexion. On the western bank of its clear and rapid waters lay the bishop's garden, sloping to their very brink, with its fig-trees and mulberries, its maze and green alleys; but alleys of another sort are to

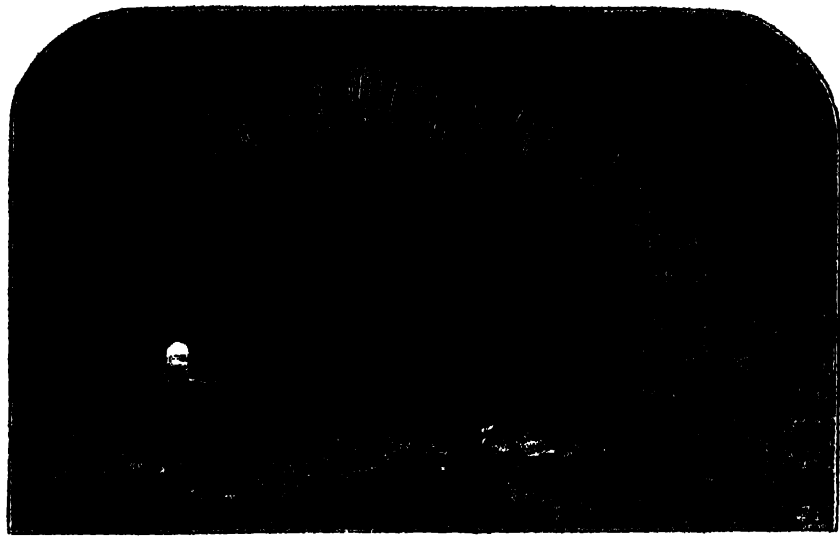
be seen there now, I wot—grim, pestiferous dens of brick and mortar, the lurking places of human wild beasts—biped wolves and foxes; and Hatton-garden shows never a green thing, unless it be some purchaser of Rowland's kalydor. But we will revive the memory of these renowned spots, even as we journey over the sites which they once graced. Meanwhile fill thy pipe and pass the Virginian weed, that we may tranquillize our spirits and refresh ourselves for the journey of to-morrow."



At an early hour of a fine morning in the month of October, 1845, the travellers stood at the junction of the rivers Fleet and Thames, even at the north end and on the western side of the bridge of Blackfriars. But the mingling of these waters is a secret and mysterious thing, the tributary flood being secured by a sufficient gate or weir of iron, and its current is conveyed under the muddy banks, to a considerable distance into the Thames, by a covered channel, whereby two of the senses are protected from offence, the Fleet at this place being, in good sooth, neither sweet nor sparkling. By a little plowtering through the ooze you reach the iron barricade, and, listening there, you hear a dull, muffled roar, such as might be heard to welter at the Stygian gates; or climbing, you look over and behold, amid the gloom of that arched and massive portal, the sable stream itself curving to the lower depth, by which it finally disappears into the grand receptacle of London's liquid impurities. The vaulting is here twelve feet in height, and the width of the channel is eighteen feet. Here many persons enter when the water has subsided sufficiently to admit of a footing; and, armed with a stick to defend themselves against the rats, as well as to probe their perilous way among the slimy shallows, and carrying a lantern to light the dreary passage, they wander for miles under the crowded streets, in search of such waifs as are carried there from above. A more melancholy or gloomy pursuit can scarcely be conceived, so near to the great throng of London streets as to hear the rolling of its numerous and varied carriages incessantly thundering overhead, and the voices of its wayfarers, audible where here and there a grate admits a glimmer of the light of day; yet so utterly cut off from all communion with the outer throng, so lonely in the very heart of a great and populous city, that, of the thousands who pass overhead, not one is even conscious of the wretched wanderer creeping in noisome darkness and peril beneath his very feet.

A source of momentary destruction ever lurking in these gloomy regions exists in the gases that evolve from the confined and putrefying atmosphere, and which some-

times explode with a force sufficient to dislodge the very masonry, or, taking light from the contact of the lantern, might envelop the miserable intruder in sudden flame. The lives of such as follow this precarious calling are esteemed of little importance, and their total disappearance is a thing to create but slight remark; and many may have laid them down in the course of such a dismal pilgrimage to be heard of no more; others may have fallen, suddenly choked, sunk bodily in the accumulated slime, become a prey to swarms of voracious rats, or have been overwhelmed by an unforeseen increase of its polluted waters. About four years ago there was a temporary opening made in the vaulting at Holborn-bridge, at which time the arch that formerly spanned the open stream there was discovered. The opportunity of descending to the gloomy channel of this *Avernus* was too tempting to the curiosity of Mr. Zigzag to be arrested by ordinary scruples. He accordingly entered, and, with much zeal and many pinches of rappce, he proceeded a considerable way underground; and the accompanying woodcut is a fair copy of the only draught ever made in these subterranean regions. Most pungent were the vapours



‘SUBTERRANEAN COURSE OF THE FLEET.’

to be encountered, and unclean and slippery the footing which was obtained upon a peninsula of mud that divided the sable stream; but strange and even solemn was the scene that was perceived between glimmer and gloom—merging into darkness the most unmitigated just before the final opening appeared like a star of intense blue at a distance, greatly exaggerated by the optical effect. The sullen rush of the inky flood, the hollow rumbling overhead, and the oozy banks strewn thickly with bones and entire skeletons of animals, where an eddy had deposited the carcass to be speedily stripped by the rats, kept the explorer as it were spell-bound on the borders of a wizard stream, until warned by his sensations that the heavy atmosphere in which he was immersed was doing violence to the delicate functions of respiration and circulation, when he considered it prudent to effect a retreat.

Very different, however, was the scene in the olden times, when the wild and uncontaminated current flowed brightly through the tangled forest of primeval oak and beech, when the painted Briton paddled his coracle from shore to shore, or higher up the beaver constructed its weir, and the elk and bison rushed through the brake to slake their thirst or lave their limbs in the yet nameless river. For this was a period ere yet any chronicler had commenced his task, unless, indeed, some long-lost lay of the Druidic bard may have been tuned in its praise, and sung amid the groves which then hallowed its banks. However, thus sayeth worshipful Master Stowe:—

Anciently, until the Conquerour's time, and two hundred yeeres after, the citie of

London was watred (besides the famous River of Thames on the south part) with the River of Wels, as it was then called: on the west, with water called Walbrooke, running thorow the midst of the Citie into the River of Thames, serving the heart thereof: and with a fourth water or boorne, which ran within the Citie, through Langborne Ward, watring that part in the east. In the west suburbs was also another great water, called Oldborne, which had its fall into the River of the Wels. Then were there three principall fountains or wels in the other suburbs: to wit, Holy Well, Clement's Well, and Clarkes' Well. Neere unto this last-named fountaine were divers other wels: to wit, Skinners' Well, Fag's Well, Tode Well, Loder's Well, and Rad Well. All which said wels having the fall of their overflowing into the aforesaid river, much increased the streame, and in that place gave it the name of Well."

And again:—"That the River of Wels in the west part of the Citie was of old so called of the Wels, it may be proved thus: William the Conqueror, in his charter to the College of St. Martin-le-Grand, in London, hath these words: 'I doe give and grant to the same church, all the land and the moore without the posterne, which is called Creplegate, on cyther part of the posterne: that is to say, from the north corner of the wall (as the River of the Wels, there neere running, departeth to the same moore from the wall) unto the running water which entreth the Citie.' This water hath been long since called the River of the Wels; which name of river continued, and it was so called in the reigne of Edward the First, as shall be shewed, with the decay also of the said river."

"Thus, O nephew," continued Mr. Zigzag, "hath John Stowe testified to the early importance of the River of Wells, and, as you perceive, even the Conqueror himself hath in a manner become a chronicler thereof. Wherefore, let it not be said that this ancient river is unworthy of note, albeit now a ditch." Thus saying, he led the way until they presently came to the place called Bridewell. "Here," said he, "the Fleet was crossed by a bridge."

"Which thing," replied Mr. Zigzag the Younger, "you related unto me when we performed that memorable circumambulation of the walls of London, at which time you did likewise make mention of the castle or palace of Bridewell."

"True, my son," rejoined the Elder: "wherefore it is sufficient to add, that over against the north wall of that building was formerly the inne or house of the Bishop of St. David's, and hard by was the residence of the Bishop of Salisbury, the site of which is now called Salisbury-court. This house was given in exchange, by Bishop Jewel, to the family of Sackville. It was here that the accomplished nobleman Lord Buckhurst (afterwards Earl of Dorset) wrote the play of "Porrex and Ferrex,"—the first specimen of regular tragedy in blank verse produced in this country. Upon the ground thus consecrated to the drama, the theatre called the Duke's was built by Christopher Wren, soon after the Restoration; and here Betterton and the best actors of the time led the town, until a Frenchified court had changed and debased the public taste, and then who but Dr. D'Avenant, with his music and decoration? Little as it hath to show now," continued Mr. Zigzag, "this neighbourhood hath of old time been a famous site, and it was resorted to at an early period on account of the sanctity of St. Bridget's Well. The Church of St. Bridget, a small antique building, stood adjacent; it was enlarged by the piety of William Viner, Warden of the Fleet in the year 1180, the original edifice remaining as the choir; but the Great Fire levelled the whole, and it was afterwards replaced by the present church, the work of Wren. Not far from the church was the Falcon, where dwelt the famous printer, Wynkyn de Worde. Near here, also, Milton resided, as I have before mentioned."

"True," said Mr. Zigzag the Younger.

"Touching the monastery of the Carmelites or White Friars," continued the Elder, "we may find matter for a separate; notice for we will now return to the course of the Fleet, which flows under our feet as we cross the end of Fleet-street, so called from the stream which was here traversed by a bridge towards Ludgate. Of such bridges there were four between Bridewell and the foot of Holborn-hill,

viz., the two already mentioned; another at Fleet-lane; and, lastly, Holborn-bridge. These remained until 1732, together with quays and warehouses which had been built after the Great Fire, at which time a final effort had been made towards effectually cleansing and again rendering navigable the channel up to Holborn. But, although the barges and smaller vessels were for a time floated thither, the more palmy days of the old river chronicled by Stowe, when, in 1307, 'ten or twelve ships, navies, at once, with merchandises, were wont to come to the aforesaid Bridge of Fleete, and some of them up to Oldborne bridge,' were never again realised. Indeed the old river appears very soon to have relapsed into a condition similar to that which, during several centuries, had from time to time provoked the petitions and remonstrance of those dwelling on its borders, and which had even so early as 1290 put forth such exhalations as overpowered all the frankincense burned by the Carmelites at their altars, and poisoned many of the friars, whereupon they joined with the Black Friars and the Bishop of Salisbury, in a unanimous prayer to the King and Parliament for an amendment of the abuse. Various remedies had been tried at different times to meet the double grievance of pestilential effluvia and impeded navigation which ensued with every fresh accumulation of mud, and many mills that had diverted and obstructed the course of the river were suppressed; but all was in vain. The opprobrious name of Fleet Dike was now bestowed upon the forlorn and slimy creek; many persons fell into it and were smothered, as if on purpose to increase the outcry, which was now set up against it with tenfold clamour; it was finally ordained that this part of the ancient river should thenceforth be doomed to a subterranean course, and it was vaulted over and covered up accordingly.

"The fumes which arose from these unclean waters must have enhanced, with a vengeance, the corrupt and pent-up atmosphere of the prison to which they gave a name; for, according to Stowe, the stream not only flowed at the base of the Fleet Prison, but had likewise surrounded it. The original date of this house of bondage is not precisely ascertained; but it is known to have existed in the time of Richard I., who 'confirmed to Osbert (brother to William Longshampe, Chancellor of England, and elect of Ely), and to his heirs for ever, the custody of his house or palace at Westminster, with the keeping of his gaole of the Fleet at London. Also, King John, by his patent dated the third of his reign, gave to the Archdeacon of Welles the custody of the said King's house at Westminster, and of his gaole of the Fleet.' A curious concatenation of offices, at which one marvels somewhat, to think whether the reverend gaolers found most trouble in governing the King's retainers at Westminster, or his bondmen at *Prison de la Fleet*.

"This prison was the destination of persons committed by the 'Council or Court of Star Chamber,' which was annulled by the Act of 16th Charles I., after which it became a prison for debtors, and for contempt of Chancery. Many refractory members of Parliament have at different times been placed in custody at the Fleet, but they were liable to be reclaimed by the Commons.

"In 1453, 31st of Henry VI., Thomas Thorpe, Speaker of the House of Commons, was sent to the Fleet by a verdict obtained against him by Richard Duke of York. In this case they chose another Speaker.

"Queen Elizabeth, who was not far behind her ill-omened predecessor in the article of religious persecution, ordained a numerous convocation of the clergy in this place for their adherence to the Catholic ritual. A list of the flames of the sufferers is in existence, and among them are several doctors, and some who became bishops after a sufficient course of humiliation by these waters of Babylon.

"It appears that this prison became, at length, such a den of infamy and cruelty, that, upon the representation of a number of benevolent gentlemen who, in 1729, formed themselves into a committee to inquire into the abuses there prevailing, when it was found that Huggins, warden of the Fleet, and Bambridge, his deputy, and William Acton, turnkey, had been guilty of outrageous severity and oppression of the prisoners. 'Those monsters were tried for the murder of five unhappy men, who died under the most horrid treatment at their hands; yet, notwithstanding the prosecution was recommended from the throne, and conducted by

the ablest lawyers, to the concern of all good men these wretches escaped their merited punishment.' Further particulars, in addition to the above, as reported in the 'State Trials,' are given, touching the government of this prison, by Howard, the champion and martyr of humanity, who, like another holy St. George, smote the dragon of official persecution, and rescued thousands of its victims from a condition which it would require another Dante to shadow forth in all the black detail of its gloomy horrors.

" 'Sir, will you please to walk in and be married,' was an invitation as familiar to persons passing Fleet Prison, a century back, as the offer of a coat is in Holywell-street at the present time; and numerous were the signs, representing two hands joined in matrimony, with the inscription below of 'Marriages performed within.' Most ruffianly and truculent was the aspect of the parson, who, swaggering before his den in rusty canonicals, greasy and beslopped with ale, awaited his customers, there being invited by a subordinate raggamuffin in the above terms. Here the torch of Hymen was lighted for consideration, varying from five guineas to a dram of gin or a roll of tobacco, according to the means or liberality of the bridegroom, or the necessity of the profligate flamin, one of whom has been known to unite in one day as many as from twenty to thirty couples. This herd of Comus was effectually routed by Chancellor Hardwicke, who exploded a practice by which numerous foolish or unprotected women were made the prey and dupes of seducers and unprincipled fortune-hunters, and many others of both sexes were made miserable for life by realising the old adage of 'marry in haste and repent at leisure.'

" Fleet-market was established soon after the closing of the channel in 1732, it supplied the neighbouring district with fish, flesh, poultry, vegetables, and earthenware. It has been removed within the last twenty years, and the process of converting the prison into baths and washhouses is likewise now in operation.

" During the numerous cleansings which the channel of the Fleet, especially in this part, has undergone, many Roman and Saxon coins and various utensils and other morsels of antiquity have been discovered. In 1670, various Roman utensils were found between Holborn and Fleet Prison, at a depth of fifteen feet; and a little deeper a great quantity of Roman coins, of silver, copper, and brass, appeared. Those of silver were ring-money. At Holborn-bridge were dug up two brazen lares, Bacchus and Ceres, each about four inches in length. It has been conjectured that these were cast away or dropped in their flight by the fugitives who escaped at the approach of the enraged and injured Boadicea. Many spurs, weapons, keys, seals, &c., also medals, crosses, and crucifixes, were found, which, if they were dropped on similar emergencies, might have entitled this part of the Fleet to some such a name as the Ford of the Fugitives, or the Passage of the Panic-stricken.



" A vessel [here delineated] which is now in the possession of a gentleman of Clement's-inn, was dug up in this neighbourhood, near the end of Fleet-lane, a few months ago. It was broken in the removal, as was likewise another vessel of fine white ware, which was contained within it. A fragment of the latter displays a representation of the incredulity of St. Thomas. The outer vessel, which may be about eighteen inches in circumference, has eight handles, and has probably been meant to be lifted by as many individuals who officiated in some unknown ceremonial."

Of the Christian Church?" inquired Mr. Zigzag the Younger.

By no means," replied the Elder; "but rather, as I should suppose, of a heathen nature, or possibly Jewish."

"And touching the St. Thomas?" asked the Younger.

"Why," rejoined the Elder, "eh! hum! ha! I should say that part is of a much later date, and has got there—I really cannot, at this moment, say exactly wherefore or how. But," he continued, "as we have made some progress in our researches,

and having, in the next place, to encounter the perils and difficulties of the lanes and alleys lying between Holborn and Clerkenwell, I advise that we—now”——

“A cup of ale?” suggested the Younger.

“By all means,” replied Mr. Zigzag the Elder; “wherefore let us approach, pilgrim-wise, the gate of the nearest monastery, where we may be supplied with the needful refection.”

“Humph!” quoth Mr. Zigzag the Younger.

“Ah, true! I was somewhat oblivious,” replied the chronicler; “but here is the Old George, a venerable hostel, as the sign warrants. Let us enter forthwith, and repose awhile ere we journey further.”



## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE FLEET.

“We have eaten and are thankful,” quoth Mr. Zigzag the Elder. “This ale is catholic, so one cup more good dame, to thy tutelar saint—‘St. George that swing’d the dragon and sits on his horseback at mine hostess’ door.’ There is the shot, o sceatta as they had it in olden time. And now, farewell.”

Refreshed and fortified with rest and good cheer, the adventurers forthwith essayed the straits leading from Holborn towards Saffron-hill, and the dusky regions bordering upon Clerkenwell. Here lurked many a bearded Charybdis on the one hand, and, on the other, many a black eyed Scylla, ready to devour all such unwary travellers as might venture within their clutches. But the Elder proceeded as one having had experience, looking not to the right, neither to the left, and firmly grasping his staff like the sage Ulysses when bound to the mast. The syrens of Judea, who allure men into their snares with the silken treasures of India, prevailed not against him; nor did the goatish representatives of the tribes of tahag, rahag, and bohobtail, avail to beguile him with such temptations as, “A pair of bootsh, my tear, better ash new,” or “A veshicote for leash ash no prishe.”

Not so, however, the younger traveller, who, although strong in internal resolution, and forewarned by much counsel, yet he could not so entirely command his demeanour, but that he must needs waver somewhat, and glance round on hearing such familiar and affectionate greetings as beset him on all hands. In a twinkling he was seized upon, and his alarmed Mentor experienced the distress of witnessing



his jeopardy, scarcely less imminent than that of Orpheus among the Thracian women.

"Beware! Beware!  
Her flashing eyes, her floating hair!"

exclaimed the Elder, advancing to the rescue, when such a scene ensued, that it might have been reported by the misjudging or censorious, that the venerable chronicler and his exemplary kinsman were beheld romping, reeling, tugging, rumpling, capering, and caracoling, in the unholy transports of an elfin sabbath with the witches of Field-lane.

"Seal of Solomon!" ejaculated a venerable Arab who now approached, bending and reverently touching his breast and forehead, "do I again behold the most ancient *חנניה*—Ben Simorg?"

"Silence keepeth watch on the lips of the prudent, like a sphynx at the sacred gate," said "Mr. Zigzag the Elder; "we will commune further at a convenient time, meanwhile disperse the daughters of Israel, and do thou be gone. Thou marvellest my son at the words of the stranger," quoth the Elder to his companion; "but as thine initiation proceedeth, many new things will be revealed for thine enlightenment; for the present be patient, and know that he who would attain the high places of wisdom must be content to journey thither by a path which is oft-times neither blooming nor odoriferous. But lo! here is the open Fleet, not however as of yore when

"Here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery;"

but rolling with leaden waves in its deep slimy channel, bordered by the decayed and ruined lurking places of crime, despair, and destitution, till it sinks with a black plunge underground, forlorn and sullen as the depths of Acheron. Let us here pause awhile; yet, O my son! tempt not the rotten and attenuated planks of that bridge, for I ween it is like unto the one seen in the 'Vision of Mirza'—beset with many traps, and treacherous to the footing. Touching the name of Fleet——"

"A Saxon etymology, sir?" inquired the younger Zigzag.

"Even so," replied the Elder. "In that language," he continued, "we find the word *fleot*, signifying a creek or place where the tide comes up, a name which is applicable to the former state of this lower course of the river so called. Likewise there is the word *flota*—a number of ships in company; this is also a title significant of the small fleets or *fluctuare* which formerly entered from the Thames, and were moored here. Moreover we have the terms, *flotur*, in the Icelandic; *flœtten* in the Tentonic; and *flotan*, in the Anglo-Saxon; all of which convey a signification of rapidity which is perfectly appropriate to the swift or fleet current of these waters in their descent from the high grounds whence they have their origin.

"It is a question, moreover, whether the name of Fleet or that of the River of Wells was the primary title, this last having been given at an early period, both on account of the number of springs or wells which constituted its sources, and others which afterwards fell into its course; but as such, it may even be supposed to have been known to the pastoral people of the upper district, while at the same time it was appropriately designated as the former, by the shipmen and merchants, whose traffic was carried on lower down. However, both names are ancient enough to be considered venerable, expressive enough to be held as poetical, and, moreover, they are each of them sufficiently appropriate to be esteemed satisfactory and identical.

"Having discussed this matter, we are now at liberty to look about us, and enjoy the scene at our leisure. We will therefore step round those ruined houses which, formed the corner of West-street—one of these in particular has attracted some attention of late, and has been variously assigned as the residence of Jack Sheppard, Blake, alias Blueskin, and Jonathan Wild, according to the fancy of the sponsors. In demolishing this tenement, the workmen came upon certain trap-doors and other contrivances for escape by way of the Fleet, which ran underneath. Such

appearances, together with the discovery of a human skeleton, and another of a child, which latter was stowed away in a box, gave sufficient assurance of a resort of criminals, if not of a place rendered even more infamous by bloodshed. But such appearances of the mouldering remains of unburied humanity, however startling, need create no great matter of surprise in the forlorn and deserted sheds of such a neighbourhood, where the wretched are oftentimes left to die alone, or the dead body forsaken, together with the miserable den where it perished, the former being in many cases too suspicious an object to be subjected even to the scrutiny consequent upon a parish funeral, and the latter no other than merely such a temporary abode as the houseless may occupy, amid a plentiful choice of ruins and accumulated filth and rubbish. Besides which it is no uncommon thing for some forlorn wretch, conscious of the pangs of dissolution, and seeking only to lie down and die, to creep into such a nook as the wild fowls will seek (literally jamming themselves into the crevice of a wall or rock) when wounded or worn out with age, even so it is with the stricken victims of crime and misery, and so they undergo the final struggle untended and alone, and there moulder for months or years, as it may be, until some such sweeping operation as the making of a new thoroughfare brings the doleful relics to light, and the place becomes forthwith the unwonted resort of the gay and fashionable, in search of a new sensation.

"Here," continued Mr. Zigzag the Elder, "have the most vile and desperate characters congregated during the matter of upwards of two centuries. Generation after generation have been bred, nursed, and educated in crime, even to the pitch of moral lycanthropy, whose rabid appetite blood only can assuage. Coney catches, the setter, the verser, and the barnacle; bat fowlers, the upright man, duffers, the dimber damber man, thieves, fences, fogel hunters, burglars, and highwaymen; these, in all their unlawful phases of knavery and crime, have here eaten their commons and taken a degree according to the perverted skill and unprincipled proficiency of the aspirant to the final honours of Newgate or 'Tyburn-tree.' From the days of Cock Sorrell, who flourished about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and is said to have introduced the gnostic language called Pedlers' French, the tribes of canters, chaffers, and slangmongers, have not been wanting to teach the younger aspirants of this university of thieves the nomenclature of their craft, and to grace with such delicate significations as the dodge, cracking a crib, and going the high toby; unrighteous doings, such as picking pockets, housebreaking, and taking to robbery on the highway. But the days are gone when from the purlicus of Chick-lane or Hatton-wall, it was no uncommon thing to see a well-mounted cavalier canter forth armed with pistols and *couteau de chasse*, who, spurring his 'bit of blood' gallantly up Holborn-hill, on his way to Hounslow, would, with his half-military style and *degagé* air, give the world, and especially the ladies, assurance of an accomplished and amiable cut-throat.

"The newspapers of the last century abound with the doings, of such worthies as the dashing reprobate, who kept the road between Marylebone and the City, the flying highwayman, who visited all the roads round London, in a way that seemed ubiquitous, and the proper man who was wont to stop a laden coach of the old heavy sort, and rob all hands of them who submitted with the resignation of eastern fatalists. This was the time, when, even so near town as the Angel at Islington, the passengers, who were set down from the different conveyances from Paddington, Hornsey, &c., would wait until a sufficient caravan should have congregated, in order to traverse with assurance of a sound skin, and fob and pocket undespoiled, the howling wastes of Wilderness-row, and other grim approaches to St. Paul's churchyard and Alderman-bury. Such men and such days are beginning to appear remote, as seen through the changes which have come thickly over the last century; and if the present time contains knaves as great, and depredators quite as outrageous, such have at least learned to rob legally, and are not ashamed to be seen in the broad sunshine, or as much of it as finds its way into the different alleys, lanes, and courts of London city, which contain the offices of various companies who profess to turn the world inside-out at the outlay of only a few millions of their clients' money. Such are the improve-

ments peculiar to a period of high-pressure science, and, but that Tyburn has no longer a gallows, no doubt we should presently hear of a projected railway thither, for the benefit of such as it might concern.

But to return to the unsalutary purlicious of Field-lane, and the banks of the dark-rolling Fleet, this district was one of Jonathan Wild's breeding cages, where crime was fattened for a prize, and the criminal police was farmer-general of the candidates for Newgate shambles. Well might its fosterlings chant the professional ditty :—

" We're scamps, we're pads, we're divers,  
And all upon the lay,  
In Tothill fields' gay sheep-walks, boys,  
Like lambs we sport and play.  
Rattling up our darbies,  
We're ready at your call,  
For you're chiear daper here,  
And we're book'd all for Mill Doll."

They knew their term, and could reckon when they would be wanted ; for Jonathan and his myrmidons understood better than to bring their man to market before he was worth his price.

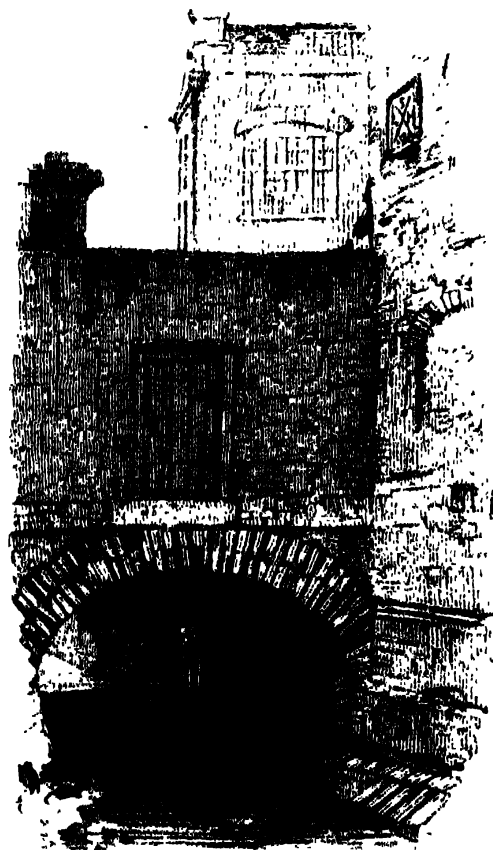
" Blood-money, it is a harsh term, but that was the secret of the prolonged career of crime. Your highwayman had his day, and he made the most of it ; and, if through a vista of dashing exploits not ungraced by the smile of the fair, and even some passages of gallantry and tenderness at Ranelagh, and other resorts of the high-born and high-favoured, he caught ever and anon, uncomfortable glimpses of the gibbet at long and last, still he got inured to the anticipation, and he had in reserve the final consolation of dying game. And when his time was up, it was still something to be escorted to Newgate with as much state as a nobleman committed to the Tower for high treason ; and to recognise from the dock many a member of the clubs, and frequenter of the assemblies, with whom he had gambled or gallanted during the time while he had carried it off with a high hand, in spite of something stronger than a slight suspicion. At length, ripe and sentenced, and covered with professional honours, his last ride up Holborn resembled, indeed, a triumph rather than aught disgraceful or penitential. The knight of roads dressed in his best and gayest, and, wearing with jaunty gallantry the favours and farewell gifts of more than one languishing and love-sick fair one, would defy, in appearance at least, the heavy tolling of St. Sepulchre's bell, and the lugubrious address of the sexton as he passed the churchyard. Thus he proceeded with an undaunted air, quaffing St. Giles' bowl by the way, borne as it were upon a torrent of upturned faces—the hero of a general holiday. Arrived at the fatal tree, and, having made his speech and final bow, he would then kick off his shoes and submit to be turned off with the grace of a courtier. Thus died the hero of the high Toby, destined to be celebrated by minstrels of St. Giles in many a moving ballad, and to furnish a theme for tales, not a few, when wearied turnkeys and thieftakers would sip their purl round the fire at night in Newgate lobby, and talk of the good old times.

" Such," continued Mr. Zigzag, " were the birds of evil omen who roosted here, hard by the Old Bailey, even as the ravens and carrion crows will hover near or perch upon the gibbet. But the noxious and abominable labyrinth will soon be unravelled, the accumulated garbage of centuries of neglect and decay even now succumbs to the besom of improvement. The railway Hercules will ere long have dashed the course of an iron river through the very core of the Augean stables, to fumigate with the universal incense of smoke and steam its old pollutions, and cause the sullen echoes of the vaulted Fleet below to resound with the crash and rumbling of a multitude of wheels, and the shrill scream of the engineer's whistle. Yet ere these things come to pass, let us take a last curious survey of the depths and intricacies of those lanes and alleys which seem to have exhaled from the very spume and corruption of the old but degraded river. With a little climbing, we may round these dilapidated sheds ; and, if we have the good fortune to pass with unscathed skins that dog who looks scantily honest, we may reach a point where the river

spreads with a more majestic amplitude, and where we may observe a portion of the quay or wharf by which it was bordered in the days of its busy traffic. Good now, my son, let us slide gently down this roof; and if a few of the sooty tiles may happen to clatter after us, or even should we effect a vertical entrance through the rafters, there will be no one to charge us with the damage done on the premises, for they are silent and deserted. So! this is the spot I spoke of, even at the back of Castle-street. In these parts the king of the rats holds his court and reviews his myriad armies, cruel, fearless, and independent, as the tyrant of Damahoy, 'who sits on a throne of his enemies' skulls.' Here your rat appears in all the audacity of a genuine beast of prey, no cheese-nibbling, skulking varlet that, sneaking forth only in the dark through the sink-hole,\* scarcely dares to call his tail his own. Observe him, for he will give you leisure to do so, and the odds are that, if you approached nearer than he might consider respectful, he would fly at your throat; there is a vindictive glitter in his eye that implies as much. Mark his whiskers and sharp cruel white teeth; but his jaws are stained and sanguine, for he has lately lapped blood. Those extensive sheds on the opposite bank are the rats' banquetting houses; they are the shambles of the carrion butchers of Sharp's-alley. Horses of all ages and degrees, the maimed, the diseased, and the superannuated, await there the final blow, fetlock deep in the gore of those who have already received their quietus, in order that the multitude of dogs, cats, and consumers of sausages, may be duly catered for. My son! beware of sausages, for they are treacherous diet, especially the sort called German. It is true they are savoury and highly-flavoured, which, indeed, is a thing not to be wondered at, considering the nature of the material and the manner of its preparation. Strong meat requireth potent seasoning, *Verbum sap.* Cow-cross, formerly Cow-bridge, appears beyond. There the Prior of Sempringham formerly had his inn or London residence. And hercabout pine many survivors of an enactment which put down the favourite recreation that once enlivened the cares and crowned the toils of a Smithfield market-day, when the brisk boys of Cow-cross and the able-bodied men of Warwick-lane united their forces "to turn out the young brindled bull." Great was the detriment on such occasions to elderly women and young children; considerable was the confusion in Long-lane and Barbican when the full tide of the chase swept through their thoroughfares. Apple stalls were as ninepins in their way; doorways, courts, and alleys were jammed with refugees; and window-panes, or as it might be whole shop-fronts, were dashed in in the rapture and ardour of the pursuit. Bearing down all destruction, rushing blindly on, and occasionally goring a horse, upsetting a tumbril, or elevating the flight of a terrified fugitive, to the sore disparagement and dislocation of his ribs and limbs; blackened by many a roll in the mud, heated and mangled, with fiery eyes and threatening front, the infuriated victim cleared the way, and the yelling, hallooing, blaspheming, barking, snarling, and yelping rabble of drovers, frantic butcher boys, bulldogs, colleys, and curs of inferior breed, with all the other components of a Smithfield rabble, brought up the rear, and urged the hunt, till the maimed and exhausted beast could run no longer, when, being brought to bay and pinned, and half throttled by the dogs, he was secured and led back in triumph for another afternoon's diversion."

Here Mr. Zigzag paused, having delivered himself with unwonted energy, as if inspired by the exciting topic of his discourse; and the travellers next proceeded by way of Saffron-hill, keeping near unto the course of the Fleet.

"Saffron," observed Mr. Zigzag, "is a wholesome and salutary herb, its root has been proposed as a substitute for bread in times of scarcity; and the pistils thereof are cordial, anodyne, and exhilarant. The wise men of the East partake largely of it, and it is from the Arabic word 'saphar' that we derive its name. Many dainty dishes of the olden times were flavoured with saffron, and perhaps it were better for the present if we used more of it. Unquestionably there is great virtue in the herb. It is said that the ague and some other disorders are unknown at Saffron Walden, a place where it grows abundantly; and it is even asserted that persons so afflicted journeying that way have been cured of their ailments by inhaling



BACK OF RAY-STREET.

scale, and with a considerable difference in respect of dirt. For Venice, although not wholly undefiled, has an atmosphere which transmutes into golden exhalations even the fermenting congestion and saline efflorescence of its sea slime. On the banks of the Fleet, however, such matters appear no other than as they really are. There, mud is mud, not only in fact, but in evident seeming, black, downright, and unquestionable.

In the back parlour of the Coach and Horses, which overlooks the piece of scenery above described, the curious travellers encountered two worthies, whose libations had elevated them above the ordinary restraints and distinctions observed by mortals in a condition of mere sobriety. Mr. Richard Slack and Joseph Wilson, Esquire, might, during intervals of the latter state, have looked upon themselves as journeymen bricklayers, and comported themselves accordingly, but they had now surmounted that round in the ladder of society by several pots of half and half.

"Ay! there you have it," volunteered Mr. Wilson. "No mistake about—that—I—believe! I—believe," he reiterated, solemnly vibrating his head, and looking intently into the pewter pot which he held in both hands; "I—believe—no—one—will tell me this is not—the—ge—nu—ine thing?"

"Do you mean the beer, friend?" said Mr. Zigzag.

"The beer be——"

"Hush!" said Mr. Zigzag the Elder.

"The thing," continued Mr. Wilson, with an indignant hiccup, and swilling the dregs of his tankard, he proceeded; "the thing I mean (take a drop, old fellow), the—thing—I—mean is—the Fleet,—the ditch—our ditch—original—genuine—Fleet! No offence in that, I hope, sir! Ah ha! (hiccup)—I know who you are, old cock—can't bambooz'e old Joe Wilson! You're—(hiccup)—you're—(hic)—you're the Bishop of London! I respect your cloth!"

the air of the neighbourhood which is impregnated with the odour of growing saffron."

"Mean you to imply any concatenation, over and above the name, between the said herb and this place?" inquired Mr. Zigzag the Younger.

"I think it very probable," replied the Elder, "that in early times it has been so called on account of the growth of the herb here."

"That must have been a long while ago," said the Younger.

"Undoubtedly," replied the Elder.

"The evidence of its early salubrity is entirely departed," quoth the former, accepting a pinch from the proffered box.

"An undeniable fact," admitted the latter.

"Here we have Turnmill-street," continued the Elder, "which once was Turnmill-brook, famous for its numerous water-mills. These were suppressed, as I have already related, in order to economise the waters of the Fleet."

Passing down Brook-hill, the travellers now entered a small public-house (the sign of the Coach and Horses), at the back of which the dingy river assumes a sort of Venetian appearance, where the houses rise directly from the water on either hand, and the stream is crossed by a bridge somewhat like the famous Rialto, the same, however, being upon a small

"I really wish you would show your respect, and not 'spit upon my gaberdine,'" pettishly exclaimed Mr. Zigzag, while he eschewed the affectionate embraces of Mr. Joe Wilson, who solemnly assured him of his respect for church and—(hiccup)—(hiccup)—and state, and signified his belief that so high a dignitary would not disgrace himself by standing less than a pot of half-and-half.

Meanwhile, Mr. Richard Slack had imparted, in strict confidence to Mr. Zigzag the Younger, the melancholy assurance that he was "an injured man,"—a man who had been cruelly and unjustly "wronged out of his rights;" giving him to understand that all that "fine property on the ditch" belonged to him "if every man had his own." "Mine—all mine—upon my honour!" he drivelled out, adding, "and I'll have it too, if I don't! — Stand a pot, there's a good fellow."

By this time an old, very grey man, who appeared mildewed all over, had become distinguishable in a dark corner of the room. And, making himself audible likewise, he commanded the aforesaid gentry not to be fools and beasts, and to sit or lie down, whichever position best suited them; whereupon Mr. Wilson, who had exhausted his eloquence, yielded obedience to the latter recommendation, and Mr. Richard Slack laid his head on the table, and wept in silence over his wrongs.

"The Fleet, indeed!" said the grisly man of old, "what do they know about the Fleet! I played beside it, and mudlarked in it when the water was low, a matter of ninety years ago and more. Sir, I am the oldest inhabitant and I know a thing or two about the Fleet. But it's not as it used to be in the old times. You should have heard it, then, of a winter night, coming down like a cart-load of stones, and carrying all before it. At times an old house or so, children, and pigs out o'number from the knackers' yards. My crib is on the ground-floor back; and many's the night I've been roused up by the rats in swarms, scampering over my face, and leaping on the shelves mad with fear; and when I jumped up I was over the knees in water. Then was the time to cut and run—to escape being worried or drowned. Why, gentlemen, the Fleet was once a river, and Julius Cæsar sailed up it as far as Bagnigge Wells."

"Not exactly that," mildly interrupted Mr. Zigzag, "the Danes, indeed, are said—"

"Don't tell me!" said the man of old, authoritatively, "I'm the oldest inhabitant, and should know."

"Sir, the thing's mentioned in history! Ay, the 'Annals of History'—the 'Annals of History'—that's the book," observed Mr. Wilson, from beneath the table.

"Hold your tongue, you drunken swine!" exclaimed the old man, "what do you know about it?"

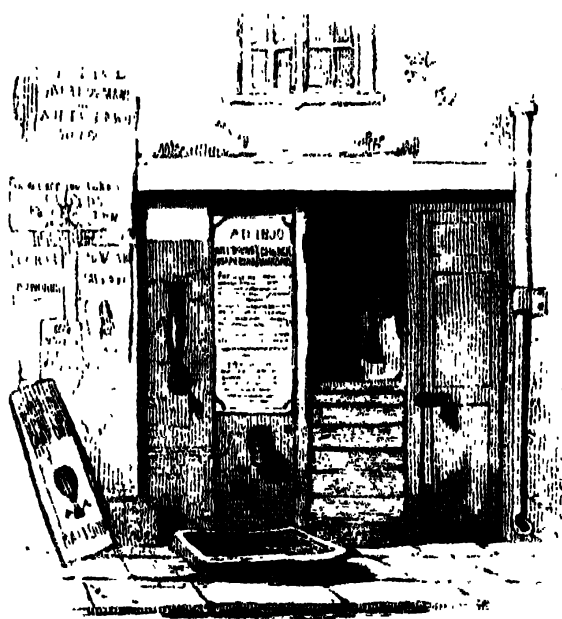
"As sure as my name's Joe Wilson—that's it," persisted the other, "Hogarth's 'Annals of History.' Why, that comical old chap sat up till twelve o'clock on Sunday night, reading the 'Annals of History.'"

"But you're on the railway dodge," continued the grey man; "I know what you're after. Well, one sees queer changes; but I haven't long to live, that's one comfort."

Mr. Zigzag, who earnestly denied any connection with railways, was now about to depart with his companion, when he was grappled by Mr. Wilson, who embraced his knees, and boldly asked him what he meant to stand. The Elder, having shaken off this encumbrance, moved towards the door, when he was again beset by the melancholy Slack; who, with tears in his eyes, besought him to order in a drop of gin "to stash his trouble." Finally, overcoming these impediments, the travellers effected a retreat, and proceeded towards the ancient spring from which the parish originally took its name of Clerkenwell. The goodly domains of the monastic chivalry of St. John of Jerusalem, and the lands appertaining to the neighbouring ladies of the order of St. Benedict, gently sloping towards the Fleet or River of Wells, and its tributary the Turnmill-brook, beside which the Knights of St. John had their mills, made the Well of Clerks or Clerken Well, which they overlooked, an appropriate and convenient scene for the representation of dramatic mysteries, which took place there annually on Corpus Christi day.

This well is alluded to by Fitzstephen, who eulogizes its waters as sweet, wholesome, and clear; and it is mentioned by Stowe, who, after enumerating others, sayeth thus:—"The third is called Clark's Well or Clarken Well, and is curbed about square with hard stone; not farre from the west end of Clerkenwell Church."

In very ancient records this church was styled "*Ecclesia Beatæ Mariæ de fonte clericorum*." A small pump, which now represents the celebrated well, is emblazoned with the following inscription:—



A. D. 1800,  
WILL<sup>M</sup> BOUND }  
JOSEPH BIRD } CHURCHWARDEN.

For the better accommodation  
of the Neighbourhood,  
this Pump was removed to  
the Spot where it now  
stands.

The spring by which it is  
supplied is situated four  
feet eastward, and round  
it, as history informs us,  
the Parish Clerks of London,  
in remote ages, annually  
performed sacred Plays.  
That custom caused it to be  
denominated Clerks' Well,  
and from which the Parish  
derived its name.

The water was greatly  
esteemed by the Prior and  
Brethren of the Order of  
St. John of Jerusalem, and  
the Benedictine Nuns  
in the Neighbourhood.

"These waters of Clerkenwell, I ween," said Mr. Zigzag, "soon succumbed to the wines of Cyprus in the estimation of the Knights of St. John. But we poor pilgrims will claim a draught to refresh us after our toils." Whereupon each traveller stooped in turn, and partook of a copious libation from the spout, while the other plied the pump-handle; and great was the edification of the spectators. Mr. Zigzag, being invigorated by the wholesome refreshment, now entered upon the following comments on the origin and character of dramatic mysteries:—"The Jews," he said, "are supposed to have been the original authors of these compositions; and, it is stated, that a fragment having such an origin is still preserved. It is written in Greek iambs; and is the first drama known to have been produced on a scripture subject: it is taken from Exodus. A performer, in the character of Moses, delivers the prologue, in a speech of sixty lines, and his rod is turned into a serpent on the stage. This play is supposed to have been written at the close of the second century, by one Ezekiel, a Jew, as a political spectacle to animate his dispersed brethren with the hopes of a future deliverance from their captivity.

"These performances were adopted at an early period, and countenanced by the dignitaries of the Christian church, although they appear to have contained much that had a ludicrous tendency, and were in some cases even gross and licentious. Their early introduction appears to have occurred in an endeavour to present certain passages of scripture in a popular form, similar to the compositions of the Greek dramatists. A sacred play, by Gregory Nazianzen, patriarch and archbishop of Constantinople, is 'Christ's Passion.' It is stated, in the prologue, to be an imitation of Euripides; and the hymns which it contains are constructed after the manner of the Greek chorus. Thus the early converts were ingeniously persuaded



to take an interest in the new tenets, through the medium of such shows and ceremonial as those to which they had been accustomed.

"These representations flourished in Italy during the thirteenth century, and in the next century they appeared in great splendour in France. Philip the Fair gave an entertainment of the kind, which Edward II. of England, and his Queen Isabella, crossed the sea, with a large retinue of their nobility, to witness. The performance lasted eight days, and appears to have been composed of scenes representative of the glory of the blessed, and of the opposite state in perdition, with other spectacles, by way of interlude. The early introduction of the dramatic mysteries into this country is attested by Matthew Paris, who, informs us that Geoffrey, a learned Norman, master of the Abbey school of Dunstable, composed a play of St. Catherine, to be acted by his scholars. This was in the year 1110; and the sacrist of St. Albans furnished copes in which the performers were attired. 'London for its theatrical exhibitions,' says Fitzstephen, in 1174, 'has religious plays, either the representation of miracles wrought by holy confessors, or the sufferings of martyrs.' In 1391, the parish clerks of London performed before the King and Queen and the whole court, at Clerkenwell, for three successive days. Richard II., who appears to have been especially partial to all magnificent spectacles, took great delight in the performances of the worshipful company of parish clerks; and the citizens who, in the course of a riot against the Bishop of Salisbury, had exasperated the vain and sensitive King, found means to pacify him with one of his favourite exhibitions, which lasted eight days; the subject being the Creation of the World. Not only the court, but most of the nobility and gentry of England, graced Clerkenwell on this occasion with their presence."

It is likely that the chronicler might have expatiated at great length upon the above subject; and that, when he had sufficiently dwelt upon the doings of the parish clerks, he would then have proceeded to notice the performances of the skimmers, likewise, as well as to have furnished some particulars touching the Chester and the Coventry mysteries, and so forth. But it happened that many idle persons having noticed the extraordinary libation of the pilgrims, and now hearing the Elder discourse, in a strain which to them was incomprehensible, they conceived the notion, and presently spread abroad a report that here was the celebrated Father Matthew holding forth on the merits of cold water in general, and of that of Clerkenwell pump in particular. This rumour had, consequently, attracted a numerous and disorderly assemblage, and their professions to the supposed Father Matthew savouring of anything rather than veneration, it was deemed expedient to depart quickly to eschew the consequences which threatened them. For now the voices of those deboshed worthies, Messrs. Slack and Wilson, were heard recommending an immersion in the ditch, by way of a public testimonial, to "chaps that refused good—hic—hic—half—and, hic—hic, and half; and swilled nasty water from the pump."

During the flight which ensued, the adventurers made a compass by certain courts and passages, bringing them once more upon the course of the Fleet, which they preferred to investigate in their own way rather than according to the manner proposed by their quondam acquaintance of the Coach and Horses. In the course of this proceeding some observations on the stocks and whipping-post, which formerly occupied a site near the present House of Correction, together with certain comments touching the wholesomeness of their use and the expediency of a revival thereof had been delivered by Mr. Zigzag the Younger, to which the Elder had appended a few hasty reminiscences of Hockley-in-the-Hole, that once graced the site now called Air-street, and the Bear Gardens, which were not far distant. Proceeding along Coppice-row, the name of that spot, and likewise that of Vineyard-walk, which intersects the same, suggested to the fugitives an idea of the former character of these places, when the one furnished pannage for the goodly porkers of the neighbouring monasteries, and the other a proper vintage for the refection of the Black Nuns of St. Benedict. Hence, the subterranean course of the Fleet flows





BAGNIGGE WELLS.

beneath the foundations of the House of Correction in Coldbath-fields, which stronghold the pilgrims having passed, they now arrived at Bagnigge Wells, where, for the present, we will leave them curiously transcribing the following inscription:—

577  
 THIS IS BAGNIGGE  
 HOUSE NEARE  
 THE PINDERA  
 WAKEFIELDE  
 1680

## GREAT MEN, AND THEIR STATUES.



WE know not with whom the idea originated of doing that plenary justice to the fame of our distinguished men, which is about in some sort to be attempted by the erection of commemorative statues, or who was the first to suggest that her Majesty's new Palace at Westminster would be a fitting and appropriate receptacle for them. All will agree that it is high time this expiation of the nation's seeming ingratitude to the memory of her greatest sons should be accomplished; and the erection of the statues in the new Palace, by making it the Queen's own act, confers at once an honour upon the Sovereign and a lustre upon her reign.

This design of making an ample and complete restitution of the rights of fame to England's illustrious spirits was worthy of the present liberal and enlightened age; but we are by no means certain, for reasons which we shall presently submit, that the committee appointed to prepare the general list of names

are men to whom this great work may safely be confided. There is an old and homely saying to the effect, that a bounteous Providence sends us our food, but that we are indebted to a very different power for the agents who preside over the culinary department; and although we cannot exactly state that the committee have verified the saying, yet it must at least be acknowledged that they have strongly reminded us of its truth. We shall stand grievously accused to posterity if this magnificent design be not carried *out*, in the amplest signification of the phrase. No narrow spirit of exclusion, on this score or on that, must be suffered to operate in the matter; and yet, that some such spirit has been at work during the labours of the committee, we shall not largely tax the patience of the reader while we attempt to prove.

But first, it will be as well to hear what the committee have to say of their own labours, and to see how they have embodied them. They say—"The committee appointed to prepare a general list of the distinguished persons of the United Kingdom, to whose memory statues might with propriety be erected in or adjoining the New Houses of Parliament, such list being unrestricted as to the number of such distinguished persons, and as to the time in which they lived, have the honour to submit two lists: the first (A), of names to which they agreed unanimously; the second (B), of names on which your committee were not unanimous, but decided by greater or smaller majorities.

"The aggregate of the two lists consists of 121 names, which may probably afford scope, not for indiscriminate adoption, but rather for choice and selection on the part of the commission at large." Then follow the two lists, which we must not forbear giving.

## LIST A.

Alfred.  
Elizabeth.  
Robert Bruce.

Lord Howard of Effingham.  
Sir Francis Drake.  
Admiral Blake.  
Lord Rodney.  
Lord Howe.  
Lord Duncan.

Lord St. Vincent.  
Lord Nelson.

Sir Walter Raleigh.  
Captain Cook.

Sir Thomas Gresham.

Chaucer.  
Spenser.

Earl of Surrey.  
Shakspeare.  
Milton.  
Addison.  
Richardson.  
Dr. Johnson.  
Cowper.  
Sir Walter Scott

Lord Burleigh.  
John Hampden.

Earl of Clarendon.  
Lord Somers.  
Earl of Chatham.  
Edmund Burke.  
C. J. Fox.  
William Pitt.

Sir Thomas More.  
Sir Edward Coke.  
John Selden.  
Sir Matthew Hale.  
Earl of Mansfield.  
Lord Erskine.

Venerable Bede.

Richard Hooker.

Bacon.  
Napier.  
Newton.  
Locke.  
Robert Boyle.

Sir William Wallace.  
Sir Philip Sydney.  
Duke of Marlborough.  
Lord Clive.  
Lord Heathfield.

Caxton.

Watt.  
Herschel.  
Cavendish.

Inigo Jones.  
Sir Christopher Wren.  
Hogarth.  
Sir Joshua Reynolds.  
Flaxman.

John Howard.  
William Wilberforce.

Harvey.  
Jenner.

#### LIST B.

Richard Cœur de Lion.  
Edward I.  
Edward III.  
The Black Prince.  
Henry V.  
William III.  
George III.

Cardinal Leighton.  
William of Wickham.  
Cardinal Wolsey.  
Earl of Strafford.  
Lord Falkland.  
Sir William Temple.  
Lord William Russell.  
Sir Robert Walpole.  
Earl of Harkwicke.  
Earl Camden.  
Grattan.  
Warren Hastings.

Speaker Onslow.

John Wickliffe.  
John Knox.  
Cranmer.  
Archbishop Usher.  
Archbishop Leighton.  
Jeremy Taylor.  
Chillingworth.  
Barrow.  
Bishop Butler.  
John Wesley.

Sir John Talbot.  
Sir John Chandos.  
Marquis of Montrose.  
Cromwell.  
Monk.  
General Wolfe.  
Sir Eyre Coote.  
Sir Ralph Abercromby.  
Sir John Moore.

Hawke.

Ben Jonson.  
John Bunyan.  
Dryden.  
Pope.  
Swift.  
Goldsmith.  
Burns.  
Sir William Jones.

Robertson.  
Hume.

Fielding.

Roger Bacon.  
Smeaton.  
Brindley.  
John Hunter.  
Adam Smith.

Purcell.

Garriek.

Now, we take it for granted that the reader, after casting a cursory glance over the above two lists, will be inclined to think with us, that they are rather remarkable documents. We would ask, upon what principle, settled between themselves, did the seven distinguished gentlemen forming the committee proceed, when they sat down to make out their catalogue of illustrious names, upon which, we doubt not, the committee hoped, beforehand at least, to be unanimous? We will not dwell upon their choice of monarchs; for here, it seems, they have been overruled. All our monarchs are to have a place allotted to them. But, since that choice appears to indicate, however obscurely and imperfectly, that intellectual greatness must have been combined with moral worth ere even royalty could be transferred to marble, we would fain inquire whether such was the principle generally adopted and acted upon? If so, we do not wish to be invidious or uncharitable; but—why do we find certain names in List A, whose possessors assuredly could not boast of a remarkably nice adjustment or balance of the intellectual and moral qualities? If not—if there were no such rule laid down—if by the power of his grasp upon the minds of men, and the extent of his reach into posterity; a man's fame were to be estimated, how, in the name of our common agreement upon things indisputable, does it happen that we find certain names upon the dubious list? But, lastly, whether such a rule were

applied or not, how has it possibly come to pass that so many names have been omitted from both lists ?

Taking the naval heroes, we find, amongst other conspicuous worthies, the names of Lords Rodney, Howe, and Duncan. It is well : let them be honoured. But if the elder, but not less illustrious, names of Sir Martin Frobisher and Sir Francis Vere are forgotten, how came it that Collingwood and the gallant Sir Sydney Smith were not "borne on the books" of memory ? Nothing on earth would make Englishmen forgetful of their military warriors ; it must, accordingly, have been a strange caprice of the committee's sevenfold taste and memory, which induced them to concur to the honour of Lord Heathfield, to be dubious upon Abercromby and Sir John Moore, and to pass over the Earl of Peterborough. Hampden is an illustrious name, and the committee have justly thought so ; but while the public have been asking the question, whether Cromwell is to "have a statue" amongst the monarchs of England, the committee have been doubting whether he should have one at all. Monk deserved not even a doubt, for he was in no sense a great man. Passing to statesmen, orators, and lawyers, we would suggest that Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset (Elizabeth's Buckhurst), was a more illustrious man and as wise a minister as Lord Burleigh ; that Sheridan has as good a title to a statue as Erskine ; and that, while the committee were doubting about Sir William Temple, they might have remembered Lord Bolingbroke.

With reference to divines, and philosophers and learned men, how it is that, while Barrow and Bishop Butler stand on the second list, Cudworth, Bishop Berkeley, and Hobbes of Malmesbury find no place at all ? If John Selden was a learned man—and who will doubt it ?—Dr. Richard Bentley was a scholar whose name ought not to have been omitted from any list of great men, speculative or otherwise ; neither should that of Warburton. The influence of John Wesley has been vast and widely felt, but leave a niche at least for Dr. Watts. It is strange that the committee should have made it a question whether Hume and Robertson should have statues ; but it is stranger still that they never thought of Gibbon. The "learned Camden," too (not *Lord* Camden, for he has been duly cared for), might have been had in remembrance ; and Fuller, who wrote of "the Worthies of England," is not undeserving a place amongst them, neither is Sir Thomas Browne. • Speaker Ouslow, great as was his merit, stands no such name to posterity as Andrew Marvel.

And now that we have to speak of the committee's designs in the matter of our poets, dramatists, novelists, and essayists, we know not what to say, we are so confounded. What ! the Earl of Surrey and Cowper voted immortals without a word, and a question raised as to the claims of Dryden, Pope, Goldsmith, and Burns ? Worse than this, while the names of the Earl of Surrey and Cowper "stand rubric" on the list, not a word of Michael Drayton, Donne, Cowley, Butler, Gray, Collins, Chatterton, Byron, Southey, Coleridge, Crabbe,\* with many others, before whom Surrey at least must "pale his ineffectual fires." This is passing strange.

Not less so, however, when we see how the dramatists are dealt with, or rather, dealt without. Shakspeare is the sole name on List A, and Ben Jonson the only worthy on List B, to represent our great Elizabethan dramatic authors, when there were giants in those days, and in the days of James I., such as Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, Webster, Marston, and Middleton, not to speak of the great spirits of an immediately preceding age. Then, was Otway nothing ? and are Sir John Vanburgh, Wycherley, and Congreve to be commended to oblivion ?

Richardson was a great novelist, there can be no doubt upon that head, but he was not greater than Fielding, about whom a doubt existed in the minds of the committee ; yet "Tom Jones" will last for ever, while we are not so sure (and are sorry for it) of "Clarissa." It is bad enough that John Bunyan should figure on the doubtful list ; but what is to be said when the name of Daniel De Foe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," a work that has been more read than any book in the history of literature,\* except "Don Quixote" and the "Pilgrim's Progress"—what shall be said

\* And Shelley, Keats, and Hood. Ed. I. M.

when his name is not to be found at all! While we looked for it, we thought we should have stumbled upon the name of Tobias Smollett, but we were mistaken.

Of painters there are but three—Hogarth, Flaxman, and Reynolds. The two first are great names; but we hope that the envy or the malice of the last may not be permitted to descend to these days, or Barry, Wilson, and Gainsborough must wait another age.

We trust that the commissioners may see cause (as good cause they have) to revise, and correct, and enlarge the two lists prepared by their committee, whose report, it is too evident, has not been concocted, but hastily and negligently huddled up. It is impossible but that many of the omitted names we have quoted were passed over in momentary forgetfulness arising from speed, and a buoyant sense of getting through their work like men of business habits; but they who have, in a certain sense, to sit upon the fame and reputation of the illustrious dead, must merge labour in duty; and, like the immortal spirits who pass in review before them, expect no praise till they have deserved it.

## BEETHOVEN'S "SONATA WITH THE FUNERAL MARCH."



AN is a noble animal: in ashes  
 " Splendid, and pompous in the grave; nativities  
 " And deaths with equal lustres solemnising;  
 " Nor ceremonies, in his nature's infamy,  
 " Of bravery omitting."—Thus, in majesty  
 Of words like pyramids o'er death-bones rising,  
 Spake he\* who saw things from their cloud-acclivities,  
 Where light from high above blinds and abashes:  
 And thus this mighty music speaks sublimely,  
 The dark scene it proclaimeth glorifying;  
 Evolving the Eternal from the Timely;  
 And seems attending, as its death-note rolls,  
 An awful army of triumphant souls,  
 Toward Eternity in thunder flying.

And, from the instrument it seemeth not  
 The grandeur of its harmony ariseth,  
 Which life in death with more than life surpriseth;  
 But from the soul of her who, like a thought,  
 Sits there entranced; herself and all forgot  
 That lives and moves around her; and compriseth  
 Within herself the marvel she deviseth—  
 A music upon music's self begot!  
 It cometh from her like to shrouded light  
 From the great Sun, eclipsed; like echoes loud  
 From billow-beaten rocks, when in the night  
 The struggling elements wage starless war;  
 Like solemn thunder from a midnight cloud;  
 Or awful winds from caves oracular.

THOMAS WADE.

\* Sir Thomas Browne.

## OUR LIBRARY AT ELMSTEAD.

A VILLAGE REMINISCENCE.



"THIRTEEN pounds a year!" said Kate Lawson, looking hard in her sister's face as she spoke, "thirteen pounds a year, why, it is a mere nothing for house rent, and then our expenses will not be much; surely, with even half-a-dozen pupils, we might manage to make a beginning." The other girl smiled feebly as she answered, "If we could believe Mrs. Toms, our succeeding is certain; but, somehow, I have no faith in her, and doubt her friendship as much as I do her generosity; but as we must endeavour at something while we have funds to commence with, and as this appears the only opening, perhaps we had better close with the man, and take the house before any one else anticipates our speculation."

The speakers were the orphan daughters of a Government officer, who, with the usual improvidence of his class, had lived not only up to his income, but beyond it; leaving his children nurtured in all the delicacy of independence, utterly helpless to meet the trials inevitable on its loss. With him had died not only their worldly position, but the absolute means of support; and though neither of the sisters were deficient in energy and perseverance, even these positive virtues, wanting a right direction and the government of prudence, became negativèd in effect. The Mrs. Toms alluded to was the wife of a retired tradesman, upon the debtor's side of whose account book Mr. Lawson's name unfortunately figured; but, during his lifetime, they had compromised their claims as creditors, for the sake of being tolerated as acquaintance by persons in a sphere of society several shades of gentility above their own. Weak, vain, and deficient in mental qualities; in all the intricacies of cunning, and hard-handed dealings of selfishness, Mrs. Toms was a match for the most worldly wise; and finding that the Lawsons could be of no farther use in pushing her into the society it was her ambition to belong to, and knowing the strictly honourable principles of these young persons, it occurred to her that, in losing the advantages their acquaintance had previously been, there was no necessity for losing sight of their small account, especially as they still possessed a few trinkets and articles of plate, which she imagined might very profitably (so far as she was

concerned) be made the medium of paying their father's debt. She knew there was no law but that of their own integrity to enforce its payment, but it was upon this she calculated; and, actuated solely by these views, had moved them to take a step that, by bringing them in close proximity with herself, satisfied her that, if the speculation they proposed succeeded, she should be the first to profit by it; and if otherwise, and ruin brought about the sale of their effects, she still would have the first chance of having her claims attended to. Such was Mrs. Toms, whose turn it had now become to play the patroness, and to whose advice, in the absence of other counsel, and their anxiety to commence their new duties of self-support, they had unfortunately listened.

Every one remembers the severe winter of '40: Well, it was in the middle of the November of this year that the inhabitants of Elmstead first observed that a certain notice of disoccupancy, and a desire to receive fresh tenants, that had been posted for at least two years on the outside of a house belonging to John Thorndyke, the village blacksmith, had absolutely disappeared, as well as its duplicate from the gable end of the forge. Yes, the house was actually let, but to whom, and for what, no one appeared to know; report put into it a widow and her daughter, a new dressmaker, and a dentist, in succession, neither of whom turned out to be the true party or profession; at length it appeared two sisters had taken it with the idea of speculating in a school. Now, Elmstead was already in possession of "Holly-house Establishment for Young Ladies;" but the terms of the proprietress having grown with her success, while her attention had proportionably diminished, a falling-off of her pupils had ensued, and with the parents of those who remained great dissatisfaction existed. These circumstances had given a show of probability to Mrs. Toms' plan for the Misses Lawson; and, ready to snatch at any scheme that offered the prospect of a livelihood, they had at once ventured on the attempt, not indeed without some absolute promises of support, but these the ladies of Elmstead kept *sub rosa*. The house in question was situated in the centre of the village, and differed from its tile-roofed, rough-dashed compeers, in taking a perpendicular form instead of the lateral one that predominated; and in having two glazed sash-windows in front, instead of the primitive diamond-paned lattices that generally prevailed. In this matter, however, the landlord had taken care to turn the best side outwards; for in the rear the original casements remained, and in the bedroom as well as kitchen the old leaden framework gaped and shook, till the driving half-frozen showers and gusty winds of mid-winter made themselves felt in every part of the old tenement; but hope kept the hearts of its young occupants warm, and with the bustle of putting their own house in order, and their anticipations with regard to their projected enterprise, created a present and expectant excitement that made them indifferent to such trifling discomforts. Days, alas! weeks passed away, and not a single inquiry had been made touching the intended school; circulars had been duly dispensed throughout the village and its vicinity, yet no result ensued; the very parties who had promised their patronage (through Mrs. Toms) recanted their dissatisfaction of Holly-house and its proprietress, and owned to an error of judgment in conceiving another school necessary; and the meaning of this change only slowly made its way to the victims of it. Poor girls! in the guilelessness of simple honesty they had been injudicious enough to make choice of a habitation more in keeping with their present means and uncertain expectations, than a competition establishment to Holly-house. Who, then, could think of sending girls who had begun their education at this high-sounding seminary, to continue it at a mere cottage in its neighbourhood? Pshaw! it was preposterous; the Misses Lawson might understand teaching, but, really, this was not the way to get supported; they should have taken "Ivy-house," at the other end of the street—erected a rival showboard—gone in debt for furniture, and hired servants; and not have allowed people to see that necessity, instead of that bland love of "devoting oneself to the education of a select number of young ladies" (that occasionally poetizes those otherwise dry affairs, newspaper advertisements), had engendered the idea. To be sure, the rich brewer's wife had told the blacksmith's daughter that she had no objection to allow the Misses Lawson to

become the a, b, c darians (as that individual reported it) of her younger children; but it was impossible she could think of creating a laugh against the elder ones amongst their old schoolfellows, by sending them to such a place as the Lawsons had taken; she was by no means pleased with her daughters' progress at Holly-house; indeed, had determined to remove them; but she would rather send them miles away, than have the other girls crow over them.

In the meantime, now that the arrangements of the Lawsons' four rooms were completed,—the furniture placed and replaced, till there was no possibility of improving its effect—not another tack required to make the carpet fit exactly—not a variety of position in which the chairs could be placed to greater advantage—the couch drawn up to the very azimuth of fireside comfort—the curtains falling in the prettiest folds—not even the situation of a picture or the place of a book to alter for the better—and all looking so clean and neat that, in spite of the stilted chimney-piece and the beam across the ceiling, it really did look snug and home-like; not, indeed like the home of their better fortune—their father's home; but, like the home of exigence, self-made, and with a feeling about it of present shelter, and even comfort, that made the sisters draw close to the clean-swept evening hearth, with a feeling almost like that with which we used to sit with Crusoe in his warm, well-matted cave. But, as I was saying, when everything was in its place, the last touch effected, and the domestic economy of their little household proceeding regularly and calmly, then came long hours of wearing incertitude, of fruitless expectation, and, finally, the bursting of the bubble hope, and for a time the inaction of despair. But the elastic spirit of youth soon rebounds from such depression; and, after calling on such of the inhabitants as had withdrawn their children from Holly-house, either from real dissatisfaction, or with solely (I have known it done) the economical motive of saving the short quarter, it became apparent that without altering their plans, and making themselves answerable for expenses which they had no present means of meeting, they must lay aside all hopes of succeeding in a school. The Elmstead people had their prejudices; and a large house, and full-grown brass plate, were indispensably connected with their ideas of a respectable "ludus literarius." What was to be done? They had taken their house for so many months certain—an agreement which their landlord had fully made up his mind not to cancel. Why should he? If they had not money they had money's worth; therefore, he would not particularly press them the first quarter; even if the rent was not forthcoming to the day, it would be easy at any time to distrain. It was very sad, to be sure, for the poor young people to have attempted so unfortunate a speculation; but if they did not succeed, that was their look out, not his.

In the meanwhile his friendless tenants resolved, between themselves, how to escape the waste of their small capital. If they continued to live upon it, by the time they would be free to leave Elmstead, they would be without the means of entering upon anything else, or probably the power of removing. In this dilemma, the idea of business—of profit—of turning shillings into pounds, by the seemingly simple process of passing them across a counter—occurred to them; and though without the least practical knowledge of trade, and (if the truth must be told) an absolute aversion to it, they were willing to try any scheme that appeared to promise the means of support. When I say an aversion to trade, I do not allude to any sickly prejudices of false pride, that would rather cling a burden on the cold, shame-extorted bounty of relatives and friends, than turn to such a means of independence. Sorrow and poverty had sifted their hearts of affectation: it was the natural reluctance of women brought up without the contemplation of such a possibility, and whose habits and education opposed themselves to the necessary sacrifice of that reserve and seclusion that are the sweet privileges of sufficiency and a private home; but necessity is too stern a compeller to be intimidated by the ghosts of mere distastes; and yet, having curbed each upstart repugnance, and humbled themselves (as they believed) to her uncompromising exactions, it was absurd, and yet pathetic, to see how a sort of natural refinement actuated them (unknown to themselves) in the very choice of a craft. Instead of the common-sense proceeding of laying in a stock of



bacon and butter; Dutch cheese, crockery, and linsey-woolsey; warm comforters, woollen caps, and gaily-coloured handkerchiefs; old wives' gown-pieces, and children's shoes and socks: to think of finessing with the fine arts, and in our working-day village to start a library, and hope for readers! I declare I have hardly patience to recount their oversight of all commercial policy. But a narrator of facts has no choice; and in the very teeth of the pertinent inquiry, "Who will read?" suggested by one sister to the other, the sapient affair was decided. To be sure the younger one, in the sanguineness of her imagination, had collected many arguments in favour of its success. There was nothing of the kind nearer than W—— (at least four miles from them); and what a convenience it would be to the residents on the adjacent heath, and the families at the Park and Moat-house! All these would be sure to read. Then there was the wealthier villagers; their opposite neighbour, the miller's sister, and the dressy young ladies at the Maypole; besides the inhabitants of the new houses at the other end of the hamlet, the exclusives of Belle-ville; then it was just the season for such a speculation,—long winter evenings, &c. In her estimation it could not help answering; and, as a climax, their friend, Mrs. Toms, highly approved of the plan. Poor girl! had all the individuals whom she had conjured into her anticipated subscription list been inclined to give their support, there is little fear that the Elmstead library would have figured as a mere reminiscence; but she had forgotten that closeness of proximity is not always a desideratum with people who keep their carriages, and that mere convenience is a poor set-off to the attractions of a military market-town to country belles, with whom a walk of eight miles is bare exercise. But, to be brief, no sooner was the idea conceived than executed. A journey to town was undertaken by the elder sister; and, on the evening of the same day the Dover carrier was observed to leave certain weighty-looking packages at their door. Then their landlord, and their landlord's son, the carpenter, were seen going in and out, looking importantly mysterious, and as hard-mouthed as oysters. No information was to be gained from them, though something was evidently in hand; noises were heard after working hours; and it was remarked that the shutters of the ground-floor window had not been taken down for some days. At length, the arrangements being completed, the fact of a new shop duly developed itself; then came the grand affair of regulating it; there were shelves containing some five or six hundred volumes of second-hand library books, sundry reams of paper, dozens of ink, and hundreds of pens, with a variety of fancy articles, perfumery, &c.; in fact, a miniature of the legitimate stock of such establishments, generally; and which, from the hiatus it had made in their small reserve, seemed quite a large store to the proprietresses, and, with judicious placing, "did not" (as they cheerfully remarked to one another) "make so despicable a show." Then the window. It was managed over night, partly, that as first impressions (if favourable) are said to be decided of future preference, it might dazzle and attract by a *coup d'œil*; and partly (if we must confess it) in the shrinking spirit of Lady Morgan's old gentlewoman, who, being reduced to the necessity of selling mutton-pies, was wont to rush down blind alleys, and other out-of-the-way places, and, after the faintest possible intimation of her ware, ejaculate, "I hope to God, nobody hears me!" It was a fine sparkling morning, with an anticipation of December in the crisp footing and penetrating air, and just as the miller's sister was about to seat herself at her bachelor brother's breakfast-table, the shutters were removed, and quite a little splendour of bright colours and gaily-arranged articles burst from the little repository window, which sparkled and shone in all the newness and novelty of its attractions. Here the tempting frontispiece of a standard novel, and there the coloured plate of a juvenile publication, disclosed themselves; here were envelopes ingeniously affecting a fan in their arrangement, and there little pyramids of ink-bottles and alternating bars of black and red sealing-wax, packets of adhesive wafers (too true to their title), with *cachets de Paris*, and delicate little spangled boxes of gold and silver ditto. Patience! what could these embryo *marchandes* have been thinking of? Then there was note-paper right royally adorned with profiles of her Majesty and Prince Albert; small yellow and blue cases of steel

nibs, and tinted cards filled with the same, and pencils and pencil-brushes, and little pasteboard frames, with Berlin wool laid in compartments most delicately shaded, and silken purses of their own netting thrown lightly upon them. I think, too, that some of Finden's engravings were featly scattered amongst this regulated confusion; and that certain packs of playing-cards, and even a few quires of music-paper,\* existed in the establishment; there were also fragrant soaps, sachets, and perfumes (a little of each), and other trifles (too many, we may not say), but too scattered to be enumerated. Altogether the window was an unique composition in its way, and, early as it was (quite early, lest people should think they were not adapted for business), created quite a sensation, and immediately collected a crowd of clowns, old women, and children, who loudly vented their admiration of its extraordinary wares. In the meanwhile the sisters stood out of sight, blushing all over, and peeping stealthily with a foolish feeling, half gladness, half shame, at the curiosity their speculation awakened, and which they hoped, yet dreaded, would presently induce a customer. Alas! what could frozen-out clowns, hard-handed old women, and penniless children do for them? They watched and watched for some time, till—yes!—there was a slight stir in the crowd—an urchin lifted his finger to one of the bespangled wafer-boxes—a separation ensued in the close array, the primitive latch was lifted, and the tiniest of the group, with the fearlessness peculiar to innocence, forced his way into the arena without the counter, and there standing still, held out a coin of the humblest value in the realm, exclaiming—"Give us a fardin's-worth of them-ere suckers," pointing at the same time to the vermilion sealing-wax. Although his appearance had not filled them with any hopes of an important purchase, this was a terrible blow—the earnest of their future disappointment; but just then, emboldened by the fact of one of their number having had the courage to enter, a boy of a larger growth, in a green smock-frock and felt hat, rushed desperately in, and, asking the price of "Robinson Crusoe," rushed as desperately out again; then a matronly body, attracted by a pair of china toilet jars, crossed the threshold to inquire, "how much they asked for *them two mantel ornaments?*" and being informed, a murmur of disapprobation ensued at the dearth of their prices; in a word, after waiting a short time longer, they began to think they might venture on going to breakfast without fear of losing a customer, and, counselling one another to keep an ear and eye on the door, withdrew. Alas! their precautions were unnecessary; hours passed away, and not a foot crossed the threshold. Curiosity continued to be felt apparently as strongly as ever, for the crowd outside, though ever changing, was ever present, one group succeeding to another, who, having finished their survey, made room for fresh, till the poor girls began to think it was their rude presence that kept more gentle customers away. Afternoon came—evening, and no coin had crossed the counter, or given a hope of future custom. "It has been so cold," said one; "and no one as yet knows anything about it," suggested the other—"we must be patient, and hope on." But just then the miller's sister, who had kept a pretty sharp look-out from her seat on the sofa, to the appearances opposite, rose up as the maid took away the tea-things, and placing the ink-stand and day-book on the table before her brother, whispered him, "I must just run over, and see what those poor girls are doing. I am pretty sure they have taken no money to-day, and it will not do for them to be disheartened at first starting." So saying, Mrs. Allworth (she was called Mistress, though a maiden lady) slipped on her bonnet and shawl, and, with the activity of her cheerful disposition, tripped across the street, lightly, as if no physical suffering painfully held in her amiable haste—for she was lame—dear Mrs. Allworth—I can fancy her before me now, for the sunshine of her own excellence daguerrotyped her on my heart, and neither time nor distance has obliterated her image:—she was a tall, fine-looking woman, robust, with a fresh colour and pleasing face, quick, clear, penetrating brown eyes, with a good space between them, and a breadth of forehead at once indicative of benevolence and uprightness. There was something comforting in the very pressure of her hand—no slipping out of yours with a cold smoothness, as if covered with oiled silk—but a loving, warm, retaining clasp, kindly nervous and en-

during, as her own strongly affectionate character. She was but the miller's sister, it is true, but what would the village have been without her? For the wounded in frame, as well as spirit, Mrs. Allworth had medicaments; she knew all mysteries of simples and stilled waters, and imparted the more generous remedies of wines and nutriments with a free heart and judicious hand. Too lame to walk for pleasure beyond the precincts of her own garden, or the outskirts of the squire's park adjoining it, this never impeded her visits to the poor, or prevented her attendance at her place of worship. Simple, sincere, and overflowing with kindly impulses, there was in all the good she did no ostentation; on the contrary, she was one of those of whom it might be literally said, that her right hand knew not what her left hand did in the way of charity. Many an evening, through that long winter, when the want of customers rendered light unnecessary in the deserted shop, and their shrinking exchange hinted the wisdom of sitting without one as long as possible, how often have the transparent actions of that kind woman, and the little scenes enacted in her brother's flour-store, given light and joy to the sisters' lonely bosoms!—her hand (and it was not a small one) heaping up and pressing down the measure of the necessitous—the side-slipped coin into the palm of poverty—the jugs of hot soup neatly covered, and carried under the curtain of night to wherever cold and hunger kept their vigil. The sight of all this benevolence bade them not despair, for it proved that in the saddest circumstances a protecting Providence discovers itself, and, under some shape or other (more or less easily recognised), interposes in our behalf. Meanwhile the season deepened; the storms that devastated the coast, battled with trees, and church-spires, and chimneys inland; the snow set in, freezing as it fell, and, being drifted from the surrounding hills, soon lay deep in our village valley. Coaches passed through it noiselessly, and but for the snoring of the smithy bellows, and the ringing stroke of the hammer on the anvil, you might have fancied yourself in some place which life and labour had deserted. Except when driven forth for absolute necessities, no one appeared in the street, and then they flitted by in strange, aged apparel, and fled back precipitately as ghosts overtaken by cock-crow. None of the local patronage they had calculated upon had been extended to our poor young speculators; their funds were fast exhausting; their goods (such of them, at least, as were exposed) spoiling; rent and taxes going on; while the weather no longer made it a matter of wonder to them, that scarcely any one had sufficient interest in their undertaking to cross their door-steps for the purpose of aiding in its support; in fact, it was but too evident that the shop was a failure, though it would have been better, indeed, to have owned it to each other. Sometimes they attributed their want of patronage to the dead season of the year; at others, fancied there had not yet been time to give the attempt a fair trial. Now they blamed the weather as the cause, and then the circumstance of the house standing back a little from the street. In a word, they would not totally despair.

Every morning the window appeared newly regulated, and (though the articles remained the same), like a kaleidoscope, with every change assumed a fresh and gayer combination; but as the days became more gloomy, the cold more intense as the thick and yellow air penetrated within doors, making jaundiced and melancholy the very atmosphere of their fireside, the ebbing away of hope might be as plainly traced in its altered aspect, as in the hearts of the poor girls themselves. Silently the dust and damp settled upon all its bright materials, dulling and defacing them—books fell down and were not replaced—the snow and rain penetrated, blotting out the gay colours, blistering the engravings, corroding whatever glittered, and slowly destroying all. No effort was made to arrest these effects—perseverance had become exhausted—hope had deserted them, and with the apathy of despair the sisters awaited the apparent consummation of their ruin. Let it not be supposed that there were not some who sincerely sympathised with them—good Mrs. Allworth, for instance, who, so far as her own endeavours and her influence with others went, had striven hard to find support for them; but this was the work of a community, not of a few individuals, and therefore but of little use to them. Besides, their position (while it rendered their necessities more distressing) made it impossible to serve

them in the practical and direct way one could do others; they not only continued a gentlewomanly exterior, but sustained before their friends a cheerfulness of demeanour that might well impose on them the belief that, though their hopes in business had failed, they still had immediate resources.

One saw the scanty fire, it is true; but who could dare to order them a supply of coals, when the moment one entered, with the best grace in the world, it was stirred into a blaze, and replenished liberally, as if there had been tons in the cellar, with what (but for our inopportune presence) would in all probability have been eked out till the morrow. And where was Mrs. Toms? suggests the reader: faithful as a remora to its prey, furnishing her desk and drawers, for years to come, in the articles of stationery, and whatever else made up the cream of their stock. She had induced them to move near her, for no other motive than to snatch from them the first-fruits of their enterprise; or, wanting these, to indemnify herself in some other way—the few pounds of a dead man's debt, which she feared (if at a distance) poverty might whisper them to withhold. Her friendship—Oh! such friendship—had contented itself by distributing a few circulars in the first instance for them, and in inviting them to her house to entertain by their musical powers any one else who happened to be there; but, as the evidences of their poverty became daily more apparent, even this pretended civility was abandoned, and her sole interest in them was to furnish herself as fast as possible with as many of their goods as would cover the few remaining pounds, shillings, and pence of her husband's account. Meanwhile, there is one little episode on which we have not yet trenched, but without which our story would be imperfect. Christmas was at hand, every housewife in the village busied in the amalgamation of mince-meat, or, at all events, the preparation of the plum-pudding; not a home, however humble, but exhibited some symptom of the approaching feast, while the butcher's shop and grocer's vied with a friendly rivalry in their relative attractions, the one overflowing with sweets, the other with fatness; prize sheep, and monster joints of stalled oxen, displayed themselves on the one hand, while luscious heaps of Malaga raisins, and the dark rich fruitage of Zante, interspersed with cones of snowy sugar, pyramids of spice, and mounds of candied orange and lemon, all pranked about with laurel and the berry-holly, appeared on the show-board of the opposite "épicer." But though no man meditated so unorthodox a proceeding as the enjoyment of the one without the other, the preponderance of his carnivorous nature showed itself in the disproportionate amount of admiration bestowed on the butcher's stall; green-coated country gentlemen, graziers in gaberlines, and labourers in smock-frocks appeared equally to appreciate the merits of the exhibition, while the puffy-looking proprietor, great in the possession of unmatched mutton, and the purveyorship of genuine Baker-street beeves, flourishing in unopposed monopoly, stood gazing from the elevation of his door-step at the triumph of his own dead cattle show, now taking orders, now giving information as to breed, weight, feeding, &c., all the while accompanying his conversation with fitful and preparatory collisions of his knife and steel. But while all these indications of great doings in gastronomy pervaded Elmstead; the Lawsons found themselves as devoid of the means of procuring Christmas fare, as was that ingenious provider Mrs. Peck of ingredients for her annual pudding. Their position by this time seemed a hopeless one; another quarter's rent was due, and the only perceptible means of meeting it was by the disposal of their furniture, after which they must go forth separate and homeless, to meet whatever fortune awaited them. For many weeks they had lived *literally* "from hand to mouth," the trifle of money occasionally taken in the shop serving now to procure them a whole meal, and at other times the moiety of one. Experience had taught them the bitterest secrets of penury, and necessity initiated them into all her sad experiences; they had learnt to economize fuel by late rising, and to cheat appetite of a meal by making a late breakfast render the double service of dinner also. No wonder that health and spirits under such a regimen had deserted them. Christmas, as I have said was at hand—it was, in fact, the eve of the festival, and old associations, and memories suggested by them, and which grave-stones had not buried, rose up within the hearts of these

desolate girls, as they cowered, pale and cold, before the wide, half-empty fire-place that seemed staring with a dull astonishment at its own want of those accessories to the season, the glowing yule-log, or, at least, a heaped-up fire. The one occupied the sofa, which was drawn as closely as possible to the unpromising hearth, and shivered in a paroxysm of ague, while the other, on a cushion by her side, sat gazing on her sharpened features and shrunk frame, till the sick girl, interpreting her look, drew her towards her, and, clasped in each other's arms, all the pent-up and heart-bursting despair which they had hitherto hidden (or had striven to hide) from one another broke forth, and for a while neither attempted to check the torrent of their mutual grief. An hour hence, faint, hopeless, and without the means of providing even necessities for the morrow, they were about to seek in sleep that oblivion of circumstances which their waking consciousness would not permit, when a loud knocking at the door disturbed them. A sudden hope occurred to the elder girl—it might be a purchaser! and if so, they might yet have wherewithal to provide for the ensuing day; but upon opening the door, instead of a customer, there stood the hostler of the "Maypole," who, stamping off the clods of snow from his shoes, lifted in a weighty hamper, which the Dover coach, on its way down, had dropped at the inn for them. "All right, Miss," exclaimed the man, "carriage paid;" and he was almost gone before the astonished girl, with an impulse more generous than prudent, had placed her last sixpence in his hand.

That there was no mistake was evident; the direction, in a bold but unknown handwriting, was certainly "Miss Lawson, Library, Elmstead;" and, since she could not drag the hamper into her sister's presence, she instantly set about opening it. An aroma of spice and fruit, mingled with another appetitive redolence, burst from it as she cut through the pack-thread that closed its generous mouth. Why, how was this? It was as if an angel had inventoried their wants, and dropped it in the way of whatever good and benevolent friend had thus furnished them. There nestled all the rich items for their Christmas pudding, and rearing itself above the amber straw, breathing familiarly of wood-smoke, appeared a ham (large enough to last them for months), and brown and polished as mahogany. To lift this last from the basket, rush up stairs, and, reckless of the table-cover, to lay it before the bewildered vision of her sister, was the work of a minute. If their tears had before flowed from despair, joy and gratitude made them as irrepressible now; and while with clasped hands they returned thanks for this intervention of what appeared an express providence, lost themselves in speculations as to the instrument of it. Again and again, re-assured and hopeful, they turned from contemplating the unlooked-for abundance so singularly bestowed on them, to embrace each other, and pray for their unknown and generous friend. At length Kate fell off to sleep, while the other took from a drawer a packet of letters in a firm, clear, and business-like hand, and drawing a shawl closely about her, sat down to read them instead of going to bed. The girl went through them slowly; sometimes big tears coursed down her face, and blistered the words that caused them; and at others her chilly cheek became damasked with a sense of self-shame and indignation at the wrong she had put on one, who had doubtless loved her in heart and truth, and whom, feeling and knowing him worthy of her love, she had in the vanity of her power slighted and ill-used. Bitterly (if that kind spirit could have felt revenge) was he vindicated; but this was a feeling his generous nature would never have coupled with her, on whom all the deep and strong affections of his heart had been irrevocably lavished. A distant kinsman of her father's, Frank Townsend had been almost from boyhood an occasional visitor at their house, and from his fine disposition, and a character replete with every manly excellence, was deservedly beloved of all; but then his pursuits were commercial, and at this time (a fact that said volumes for his prudence, integrity, and the high regard in which he was held by the firm—for he was a very young man) he was but the collecting-clerk of a manufactory; while Mary Lawson, brought up in a garrison depôt, accustomed to the gay society and glitter of military life, could see no gallant attributes in a lover unconnected with it, and discarded her worthy, high-minded cousin, for the sake of a senseless, selfish being, who, in consideration of

the very good dinners her father occasionally gave, and the pleasure of a nice girl's society in country quarters, affected to address her, and actually trifled with her affections, till, her father's death making his circumstances known, her military lover hastily broke off the affair, coldly regretting to a mutual acquaintance, that "his fortune would not admit of his marrying any woman who could not find her own *kit*." Now it was that Mary Lawson discovered the difference in the relative characters of her two lovers, and at the same time the fact, that, however we may be flattered into a preference of showy charms, wanting some real basis for affection, the flame we suffer from is superficial, as the object, a mere phosphorescent glare, that wounds no deeper than our self-love, and brings with it its antidote in the disgust and contempt with which it fills us. Her sole regret (a deep and lasting one) was for the weakness of her own judgment, or rather choice (for judgment had, alas! nothing to do with it), and a sense of remorse for the true heart she had turned from her in her senseless vanity. At this moment, as she read over his letters fraught with intelligence and observation, full of racy, healthful feeling and expression, scorning, in his deep love of truth, to flatter even her, she felt, as she had done a thousand times, since her own conduct had lost him to her, his immense superiority, and her own unworthiness of him. For some time she had not heard from him; report said he had become a principal in the firm he formerly served; and in her poverty and sorrow pride had put a veto on her communicating with him; and, believing that growing ambition would blot out whatever remnant of affection her own injustice had not crushed, it was only thus in secrecy and silence that she refreshed her woman's heart with the sweet consciousness that once at least she had been truly loved, and by one whom, in her chastened and matured judgment, it appeared a most intense triumph to have been loved by. Someway this present, though strictly anonymous, associated itself in her mind with him, and renewed, she knew not wherefore, all the thoughts she had contended unavailingly to put away. But to be brief, their Christmas, if not a merry one, proved at least free from the want that had precluded it; and the New Year, like a new monarch, who cancels the judgments of his predecessor, from its very dawn, brought with it fresh hopes and brighter prospects to them. Unseen and unsuspected, Frank Townsend had made himself master of their circumstances—had learned the story of their perseverance, poverty, and patience; and with the faith not only of affection but of experience (believing that his cousin's heart must be perfectly weeded of those frivolities that youth and vanity so often leave us to regret in after life), through the agency of sweet Mrs. Allworth had sounded it, and waited but a fitting opportunity to prove to her the unchangingness of his own. This was not (thanks to the ardour of their mutual friends) long in arriving. The Lawsons were spending the anniversary of the New Year at the hospitable miller's, who between dinner and tea amused himself by looking into his barn, farm-yard, &c., while Mrs. Allworth, contrary to her usual custom of taking an afternoon's siesta, slipped on her cloak, clogs, and bonnet, and wrapping up the late invalid, Kate, in no end of shawls and furs, very anxiously requested Mary to finish a difficult bit of work she had in hand, and most unceremoniously slipped off. Hardly, however, had they gone, when a gig drove up to the door, and as Mary glanced from her work to the window, a mist seemed to gather on her sight, the work fell from her hands, and just as she was rushing from the room to escape the desired, yet dreaded, meeting. Frank Townsend met her at the door, and with something more than cousinly tenderness, led her back again. What passed between them is not for us to divulge. It is sufficient to say that, during the rest of the evening, Mary made no farther attempt to run away; and that, instead (as John Thorndyke had settled, and Mrs. Toms believed) of their goods coming to the hammer in default of his rent, he duly received his money. Miss Lawson and her sister left Elmstead, as bride and bridesmaid; and thus our Village Library remains a reminiscence to this day.

## REVIEW OF BOOKS.

THE CHILD OF THE ISLANDS. A Poem. By the Hon. Mrs. NORTON. London.



THE title of this poem," we are informed in the preface, "has reference to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales." The volume wears a courtly look both in binding and typography. And it was the intention of the authoress to have published it on the "first anniversary" of the Prince's birth. But it is not, consequently, a mere effusion of courtly prettinesses. It is something worthier than a birthday compliment. It proclaims a truth that should always be "in season." It brings the palace into contact with the hovel; and, showing rank the wretchedness beneath it, pleads, in high places, the cause, of "the desolate and the oppressed."

And really it is refreshing to meet with a poem actually indicative of a practical purpose. Of respectable—VERY respectable—verse-mongers there is no lack. The "mob of gentlemen who write with ease"

have seldom been more active than at present. The melodious fusion of words into rhyme is accomplished with marvellous precision and steam-engine velocity. Young England is profuse of dashing impossibilities; fashion prodigal of easy conventionalisms, and juvenile mysticism quite overwhelming with its profound affectations. But it is only occasionally that some "Poet heart, hard tried by wo," denounces wrong in undying lyrics, or that the vigorous strains of a more refined spirit waken deep thought and excite to noble aims. And it is among this latter class that we are disposed to rank the authoress of the work before us.

Mrs. Norton has divided her poem into four books, under the several titles of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter; with a few stanzas of general introduction and conclusion. Certain conditions of the lower classes, peculiar to or suggested by each season, are brought into contrast with the condition of the young Prince, not harshly, or offensively, but with all kindness and sound judgment; distress is not exaggerated, nor authority decried. The lessons of the book, however, are far from being confined to royalty alone. The great principle, that "property has its duties as well as its rights," is generally illustrated and eloquently enforced; and every man, however narrow his circle or limited his power, is urged, by the memory of our common brotherhood, to attempt something, in behalf of the ignorant and destitute of humankind.

Not that the reader will find in this volume any pet panacea for the many disorders of our sick age. The poem is suggestive rather than prescriptive. Its object is to awaken thoughtfulness, not to propound a scheme. We have, indeed, already more than enough joint-stock plans of usefulness, in the discussion and preparation of which our philanthropists too often waste both means and opportunities. Mrs. Norton would set *individuals* at work as well as companies. She exhibits disorder and suffering on a large scale, but she justly considers *every* remedial effort honourable. The smallest good accomplished is a triumph over *some* evil vanquished; and she would encourage all, therefore, to active and immediate exertion, in proportion to the ability which God has given.

She thus urges the duty of personal activity:—

"I thought in my own secret soul, if thus  
(By the strong sympathy that knits mankind)  
A power untried exists in each of us  
By which a fellow-creature's wandering mind  
To good or evil deeds may be inclined;



Shall not an awful reckoning be made  
 (And we, perchance, no fitting answer find) ?  
 Whom hast THOU sought to rescue or persuade ? -  
 Whom roused from sinful sloth ? whom comforted, afraid ?

“ For whom employ’d,—e’en from thy useless birth,—  
 The buried talent at thy lord’s command ?  
 Unprofitable servant of the earth !  
 Though here men fawn’d on thee and lick’d thy hand  
 For golden wealth and power, and tracts of land ;  
 When the eternal balance justly weighs,  
 Above thee, in the ranks of heaven, shall stand,  
 Some wretch obscure, who through unnoticed days,  
 Taught a poor village school to sing their Maker’s praise.”

We cordially welcome Mrs. Norton into this field of honourable labour. The separation between the lower and the higher classes of society seems daily widening. In the haste to become rich, too many amongst us have forgotten the retribution which follows those who “grind the faces of the poor.” The dogmas of the economist have been suffered to supersede the “royal law of love.” Selfish legislation and magisterial wrong-headedness have gone far to destroy the poor man’s hope of evenhanded justice. And hence black thoughts of despair and hatred have made more terrible still the desolate homes of the starving labourer and destitute mechanic,—thoughts that may one day find utterance in appalling sounds, when speculation has squandered her last shilling, and a cry of ruin echoes through the land. The “Condition-of-the-People” question is, indeed, the true question of the day,—a question not to be settled by the Legislature alone, but by the general diffusion of more generous feelings, and of a wiser philanthropy among the mass of the wealthy and powerful. May the poem before us cast “a sunshine in the shady place,” and rouse into activity many a heart and will that have hitherto only been sluggish, because hitherto ignorant of the need of exertion.

But we have as yet spoken chiefly of the objects of Mrs. Norton’s book. A few words as to its character as a poem. We cannot think our authoress has been altogether fortunate in her choice of a stanza, nor at all times skilful in its management. Some of the verses hang heavily, and seem wire-drawn, from the mere necessities of the rhyme. And the introduction of the Free-Church question appears to us both unnecessary and unwise. It comes “*à-propos* to nothing ;” and is somewhat unfairly handled. But, nevertheless, there is much true poetry, as well as sound purpose, in the book. We had marked more passages for quotation than we find our space will admit. The following may suffice. This is a touching picture:—

“ So lives the little Trapper under ground ;  
 No glittering sunshine streaks the oozy wall ;  
 Not e’en a lamp’s cold glimmer shineth round  
 Where he must sit (through summer days and all,  
 While in warm upper air the cuckoos call),  
 For ever listening at the weary gate  
 Where echoes of the unseen footstep fall,  
 Early he comes and lingers long and late  
 With savage men whose blows his misery aggravate.

“ Yet sometimes (for the heart of childhood is  
 A thing so pregnant with joy’s blessed sun,  
 That all the dismal gloom that round him lies  
 Can scarce suffice to bid its rays be gone).  
 In lieu of vain complaint or peevish moan,  
 A feeble song the passing hour will mark !  
 Poor little nightingale ! that sing’st alone,  
 Thy cage is very low and bitter dark ;  
 But God hears thee ; who hears the glad upsoaring lark.



" God seeth thee, who sees the prosperous proud  
 Into the sunshine of their joy go forth :  
 God marks thee, weak one, in the human crowd,  
 And judgeth all thy grief (as all their mirth),  
*Bird with the broken wing, that trails on earth !*  
 His angels watch thee, if none watch beside,  
 As faithfully—despite thy lowly birth—  
 As the Child Royal of the Queenly Bride,  
 Or our belief is vain in Christ the Crucified.  
 " In Christ ! who made young children's blessed lives  
 The promised object of peculiar care ;  
 Who bade each sinner that for pardon strives  
 Low at Heaven's feet, a child-like heart lay bare ;  
 Opening the world's great universal prayer  
 With these meek words,—‘ Our Father !’ strange that we  
 The common blessings of His light and air  
 Deny to those who, circling round His knee,  
 Embraced in mortal life His immortality.

Very beautiful is the following :—

#### GRAVES IN WINTER.

" And high above them, on the cypress bough,  
 The little winter Robin, all day long,  
*Slanting his bright eye at the dazzling snow,*  
 Sings with a loud voice and a cheerful song ;  
 While round about, in many a clustering throng,  
 The tufted snowdrop lifts its gentle head,  
 And bird and flower in language mute though strong,  
 Reprove our wailing for the happy dead,  
 And by their joy condemn the selfish tears we shed.  
 " For snowdrops are the harbingers of Spring,—  
 A sort of link between dumb life and light,—  
 Freshness preserved amid all withering,—  
 Bloom in the midst of grey and frosty blight,—  
 Pale stars that gladden Nature's dreary night !  
 And well the Robin may companion be,  
 Whose breast of glowing red, like embers bright,  
 Carries a kindling spark from tree to tree,  
 Lighting the solemn yew where darkness else would be.  
 " The rose is lovely fair and rich in scent,  
 The lily stately as a cloister'd nun,  
 The violet with its sweet head downward bent,  
 The polyanthus in the noonday sun,  
 And bluebell springing where the brooklets run :  
 But all these grow in summer hours of mirth ;  
 Only the snowdrop cometh forth alone,  
 Peering above the cold and niggard earth,  
 Then bending down to watch the soil that gave it birth :  
 " Seeming to say,—‘ Behold, your DEAD lie here,  
 Beneath the heavy mould whose burial sound  
 Smote with such horror on your shrinking ear  
 When the dark coffin sank into the ground :  
 Yet therefrom spring these flowers that quiver round,  
 Their frail bells trembling o'er the damp, cold sod.  
 Fear not, nor doubt—your lost ones shall be found :  
 For they, like us, shall burst the valley clod,  
 And in white spotless robes, rise up to light and God !”

The tale of "The Gipsy" is full of passion and interest ; and the opening stanzas of "Autumn" may be classed among the best of our descriptive poetry. And thus, with a hearty "godspeed," we bid adieu for the present to the "Child of the Islands."



## FOR NOVEMBER.

|                                               | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------------------|------|
| The Dead Guest . . . . .                      | 317  |
| Faith, the Comforter . . . . .                | 328  |
| Sketches of Indian Sport . . . . .            | 320  |
| Good Counsel of Chaucer . . . . .             | 335  |
| The Royal Progress . . . . .                  | 336  |
| Fête des Loges, St Germain . . . . .          | 347  |
| A Word for Italy . . . . .                    | 351  |
| Christian and his Companions . . . . .        | 354  |
| Recreations of Mr. Zigzag the Elder . . . . . | 362  |
| Great Men and their Statues . . . . .         | 370  |
| Beethoven's Sonata . . . . .                  | 382  |
| Our Library at Elmstead . . . . .             | 383  |
| Review of Books—                              |      |
| The Child of the Islands . . . . .            | 392  |

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

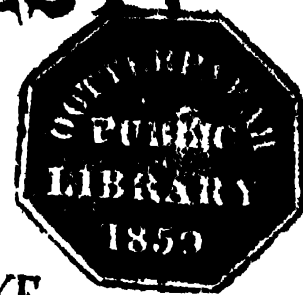
The following papers are declined : — “ The Ettrick Shepherd ; ” “ The Valley of the Spell ; ” “ The Rival Pleaders ; ” “ A Passage from the Life of an Enthusiast ; ” “ The Spirit of Hope ; ” “ Sir James's Pet at Andover ; ” “ Youth—a Rhapsody.”

If J. G. will forward the MS., it shall have immediate attention.

Rejected articles are left at the Publisher's, 320, Strand.

# THE DEAD GUEST

• FROM THE GERMAN OF  
:  
HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.



(Concluded from p 328)

## THE EXAMINATION

HERR VON HAHN took his hat and stick, and followed. Nor could he help laughing secretly at the distress of the policeman, whose jealousy he believed he had awakened.

He soon remarked, as he passed through the street, that he was in one of those small towns where every stranger is stared at, like a wild beast; and a dozen hats are spoiled in the course of the year in giving and returning salutations. Wherever he went, right and left they made way for him, with a low bow. Even at a distance they took off their hats and caps respectfully. No King could have been received with greater reverence; and on all sides as he passed the houses he saw a crowd of curious faces looking after him through the unopened windows; but the worst befel him as he approached the aforementioned corner house with the balcony. Not far from the house, and in the centre of the square, stood a fountain which poured its waters through seven pipes into a large stone basin; round the fountain stood a group of girls, with pails and tubs, all busily employed chatting. Some were



cleaning fish, some washing salad, others placed their empty pails beneath the pipes, while others were raising their full ones to their heads. Herr von Hahn, in order to assure himself of the burgomaster's dwelling, stepped aside to ask one of these busy maidens, who in the liveliness of their discourse had not at first perceived him. When, however, he opened his mouth, and that they all now turned their eyes towards him—Heaven help us, what a clamour, and what a confusion!—they all dispersed in sudden terror: one let her fish drop into the basin; another let her well-washed salad fall upon the ground; a third let her water-pail fall from her hand.

so that it poured over her like a shower-bath; all ran, pale and breathless, from the spot; one old woman alone, whose limbs refused to obey her, shrunk backwards, pressing against the high pillars of the fountain as though she would upset them, and with her withered hand made incessantly the sign of the cross, and stood, with lips apart, staring fixedly at him with a look of desperation, while her hair seemed to stand on end: so one may sometimes see a cat held at bay by a dog—her back arched, her hair on end, her mouth open, and following, with a penetrating look, every movement of her noisy persecutor.

Annoyed by these foolish women, Herr von Hahn turned round, and went straight to the house with the balcony. He was at the right place; the burgomaster, a small, nice, dapper man, received him very politely at the head of the stairs, and led him into the room.

"You have desired my attendance," said Herr von Hahn; "and, indeed, I come most willingly, for I hope you may be able to solve a riddle for me. Yesterday, for the first time, I arrived in your town, and I confess I have already had more adventures here than elsewhere in all my travels."

"I can believe it," said the burgomaster, smiling; "I have heard of them, and some of them rather incredible. You are Herr von Hahn, son of the banker; have connexions with the house of Bantes here, and came because Mademoiselle Bantes——"

"Quite right; shall I prove my identity, burgomaster?" Herr von Hahn, in saying this, drew some papers from his pocket-book; the burgomaster did not refuse to cast his eye over them, but returned them with the most obliging expressions of his entire satisfaction.

"I have now made you acquainted with everything, burgomaster, upon which you can require information from me; allow me now, in return, to ask you for some information upon various extraordinary things connected with your town. Herbesheim is not so completely isolated from the rest of the world; some stranger must occasionally have visited it; how does it happen, then, that I——?"

"I know what you would say, Herr von Hahn: you shall hear all, if you will have the kindness to answer me a question or two."

"I am quite at your service."

"At first you may place my questions amongst the strange things which have befallen you in Herbesheim. You will have no difficulty, after a little time, in discovering the grounds for them. Do you generally wear black?"

"I am in mourning for my aunt."

"Were you ever in Herbesheim before?"

"Never."

"Have you ever formerly had any acquaintance with persons of this town, or by chance heard or read any of the stories, that is to say, old stories, tales, or legends, of Herbesheim?"

"I knew no one in Herbesheim, personally; and knew nothing of the town, but that Herr Bantes' house was here, and that Mademoiselle Bantes was an extremely amiable young lady, which I will now with pleasure confirm."

"Have you never, by accident, read or heard a story of the Dead Guest of Herbesheim?"

"I repeat it, the history of Herbesheim, especially its ancient history, is—to my shame be it spoken—as unknown to me as the history of the kingdom of Siam and Pegu."

"And yet, Herr von Hahn, your adventures here, which I guess at more than actually know, are the lineal descendants of our ancient history."

"How can I have anything to say to your ancient history? I have never met with it in my life. Pray, explain."

The burgomaster smiled, and answered—"They take you for the Dead Guest—for a ghost in one of our fairy tales; and, however fruitful the comical imagination of fellow-citizens may appear to me, still I cannot help (do not take my plain speaking amiss), I cannot myself help wondering at the extraordinary resemblance between you and the hero of our tale of terror: taking for granted that you have not

been playing a trick upon me, and really know nothing of the story of the Dead Guest, I will tell it to you, as I have heard it related by several persons."

Herr von Hahn gave him the liveliest demonstrations of his curiosity. The burgomaster said—"This is assuredly the first time that a fairy tale ever was officially told." Whereupon he gaily commenced the story of the Dead Guest.

"Now, I can understand everything," said Herr von Hahn, laughing, as soon as the story was ended. "The fair ladies of Herbesheim are in terror for their necks."

"Jests apart, Herr von Hahn, I am still in the dark. I can believe in the most extraordinary freaks of accident; but in this case the capricious God of Fate has played his tricks almost too clumsily to leave me without some little feeling of suspicion towards you."

"How, burgomaster? You surely do not join those who take me for the man in the fable who visits Herbesheim every hundred years, for the purpose of destroying the poor little doves?"

"No, certainly not; but you may have accidentally heard of the Ghost story, and availed yourself of your appearance in order to amuse yourself with the fears of our credulous fair ones. Why, for instance, did you exactly fix upon the first Sunday in Advent for the day of your arrival, and that, too, in the midst of a storm of rain and wind, if you had not known something of the fable?"

"You are right, burgomaster, it is a strange coincidence, and I am myself surprised at it. But I must assure you that, so ignorant am I of the calendar, I now have the pleasure of learning, for the first time, that I arrived here on the first Sunday in Advent; and I can most solemnly declare that I by no means bespoke the rain from Heaven; on the contrary, most joyfully would I have dispensed with it, as bad weather seriously disagrees with me."

"But how, Herr von Hahn, can you explain to me the gripe which you so roguishly attempted to get this morning of the neck of your host? Did you know nothing of our Guest and his famous gripe?"

Herr von Hahn laughed out loud. "Aha, that was the reason the poor devil ducked so deeply to get out of my way! My host suspected my innocent movement. I wished to clap him on the shoulder."

"One thing more, Herr von Hahn: do you know the young girl Wiesel?"

"Many Wiesels, burgomaster; but no young girl of that good name."

"Yet it is asserted that you were with her, and even acquainted with the back door of her house."

"The back door of Miss Wiesel? Oh! now I understand by the back door, I recognise the divinity of the police-officer: and now, for the first time, I comprehend the conversation and entreaties of the man."

"Once more, Herr von Hahn. You will perceive that I am well acquainted with all your proceedings; and the secret police of Herbesheim in no respect yields to that of Paris in the days of those masters of spying, Fouché and Savary. Though I may be able, in case of necessity, to explain naturally all that has hitherto occurred, without suspecting you of wishing to terrify our good people by visibly playing the part of the Dead Guest, still I must ask you another question. If you were neither able nor willing really to play this part, tell me, then,—and this question I put less for my own satisfaction than for the sake of another,—how was it possible that you and Mademoiselle Bantes, whom you never knew before, should this morning—in a few minutes, in a quarter of an hour—should become so suddenly, so confidentially intimate, that you and that young lady should—I know not how I shall tell it."

"Have you also learned *that*?" said Herr von Hahn, much struck; and a blush overspread his pale but animated countenance, which did not escape the burgomaster's penetration.

"I must again entreat you to pardon my curiosity," added the burgomaster; "you know that police-officers and physicians are privileged to put indiscreet questions. You know, also, that the Dead Guest is particularly famous for his art of instantaneously fascinating the fair sex—an art which I am rather inclined to attribute to you without believing you to be dead."

Herr von Hahn was silent for a moment. At length he said—"Burgomaster, I begin to be more afraid of you, than all your worthy citizens can be of my black coat. The walls must tell you tales, for I was but a short time alone with Mademoiselle Bantes this morning, if you allude to any intimacy existing between us. You must permit me, however, to be entirely silent on this point. Either your walls have declared to you our whole conversation, in which case you know all, or they have not; and, in this case, it is not for me to draw the curtain, if Mademoiselle Bantes is not willing to do it with her own hand."

The burgomaster showed, by a gentle inclination of the head, that he would not press him further, but was willing to change the subject. "Do you remain long amongst us, Herr von Hahn?"

"I leave this to-morrow. My business here is over, and it is by no means agreeable to be compelled to play the hobgoblin. Chance never maltreated a poor mortal as it has done me, that it should fix upon me to resemble to a hair the Dead Guest of your old town legend or town chronicle."

This declaration of his immediate departure was most agreeable to the burgomaster. He did not, therefore, allude to it again, and conversed upon other subjects with his mysterious guest, who at length took his leave.

The affair seemed altogether extraordinary to the burgomaster. To believe that a mere accidental concurrence of circumstances could account for the resemblance between the Dead Guest and Herr von Hahn was, according to the common course of things, rather too much. And, on the other hand, there seemed to be no ground to doubt the veracity of the stranger's depositions. These things passed to and fro in the burgomaster's mind as he looked out of the window into the street. He had immediately, upon the departure of his visitor, gone to the window in order to amuse himself by watching the effect produced upon the people in the street by the Dead Guest. But, to his great astonishment, he did not leave the house. He waited for some time; a quarter of an hour elapsed, still he waited in vain. The burgomaster rang the bell. The servant appeared, and was questioned by his master. The servant swore that he had been standing for the last hour under the balcony before the house door, and had seen no gentleman in black clothes pass. The servant left the room.

"That certainly does look ghost-like!" murmured the burgomaster, puzzled and laughing to himself, and he again took his place in the window. In a short time the servant returned uncalled, and said, the chambermaid was sitting pale and weeping in the kitchen, and that she said the Dead Guest was with her young lady; that her young lady seemed familiar with his horrible apparition; that the Unknown had given the young lady a beautiful pair of bracelets, and had at the same time whispered something to her; that the chambermaid had positively seen all that, but understood nothing about it—her young lady had immediately sent her out of the room. At first the burgomaster laughed; but when it came to the bracelets, the whispering to one another, and the sending the chambermaid out of the room, all disposition to laughter forsook him; he desired the servant sharply to leave the room. "Bracelets? whispering with my Minna? Gracious Heaven! how could the girl have become so quickly intimate with the man? In truth he has set himself to play the Dead Guest." He said this to himself, and hastening to the door opened it, and was on the point of going to surprise his daughter and the stranger; but, quickly becoming ashamed of his growing superstition, he restrained his anxiety. A quarter of an hour passed. At length, unable to restrain his impatience, he went to his daughter, whose chamber was close to his own; she was sitting alone in the window contemplating the costly bracelets.

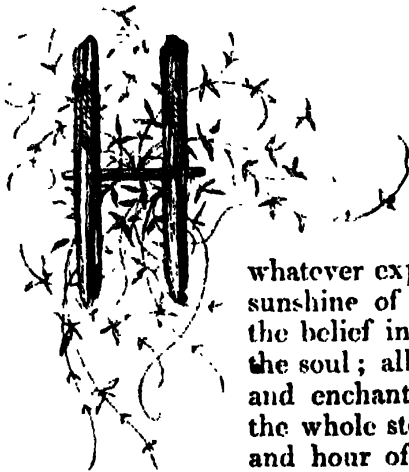
"What have you got there, Minna?" asked he with a faltering voice.

Minna answered with an unconcerned air—"A present from Herr von Hahn for Frederica Bantes; he goes away early to-morrow morning, and has particular reasons for not wishing to go himself to Herr Bantes' house. It is incomprehensible to me—a bridegroom, and go away so quickly! I must go and give it to her."

"And how do you know him, or he you?"

"We made acquaintance this morning while I was visiting Frederica and her mother. A shudder ran through me when I first saw him: the actual Dead Guest in person! but he is a very good kind of man. As he was leaving you, papa, I came out of my room; we recognised one another, and he immediately made his request known to me." Minna related all this with such unconcern, that the whole thing was quite cleared up to the burgomaster. But the following morning the policeman was ordered to watch if the stranger really departed according to his promise.

#### FRESH ALARM.



is worship, the burgomaster, a man free from all prejudice and superstition, passed a sleepless night. At night, however, by moon or star light, or in no light, not only does the external world assume a different aspect, but the internal world of man does so too: one is more religious, more disposed to believe in the extraordinary, the miraculous, the adventurous, and the wonderful, whatever experienced reason may oppose to it. Reason is the sunshine of the soul: all becomes bright and clear in its light; the belief in the feelings and the fancy is the nightly moon of the soul; all things become confused in its doubtful glimmer and enchanting chiaroscuro. The burgomaster thought over the whole story of the Dead Guest; compared with it the time and hour of Herr von Hahn's appearance, his figure, his pale face, his dress, his expensive presents, his sudden intimacy with brides; for Minna also was just about to be betrothed, and the little story of the girl Wiesel had really something suspicious in it. All this was at least very striking. This latter damsel had in truth confessed to the policeman that evening, that the Black Guest had gone into her shop and bought a trifle; but he had only come at the fall of twilight, and she had never seen him before; still less would she acknowledge the famous incident of the back door. The burgomaster had heard all this from his police-officer, and it gave rise to many strange thoughts. He could not take the tall black man for a mere wag, he looked too earnest for that; his presents were too costly to allow him to think that he was merely playing off a trick upon the fair ones of Herbesheim. Herr Bantes, at all other times the declared enemy of superstition, had related and complained of so much that was extraordinary, that it cost the burgomaster a night's rest whilst he weighed these pros and cons in his mind.

The next morning, before the police-officer arrived at the Cross, the people in the street informed him that the Dead Guest and his servants, bag and baggage, had vanished, and no one knew whither; he had neither taken carriage, nor horse, nor extra post, had passed through none of the gates, and was nowhere to be found. This was confirmed by the declaration of the host of the Cross, who brought the policeman into the chamber which the so-called Herr von Hahn had inhabited. There lay everything in the most perfect order as though no one had occupied it: the beds stood undisturbed, the chairs in their places; no trunk, no clothes, not a morsel of string, not a bit of paper, nothing left behind, not a trace remaining, only that upon the table lay the full reckoning of the host in hard dollars, which he, however, most wisely would not touch.

"Let who will take the devil's gold," said the host of the Cross, "it is certain no blessing can attend it; were I to lay it in my chest, it would turn to mouldering corruption. I shall bestow it on the hospital for the poor. I will have none of it." He gave the dollars to the policeman to take to the hospital.

The report of the sudden disappearance of the Dead Guest, with all its attendant circumstances, spread rapidly through the whole of Herbesheim; hardly had Herr Bantes and his wife left their beds, when they were informed of it—first, by their maidservant, and soon after by the bookkeeper and cashier.



"Amazing!" said Herr Bantes to his wife. "Now, what say you to it? I am delighted he is gone. You will allow now that all was not right there? I tell you that never was the son of my old friend Halm. Who would ever have believed in such a mad tale, such nonsense, and the like, if one had not witnessed it with their own bodily eyes!"

Madam Bantes ventured modestly to doubt the assertions of the maid and the bookkeeper; the cashier was sent to the host of the Cross; but quickly returned with a full confirmation of the tale. Madam Bantes smiled, seemed surprised, and knew not what to say; only she thought that in some way it would be explained, for her sound understanding was not to be duped by such a story.

Suddenly, Father Bantes stood up in a state of mortal anguish, and became so pale that Madam Bantes began to tremble. For some time he either could not or would not speak. At length he said, with a weak and faltering voice—"Mother, if one part be true, so may the other."

"What then, for Heaven's sake?"

"Do you think that Frederica is still asleep? We were some time awake in our beds, and did you hear a sound, a footstep, or even the moving of a chair, in the next room?"

"Speak, though, papa; you do not suspect that the child is ——"

"But if the one be true, so may the other. It is frightful, mamma; I have not courage to go and see."

"Why, can you think she is ——"

"Yes, yes—her head twisted!"

With these words the old man hurried, tortured with the most terrible forebodings, to Frederica's bedroom; Madam Bantes followed him anxiously; he laid his trembling hand on the lock of the door, he opened it softly, he hardly dared to breathe.



and, as no voice sounded from within, it was long ere he could trust himself to look towards the bed. "Look you, mamma," said he; and his heart felt oppressed with dread.

"She sleeps softly!" said Madam Bantes. He raised his eyes towards her. There lay Frederica quietly in her bed, her eyes closed in a sweet sleep, her gentle countenance in its own proper place. "But does she live?" asked Herr Bantes, taking the rising and falling of his child's gently heaving bosom for some illusion of his eyes; nor was he reassured till he touched her warm hand, and still more when she, waking at his touch, opened her eyes, and her first movement was a smile of mingled affection and surprise. Her mamma now explained the reason of their visit, and related the mysterious disappearance of Herr von Hahn, and her father's late alarm arising from it. The whole party were now contented and joyful.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.



TILL more contented and joyful, however, were they, when sitting all together at supper, on the evening of that same day, a carriage rolled quickly through the street and suddenly stopped before the house. Frederica listening, sprung up and cried, "Waldrick!" It was he; all hastened to meet him. Father Bantes embraced him and welcomed him more heartily than ever; then there were a thousand things to be asked and to be answered, and questions to be asked in return. Father Bantes at length stilled the clamour, and planted the commandant in his accustomed place at the table. Then the lively and merry discourse was renewed. "And only think, my dear fellow, my fine captain, we have had that devil of a fellow, the Dead Guest, and the like, actually here in Herbesheim—have had him in bodily presence in this house. What say you to that? Ay, what do you say to it; and he had already within

four-and-twenty hours fished out his three brides. There was, first, Miss Frederica over there; then the burgomaster's daughter Minna; and for the third that young girl Wiesel, at the dressmaker's. We have all been frightened, everybody in the town, like little children and the like."

The commandant laughed heartily, and said—"And I dined with him to-day, at the posthouse at Ordenberg: for I am sure you mean Herr von Hahn, and no one else?"

Herr Bantes smiled peevishly. "Herr von Hahn here, and Herr von Hahn there! Let him be who he will, he was the Dead Guest, body and soul, and 'as such won't do for my Frederica, even if he were Herr von Hahn and the like. I never could bear to have a cold shudder run through me every time I looked at my son-in-law. If he really was the son of my friend, so much the worse for him, for he answers in all things to the description you have given us of the Dead Guest."

"Oh!" cried the captain, "that is no fault of his. When I was obliged, on that evening of your assembly, to tell the story of the Dead Guest, and wanted to describe his appearance, I could find in my haste no original but that of Herr von Hahn. And he occurred to me, because, at the time, he was doubly disagreeable to me. When I was on my march to this place with my company, finding myself only a few miles from the metropolis, I made a little excursion to it *en passant*. At the *table d'hôte*, at the King of Portugal, amongst the many guests assembled there, I was struck with the extraordinary height of Herr von Hahn, who towered above all other mortals by a full head; also by his black hair, ashy paleness, and his black dress. I heard that he was the son of the famous banker; he was then an

object of indifference to me, but I could not forget his appearance; still less could I forget it when it ceased to be indifferent to me on account of—you must let me say it!—on account of his suit to Mademoiselle Frederica.”

“Donner!” cried Herr Bantes, laughing as he rubbed his hands and clapped his forehead. “A rival’s fancy sketch!—nothing else! That must never come to any body’s knowledge; not even to the all-knowing discreet burgomaster and his police. I ought to have guessed, as soon as I saw Herr von Hahn, that that knavish commandant probably knew him, and had cut his Dead Guest out by him. But we old people remain like simple children even when we grow grey; but, commandant, you have terrible stories to answer for. Young Hahn will be horribly angry. He will storm and rage at the way he has been treated here; and he will call me an old Hans Casper, and the like.”

“Anything but that, papa,” said Waldrick; “on the contrary, he is perfectly satisfied with the order of things and the course of fate. He begged to be kindly remembered, through me, to you, to mamma, and to Mademoiselle Frederica. He and I became real friends to-day, for we have confessed to one another all the secrets of our hearts. At first, as we sat alone at the table, and swallowed our soup, we got on drily enough. He was gloomy and silent, as though he did not know me. I was gloomy and silent, precisely because I did know him, and believed him to be on his bridegroom’s journey to Herbesheim. By chance, as out of civility, we exchanged some words across the table; I discovered that he was on his way home from Herbesheim. An inextinguishable curiosity now burned within me to learn more. Naturally, I could not deny that I was well acquainted with Herbesheim—that I was town commandant. ‘Ah, ah!’ cried he, laughing, and reaching me his hand across the table, ‘my fortunate rival, to whom, too, I must feel grateful for his good



fortune!’ Thus was our acquaintance made, and candour was the order of the day. Think, papa, he asserted that Frederica had herself explained to him, that she was already engaged to me, and had besought him not to make her and me unhappy; and that he, on his side, had kissed the young lady’s hand, and said, that he had certainly implicitly obeyed his old father’s will, that he should come to Herbesheim and pay his addresses to the young lady; still he was only half in earnest, and had every hope of being rejected by his own behaviour; that he had already in the metropolis a secret love, the daughter of a professor of that place, who, except the treasures of her mind, had few earthly possessions, which was a decided stumbling-block to the old banker Hahn. Accordingly, the old gentleman had forbidden him, on pain of disinheritance, to cast a thought upon the poor professor’s daughter. The young gentleman had sworn eternal constancy to his beloved, and was fully determined to marry her upon his father’s death.

“What!” cried Herr Bantes, astonished, “and you, Frederica—you knew all that

from himself? Children, I take it into my head, that you are all making game of me. Why did you not tell me one word or syllable of all that?"

Frederica kissed her father's hand, and said—"Think well, dear father, and do not scold your Frederica. Do you recollect, when I so gaily came to you, after my interview with Herr von Hahn, and sang his praises, and was about to tell you everything about it, how angry you grew? You know that you forbid me to speak, and promised me, as a reward of my dumb obedience, that you would put Waldrick in Herr von Hahn's place—do you remember?"

"So—did I do so? But there is nothing in the world like obedience—if it be only joined to a little judgment."

"But was I not obliged to obey? Did you not threaten to lock up dear mamma and me in the cellar? if——"

"That's enough, you chatterbox! Don't bring my sins up to me. But when you, as you know, without my approval, had that talk with Herr von Hahn, you might have told him the extraordinary prejudice that existed against him, and then you would have been able immediately to set us right; at least, might you not have given him some good reasons and the like, to account for our behaviour to him?"

"And so I did. As soon as he discovered that there was no 'lodging to let' in my heart, he rejoiced, and gave me the same description of his own heart. A better reason for parting could not well be found; besides, you know, mamma and I had invited him to dinner; but——"

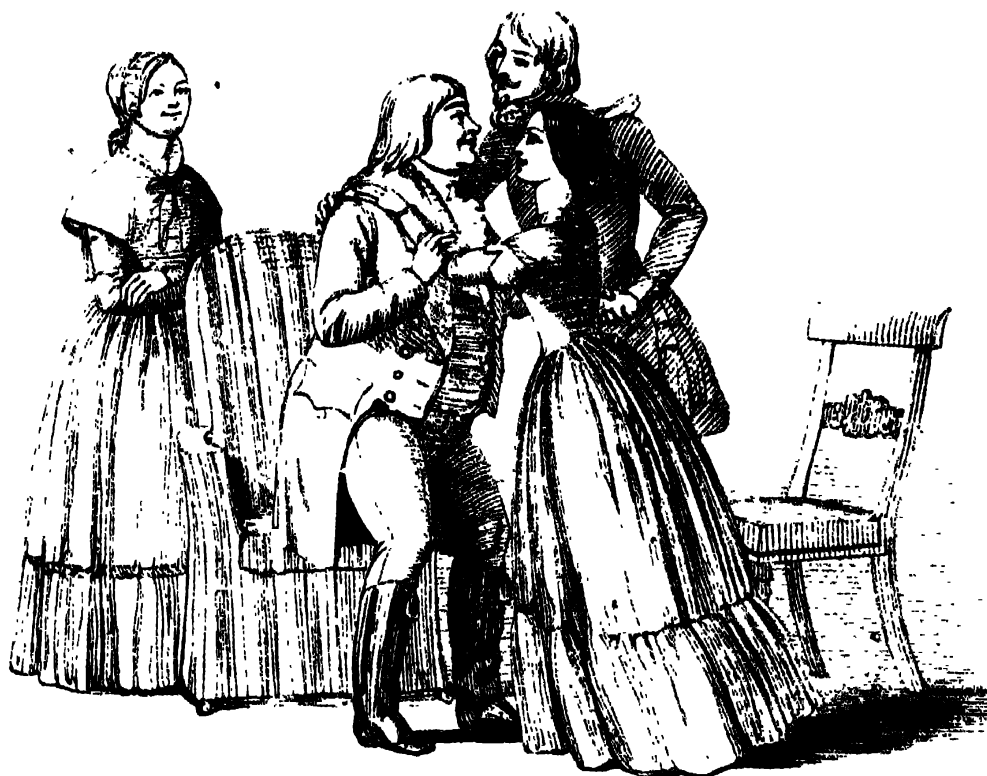
"Hold your tongue! My good commandant, finish your story. He was not, then, angry with us? What must he think of the good people of Herbesheim? Does he not think that we, one and all, turned fools on Advent Sunday, and the like?"

Waldrick answered—"Most certainly he did think something of the kind. The general behaviour of the people in Herbesheim must have struck him; for he related to me some strange scenes of the universal fright. When, however, he heard the legend of the Dead Guest from the burgomaster, and at the same time learned that they paid him the unmerited honour of taking him for a cavalier and courtier of the Winter King, who died two hundred years before, the whole thing appeared to him still more extravagant; and he was not a little amused with the dismay and terror which his personal appearance had so innocently occasioned."

"And for which you and your wicked tale are alone answerable, Mr. Commandant," cried Frederica; "you must not forget that! Who knew, before that first winter's evening meeting, what sort of looking person the Dead Guest was? The next day all the children in the street were telling it to each other."

"Come, I was honest enough to confess my sins to Herr von Hahn, as soon as I recovered the use of my voice from a long and hearty fit of laughter. That his figure should have ridiculously presented itself to my 'mind's eye' during my relation was excusable. But I should as soon have thought of the sky falling as have dreamed of my innocent story producing such effects. Herr von Hahn laughed heartily with me, and told me that, on his part, in order to torment the enlightened Herbesheimers still more, and also to confirm them in their pious belief, he had played all sorts of pranks. He had, to plague a policeman, paid a visit to his betrothed at a dressmaker's; and, in order to frighten and astonish his already terrified host still more, he had given it out that he would go early to bed, and depart next morning; whereas he had made his servants convey away his luggage secretly in the dusk of the evening, and had himself proceeded on foot by moonlight to the next village, and, after having slept, had taken a carriage from thence to the next post station. In short, never was the inextinguishable laughter of the Homeric gods at Vulcan's occupations in Olympus so truly imitated by two mortals as by us two, in our laughter at the way in which the Herbesheimers busied themselves with the Dead Guest. We two rivals concluded a treaty of friendship over a flask of champagne, and separated much later than we at first believed we should when we sat down together to our soup."

Although Father Bantes smiled at the continuation of Waldrick's narration, still some struggle appeared to be passing within him. Vexation and pleasure seemed to be strangely combined in the expression of his countenance. Frederica caressed



him more tenderly, for she saw what was passing in his mind, and kissed the wrinkles from his brow whenever they made their appearance.

"Children," said Herr Bantes, "you now see what a host of follies and extravagancies superstition carries in its train. Even I, an old philosopher, must needs put on the cap and bells. I should feel ashamed of myself, but that, after all, it is nonsense to be ashamed of poor human nature. Therefore, let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall. Mamma, make a bowl of punch wherewith we may make merry with our good commandant. I say, we, which means only my unworthy self. For you, mamma, have had a signal victory over enlightenment, and are elated accordingly; and you, Frederica, seem to be troubling yourself very little about Waldrick there, having gained a victory for your love."

The mother put out her hand to the commandant with a kind and truly maternal smile, and said, "Have you rightly understood papa's last words?"

"No," said the commandant, confused and blushing; "but I could almost dare to be bold enough to interpret them."

"*A-propos*, commandant," continued Herr Bantes, "do you know that I have sold you—sold you to Frederica—for the purpose of ridding myself of the Dead Guest? Do not take it amiss that I have thus, *volens volens*, and in your absence, disposed of you; as your former guardian, I thought I might dare to take so much upon me. There, Frederica, take him, and may you be happy together."

Both sprang up, and threw their arms round his neck.

"Halt!" cried he; "Waldrick, away with your uniform."

"It shall disappear!" said Waldrick, with tears of joy in his eyes.

"And you take leave of the service, for Frederica remains with us. I have given you to her, not her to you; therefore"—

"To-morrow, father, I shall ask for my dismissal."

"Children!" cried Herr Bantes, as he tried to recover his breath amid the embraces of the young people, "your joy has something affecting in it. Mamma, bring the punch!"

## SKETCHES OF INDIAN SPORTS.

(Continued from page 335.)

MY DEAR DALGLEISH,



WITHOUT proceeding with the details of my journey from Manantoddy (where I parted from my friend G —) to Ootakamund, the capital of the Neilgherries, I hasten to recount a most singular adventure which occurred to me.

At Manantoddy, I had felt some slight symptoms of a return of fever, and I thought it advisable to perform a portion of the remainder of the journey in a palkee (palanquin). Accordingly, I started with all my retinue, at about five o'clock in the morning. The party was much increased, in consequence of my having sixteen men to carry the palkee. I was informed by some of the natives, that the road was much infested by wild elephants, and my followers appeared very much terrified at the idea of meeting these animals. Although I had no fears myself, still I considered it but prudent to be prepared, and had my rifle and one double-barreled fowling-piece, loaded with ball, carried one on each side of the palkee. We might have gone about five miles, when the natives suddenly stopped, and cried out, "Huttee! huttee!"—elephants! elephants! I sprang out of the palkee, and seizing my rifle, advanced ahead of my followers, many of whom, particularly the Coolies, throwing the luggage on the ground, were scampering off in all directions. I could see nothing; but heard a tremendous crashing noise in the jungle close at hand, and a curious trumpeting sound, which I knew to proceed from wild elephants. A minute or so sufficed to convince me that the sound was receding, and in a few minutes everything was still. It took at least half an hour before I could collect my scattered retinue; for I was obliged to mount my horse and gallop after several of them; and it required a great deal of coaxing and threatening before I could persuade them to return. I could hardly help laughing as I rode back, acting whipper-in to about a dozen Coolies, to see my servants and some of the palkee-bearers emerging from the jungle, and gazing around them with a terrified and frantic air. At length I managed to resume my journey, and for half an hour went along pleasantly enough. Suddenly the palkee was thrown with violence to the ground, the cry of "Huttee! huttee!" again raised, and I had barely time to get out and seize my rifle, when I saw an enormous elephant making towards me. I made a spring to one side of the road, and got into cover. By this time the elephant had got close up to the palkee, and I was enabled to watch his movements through the foliage without being seen. He first of all sniffed with his trunk all round the palkee very cautiously, then thrust it inside, and took out all the bedding, pillows, &c., which he scattered about the road. He then took one of the poles in his trunk, and raised one end of the palkee up, apparently with a view of ascertaining its weight; and it struck me that he intended to amuse himself by throwing it up into the air. Not being prepared to witness quietly this destruction of the palkee (the principal means by which I should be enabled to progress with my journey), I raised my rifle, and, although I could not get aim at a vital part, fired. The brute immediately let go the palkee, and went off at a rapid pace, much to my satisfaction. It was a long time before I could reassemble my followers. When I first left my hiding-place not a soul was to be seen; by degrees, heads were thrust out from the cover, and some of the men, when they saw me, came boldly forth. Some of them hesitated, and were nearly dead with terror. Many of them insisted upon returning to Manantoddy, but at length I succeeded in getting them all once more *en route*. Nothing further of any consequence, transpired, and I arrived at Ootakamund on the third day.

I was quite charmed with Ootakamund; \* the scenery was most beautiful, and all

\* Ootakamund is much increased in importance and population since this sketch was written; it is, therefore, considered unnecessary to give the author's description of it in full.

the houses very much in the English cottage style. I had to pay at the rate of sixty rupees (six pounds sterling) per month for a small cottage, with only two rooms—a bedroom and a sitting-room. The climate was superb, and the fruit and vegetables first-rate. I fancy I partook rather too freely of them, as in a day or two after my arrival I became seriously ill; and although the doctor told me that it was usual for persons to feel indisposed on their first arrival, and that a few weeks' residence would be necessary before I could feel the benefit of the climate, I was not prepared to make the experiment; and, after a week's trial, I retraced my steps to the coast, where, strange to say, I soon felt quite well.

I left Tellicherry in a native vessel, and in two days arrived at Cochin. Here I became acquainted with some officers of the —th Madras Native Infantry, who were on detachment duty. Never shall I forget the kindness and hospitality I experienced from them.

A party was made up on my account to proceed to a place called Trichore, to shoot large game. We proceeded in a boat with a comfortable cabin up a back water, and, being all night on the water, arrived early the next morning at Trichore. We proceeded to a village bordering on the jungle, and put up at the house of a respectable native, who was a great amateur of sporting.

Having made arrangements to procure the assistance of about a hundred of the natives, we proceeded to the scene of action. After walking for some time our host directed a halt, and divided the party, stationing each of us at a given point near a tree, with injunctions that we should only fire in a certain direction, and be ready to get up into the tree, should a tiger or any other ferocious beast make towards us. I had three guns with me, and two native attendants; I could not see any of my companions; in fact the jungle was so thick, that I could only see a few yards in one particular direction where I had been told the game would pass.

There was a dead silence for about a quarter of an hour after we reached our station, when presently we heard a faint sound of voices at a distance, which gradually approached, and became louder and louder; this proceeded from the native beaters, who had formed a circle of great extent, and were gradually closing in towards us driving the game before them. As they approached, deer, hogs, and wolves came by in numbers; and as fast as I could load my guns, I had ample opportunities of showing my skill as a marksman. My shots were responded to by my companions, and I assure you we kept up a most respectable fire. Presently, the fire began to slacken, and we heard a tremendous crashing amongst the jungle, accompanied with a heavy trampling which literally shook the ground. I was quite astonished, and endeavoured to penetrate the jungle with my eyes to see what was approaching. Onwards came the noise like thunder, and when it arrived abreast of me, I saw a herd of bison (the wild ox), with their heads down, their eyes flashing, and tails erect, tearing over the ground with mad fury. I had reserved one of my guns, which I had loaded with brass balls, and, selecting one of the largest animals in the herd, fired both barrels at his shoulder; he rolled headlong over, and upset one or two others, which were coming full tear after him; I fired once more, and wounded a second. As soon as the herd had disappeared I ventured out, and was quite astounded at the size of the beast I had killed; its proportions were more like the elephant than any of the ox tribe I had ever seen. My companions had managed to kill three others, which, combined with several deer and wild hogs, made up rather an extensive bag.

It took us some time before we could flay and cut up the carcasses of the bisons; and as we moved towards our quarters, it was rather a curious sight to see our followers marching along with the spoils.

One circumstance occurred, which cast a deep shade over our sport. One of our native followers was pursued by a wounded bison, and, after running for a short distance, endeavoured to elude his pursuer by climbing up a tree; but before he could effect his object, the infuriated beast overtook him, and with one thrust of his horns killed the poor fellow on the spot.

Yours faithfully,

SHIKARREE.



GUARD ABBEY.

## THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

### PART V.

#### THE PROGRESS.

WHY stays the Earl? Why holds the Queen  
 Such conference lone and long?  
 Her people through the galleries pace,  
 Each with a wonder on the face,  
 And whisper on the tongue.

But soon the heralds far and near  
 Proclaim with trump in hand,  
 "God save the Queen!" for she will make  
 A Progress through her land.

Forgotten question or surmise;  
 All busy with their gear;  
 And many an armoury and chest,  
 With rusty hinge long left in rest,  
 Is sought, for suits to wear.

For Isabel hath given command  
 To lay her treasures bright,  
 Her carkanets, her bracelets rich,  
 In order in her sight.



"Our noble Ladie will be gay,  
 We must be gay also ;  
 She airs her jewels round her Isle,  
 What say you, but she wills, the while,  
 Her future lord to show ?"

With crimson banners came the day,  
 'Twas like a pageant bright ;  
 With the sight and sound of a thousand cymbals  
 Flashing in the light.

The Queen uprose ; long time she stood  
 And look'd o'er Yaverland ;  
 Her maidens wait, her to array,  
 "Nay, but the light is strong," they say,  
 As her head sank on her hand.

"Yea, and the light is strong," said she ;  
 "Tears follow it sometimes !  
 But hark ! they sound for me once more—  
 My castle's silver chimes. •

"How sharp and clear, they strike mine ear,  
 Sweet chimes ! so oft for me,  
 Like sound of bells, rung midst the shells  
 Of mermaids under the sea."

"She thinks" (they say) "how soon those chimes  
 Will ring her marriage peal ;  
 For ladies' wills ! how soon they change !  
 Who may their minds reveal ?"

"Now haste, my maidens, quick to me  
 My robe and circlet bring."  
 Strange was her look, "Now mark," say they.  
 "Our Queen will have a King !"

Still and stately came she forth,  
 Her palfrey black she rode ;  
 Oh ! but he knew he bore a Queen,  
 By every step he trode !

The jewels flashed upon her brow,  
 But, from beneath, a flame  
 Burnt brightly into day, and aye  
 Those jewels put to shame.

As comes the sunset's crimson flush  
 Over a pallid cloud,  
 The colour hastened to her cheek  
 As she met the eager crowd.

Near her rode the Earl, but passed  
 Small courtesie between ;  
 "As long as there is time," say they,  
 "Our Queen will be the Queen !"

Right well the towns might ring their bells.  
 And dress in tapestry ;  
 Long may the charters she had given  
 To them, preservéd be !

And well the hospitals might dress  
 Their gates with sheltering boughs :  
 Much, the gold that she had given ;  
 Many, the poor they house !

Well minstrels carol, maidens dance,  
 Whose timbrels, voices, feet,  
 Make triple music timed together,  
 To match their faces sweet.

Well may the bands with linked hands  
 Go round the trysting tree ;  
 While up above, screened like a bird,  
 The whistle of the pipe is heard,  
 To guide their footing free :

For Isabel of poor, as rich,  
 Had held respect as fair ;  
 The oppressor's voice ne'er muttered threat  
 In surly thunder there.

See, swarthy forms from forest haunts  
 Gaze, leaning on their spears ;  
 Twice and thrice there shaggy caps  
 They slide from off their ears,

For her who gave their might the right  
 The savage boar to chase,  
 That not a knight dare say them nay,  
 Whate'er his birth or place.

And largess fell in golden showers  
 Over the heads of all ;  
 And at the shrines the good Queen hung  
 Her jewels by the wall ;

Her massy chains, her bracelets rich,  
 Her rings and brooches rare ;  
 " But what," say they, " shall deck the bride,  
 If thus she be left bare ?"

So passed the Queen, a vision blessed,  
 Wherever she did go ;  
 For happy hearts have not the eye  
 To search a subtle woe ;

But when Queen Isabel drew near  
 Upon the channeled sea  
 That parts her Isle from Edward's shore,  
 Strange passion you might see.

She grappled with her rein until  
 Her palfrey reared in air ;  
 The purple veins stood out like cords  
 Upon her forehead fair.

The Black struck forward on his way,  
 As challenged to the fight ;—  
 Not readier were it tournament,  
 And she, a gallant knight.

Over the hill, and out of sight, —  
Her train as quickly follow,  
Till to Quarr Abbey woods they came,  
That stand within the hollow.

There through the rustle of the trees  
A fountain you might hear ;  
Beside the stone where pilgrims rest,  
Watching the water clear,  
The steed stood still, with Isabel,  
Until the train drew near.

She spoke them fair, with drooping lids,  
Her tender voice and low  
Came side by side in music  
With the lulling water flow.

“ Each Well, it hath a saint,” they say,  
“ It is a holy place ;  
For ever thus, by fount or stream,  
She seems to gather grace ;  
As though an angel sat by them,  
And looked her in the face.”

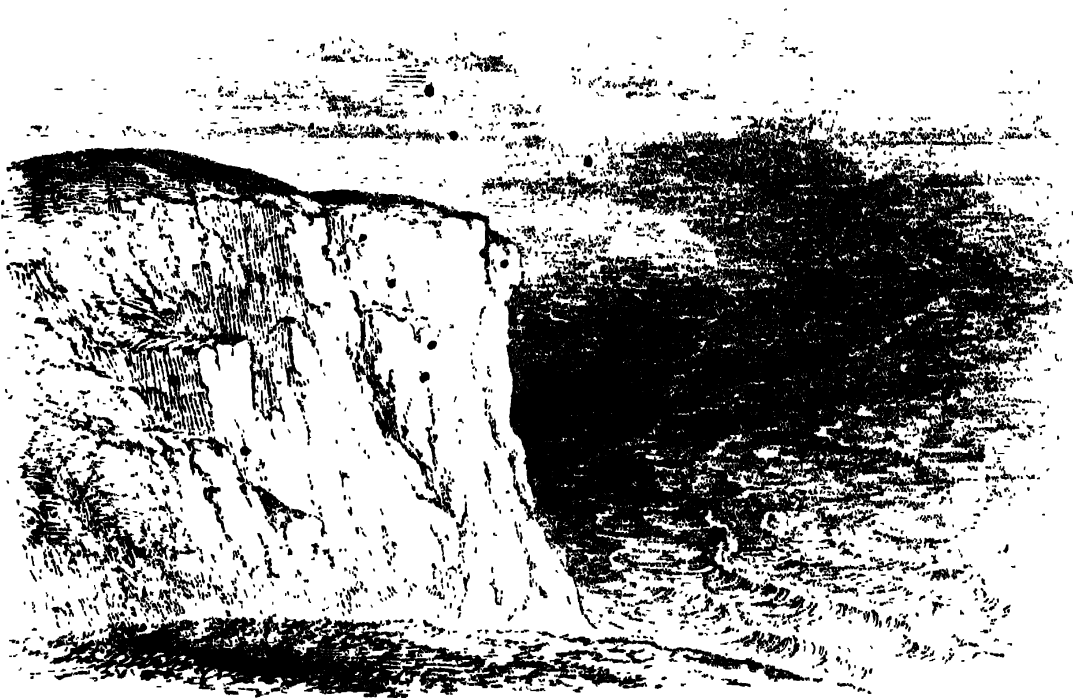
The days are done, the setting sun  
Over the landscape burns ;  
Unto her castle in the bay,  
Queen Isabel returns.

And as she at the portal stood,  
And while they held the rein,  
She bowed until her forehead touched  
Her palfrey's jetty mane.

“ Nay,” said the Earl, “ I am no churl,  
But an ill sight is this,  
To see a ladie, passing fair,  
Give to her palfrey, kiss !”

She staggered as she lighted down,  
Her feet refuse to stand ;  
The Earl is quickly at her side,  
To wait with proffered hand.

“ Mine Isle ! I yet may lean on thee—  
Oh stiffen now my knees !  
Earl, for thy courtesie, a grace !”  
And she passed him like the breeze !



CULVER CLIFF.

## PART VI.

## THE RENUNCIATION.

Full audience circles in the hall,  
The Queen is on her throne ;  
Silence, until her speech have end,  
Is laid on every one.

“ My lieges, England’s Edward sends  
To have mine Isle of me ;  
He offers gold, or blood ; whiche’er,  
Mine Island his must be,

“ I know ye all have loyal hearts ;  
It were in me ill deed,  
To urge ye onward to a strife  
Where they would vainly bleed.

“ But since a peace is no way peace  
Where men in thrall must live,  
Behold your charters still secure,  
This Earl his oath doth give.

"Nay, that as hostage he will stay  
Till Edward's seal of state  
Be on them; 'tis for you to watch  
The while the Earl doth wait.

"And now one only act remains :  
Nay, cling not to my feet,  
My maidens, nor my lieges, thus,  
Nor murmur ye, nor greet ;

"But as ye all have faithful souls,  
And as those souls I bless,  
Make not for me this trial fraught  
With twofold bitterness."

The murmurs died away : and, lo,  
A stillness through the hall,  
Deep, as a moment that doth pass  
Before the axe may fall.

She touched the parchment, raised the pen,  
The Earl is seen to move ;  
His small eye glitter'd, like the snake's  
That readies for the dove.

"So!" (you might read, as in a book)  
"A haughty Queen but now ;  
Defenceless woman, soon thou art,  
And to my will shalt bow."

But though her hand is on the deed,  
Her eyes are in the bay ;  
From east to west they linger o'er  
The face of that beloved shore ;  
"Farewell!" they cannot say !

Down through her eyes, she seems to draw  
Her Isle into her heart ;  
As she would still possess it there,  
And never, never part.

She gazed on Culver, till it seemed  
To leave its rocky base,  
To meet her o'er the waters blue,  
To touch her very face !

She gazed on Culver, till she lost,  
By gazing, power to see ;  
Then turned her darkened eyeballs round  
Till they rested on the sea.

Blue and calm, as clear as heaven,  
Another heaven it made ;  
As one entranced sate Isabel,  
So still, so rapt, 'twere hard to tell  
Whether she thought or prayed.

All wait : but now the Earl, who ill  
Such mute delay could brook,  
Half drew his sword, then sent it home,  
Till from hilt to point it shook.

She starts—she wakes:—"Peace, peace," she cries.  
 Her name is to the deed!  
 Why droops her head upon the scroll  
 Sudden, as broken reed!

Oh! she would hide it from her sight,  
 The act that she hath done!  
 The name that signs her Isle away  
 She will not look upon.

There, like a broken lily, laid  
 Awhile that lovely head;  
 But when they sought to raise her, lo!  
 The Island Queen was dead!

## PART VII.

## URN BURIAL.

The silver dawn comes o'er the sea—  
 A breathless heaven above;  
 Through vault on high, o'er depth below,  
 No cloud is seen to move.

With placid stealth the light creeps on,  
 More near and near, to day,  
 By pallid Culver's rocky strand,  
 Into the silent bay.

Unto the Castle's walls it comes,  
 And from the old grey stone  
 It lifts the veiling shadow there,  
 With quiet benison.

It passes to the chamber dim,  
 Where rests that royal head;  
 The dying tapers fade away,  
 And leave it with the dead.

New wings it takes, to greet the grace  
 Of that divine repose;  
 And from the lustrous pallor seems  
 To gather while it grows.

The weary watchers waken up  
 With timorous lids and slow,  
 That seek—what scarce they dare to see,  
 For mingled fear and woe,

With palms close press'd, all fain to pray  
 For the soul of Isabel:  
 Lo! smiling there before their eyes,  
 As soul already saved she lies,  
 And not a prayer they tell!

Life, more than mortal life, sits throned  
 Upon that noble brow;  
 And sweeter peace than ever dwelt  
 Within the eyes below,  
 Rests, like the seal of angel's kiss,  
 Upon those lids of snow.

## THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

And while all gaze with parted lips,  
 And mute suspended breath,  
 They dare not, for their soul's dear life,  
 Declare that image—Death!

As rose the sun out of the sea,  
 Forth from the Castle gate  
 The Island Queen was borné, arrayed  
 In all her royal state.

With motion slow, the bearers go ;  
 Through the solemn crowd,  
 No voice disturbs the charmed air,  
 Nor murmur, low nor loud.

Like seraphs o'er a holy ark,  
 With sheltering wings outspread,  
 Silence and Light keep peaceful ward  
 Around that regal head.

Only the sea, with gentle swell,  
 Heaves with a mute unrest,  
 As fraught with her last earthly thought  
 Locked in its silent breast.

And now they mount the rocky steep—  
 The breeze begins to sing  
 Such song as makes each autumn bough  
 Unto the passing Queen below  
 A golden tribute bring.

And now a mellow-throated bird  
 Pipes Echo from her thrall—  
 In sweet remembrance of her,  
 Who named each bird her chorister  
 Within its rocky cell.

And as the sun went westering down,  
 He gave such parting smile,  
 As though the light of all the day,  
 Concentrate in one glorious ray,  
 Would bless her in her Isle,

For the last time, ere she will lie  
 Upon the tranquil breast  
 Of Earth, her earliest mother,  
 In undisturbed rest.

The sunshine playing o'er her face,  
 Made smile on smile appear ;  
 Or was it that the time befel  
 For halt at Holy Laurence Well,  
 Beside the water clear ?

The perfect orb a moment seems  
 To linger on the wave ;  
 To give St. Catherine's Chapel trust,  
 To cherish that beloved dust  
 In a heaven-blesséd grave,

Beneath the chapel's rounded arch  
 The holy Monk is seen,  
 Erect and proud above the crowd,  
 To await the Island Queen.

With torch uplifted, eye elate,  
 His arms wide ope he flung;—  
 Like welcome to a living soul,  
 He "Benedictus" sung.

His voice seeks out the shades who rest,  
 In deep sepulchral gloom;  
 "In lux perpetua" clear he sings,  
 Till all around the promise rings  
 Like rescue from the tomb.

Again the Queen at the altar's foot,  
 As marble pale, doth lie;  
 But now, a blessed seal of peace,  
 To bond that signed her Isle's release,  
 Fixed in tranquillity.

And when upon that noble clay  
 They scatter herbs and flowers,  
 Bright with more dews than ever came  
 From fountain or from showers;

When rude hands met for gentle prayer,  
 And stubborn heads bent down;  
 And eyes that looked too hard for tears,  
 Those drops of pity own:

Then failed the Monk in utterance,  
 For joy beyond control;  
 But though no more his voice pealed forth,  
 The thought sung in his soul—

"Rest in peace,"—thy dreams are o'er,  
 And hallowed be thy sleep;  
 Blessed that thy flowers such dewdrops wear,  
 Thy rocks such waters weep.

"Room for the noble Isabel!  
 Where should her resting be?—  
 Where, but within her Island's heart,  
 Beside the surging sea."

Gently as mother takes the child,  
 Asleep, upon her breast,  
 And with a heart half love half fear,  
 Lest that she break its rest  
 Ere to its pillow for the night  
 Its little cheek is prest—

So quietly they laid her down;  
 But, ere the shrouding night  
 Locked her in Earth's protecting arms,  
 Out, with a sudden light,



Came one bright star right up above,  
Over the open tomb,  
Such sudden gleam that all without,  
Who waited in the gloom,

Looked up as at a miracle,  
To ask why this might be ;  
When from within again there came,  
“ In lux perpetua,” like a flame  
Above the closing grave.

Long, long the shepherds on the downs,  
All in the quiet night,  
Looked to the star of Isabel,  
As peaceful came their warden bell,  
And blessed her by its light.

Long, long the fisher on the sea,  
In darksome nights and dour,  
Have felt their boat, like blessed ark,  
While watching, as it cleft the dark,  
Her happy star appear.

And ever when some soul sought death,  
That it might breathe immortal breath,  
St. Catherine’s bell ’gan toll ;  
The Monk above that holy grave  
A double benediction gave—  
And “ Peace be with her soul !”

## THE ADVENTURE OF JOHN THOMAS,

LABOURER :

SHOWING HOW HE WAS ROBBED, WHO ROBBED HIM, AND WHAT HE WAS DOING  
AT THE TIME OF THE ROBBERY ; WITH ITS LEGAL CONSEQUENCES.



JOHN THOMAS was an English peasant; a day-labourer, at the full wages of ten shillings a week, on Lord Pensioner's lands; where, man and boy, he had worked some fifty years or more, knowing no holidays but Sundays, except in hard times, when he kept holiday from food as well as work, by way of making the most of it. John Thomas had but one son, who, having been imprisoned for poaching, died of a goal fever. His widow did not long outlive him; leaving two orphan children to assist their grandfather Thomas in getting rid of the superabundance of his weekly ten shillings. Political economists should look kindly upon John Thomas, for having so little contributed to the alarming increase of the population. We believe the Malthusians allow two children to every couple: John Thomas and his wife had but two grandchildren. John Thomas rented a small cottage and bit of garden, at eight pounds a year—a great hole in ten shillings a week. He had managed (God knows how) to scrape together a little household furniture, even the luxury of a few books; and he and his rejoiced in especial Sunday apparel. This was indeed a rejoicing; for Thomas and his dame were regular church-goers. Whether they had been so in their youth, we know not; but it is never too late to mend. One Sunday the old couple went to church as usual, leaving the two little orphan grandchildren to mind the house, which was a lonely one; the only habitations near being some two or three other huts, whose dwellers were also at church; for a benevolent and apostolic man, one better than ordinary, ministered in that hamlet. On their return from divine worship, our old folks found their house-door open, and the two little ones at the garden-gate crying for very fear. What was the matter? All the children could tell was, that several strong men, with bludgeons and a cart, had come to the cottage, and had stripped it of every moveable, even to the mattresses on which the old people and the orphans slept. It was but too true. Not a stick or a rag was left. The quarter's rent, which had been put by in a broken cup in the cupboard-corner, was gone; and quarter-day was near at hand. Never despair, old man! You have worked hard and lived honestly your life through: the parish will not let you suffer, but will, unasked, repair your damage. Or, you can come upon the county; or the Government (whose business it is to protect all classes of the community) will relieve you, out of the fund for making up such losses: so much better a disposal of the public money than the spending it in hunting the offender (who, perhaps, is a fellow creature) from county to county, till at length he is caught; and it may be, after the mockery of a trial, hanged like a dog. But, there is no government-fund for reparation: rulers are punishers, not preventers or repairers. Neither can he come upon the county. But, the parish? Yes! he can come upon his parish—and come upon it he must; for he has lost his all; his master has no work for him, this week—and neither he nor his family can wait a week for food. So he applies to the overseers, and is ordered to come into the workhouse. There he is separated from his wife, the only person on earth who knows his wants or who can sympathise with him; his little grandchildren, too, are taken from him; and he is compelled to associate with the uncongenial and strangers; is hardly lodged, and poorly fed. There he may be a prisoner for life. We will not give a declamatory story of his sufferings, of his pining away, and dying broken-hearted; but we will ask

one question, in the face of this our relation:—What *justice* is there in this man's law-apportioned doom? For what is he punished and afflicted?—for affliction it is to be deprived of all that is most dear to humanity, and affliction heavy as punishment for grievous offence. Is he thus punished for his life's honesty and industry, for his exemplary behaviour, or for his strict religious conduct? "For none of these things: it is the *consequence* of his reduced circumstances!" He is, then, punished by law, because certain men robbed him. The law, which is bound to protect him, punishes him because he was left unprotected by the law. Is this just? Would there have been any more justice in the case, if Richardson, Thomas's neighbour, had helped the robbers to strip the poor man's house? Or, suppose that Squire Nelson, who is a magistrate in the neighbourhood, had given the robbers leave to commit such an outrage, does that mend the matter? Or, suppose some five or six hundred magistrates had given the knaves sufficient power and permission to rob Thomas, and then punished him for not being able to prevent the robbery, is the wrong any nearer right? Or, even suppose these five or six hundred magistrates were themselves the very robbers, should that alter our judgment of the case? But how much worse will it show, if it appear that these five or six hundred had caused themselves to be made magistrates, solely for the sake of robbing Thomas and other poor men with impunity?

But, some may say, "You have cited an extreme case. All paupers are not such deserving characters; nor are all brought to beggary by being robbed while they were at church." Very cleverly objected! Let us reconsider Thomas's occupation at the time of the robbery. We will suppose that it was not Sunday, and that Thomas was at work, instead of at church: is that a reason why he should be robbed? Or why, having been robbed, he should be punished instead of the thieves? Or, if he was idling his time, what then? Why, did not the Government, out of its fatherly wisdom, bring him up in habits of industry? It should, at least, prove that it has taken all possible pains about his education, before it punish the idler for even the naturally-induced consequences of his idleness: much more, before it permit advantage to be taken of that idleness by the worse than idle, the mischievously-industrious. And even supposing that Thomas, at the time of his being robbed, was employed in robbing some one else, will that justify his punishment in such a manner? Two wrongs will never make a right. If Thomas has done evil, let him be punished accordingly, by the state that took all possible means (of education, &c.) to prevent the commission of that evil; but do not encourage another to commit as great an evil, by way of indirectly revenging the first.

But "the robbery you have related is such an uncommon affair." Granted. You do not mean to say, however, that robbery is an uncommon affair? And what matters the manner? So long as Thomas is ruined, it can concern him little whether certain lawless men came with bludgeons and a cart and gutted the house at once, or whether his goods were taken one by one by dirty, pilfering sneaks; whether his property was seized by the state tax-gatherer, or became the fair profit of an over-dexterous trader who had "dealings" with him; whether the robbers were law-breakers or law-makers. In a word, if Thomas is robbed, it matters nothing to him now, how he has been robbed, or by whom he has been robbed, or how long it has taken to complete the robbery. If his ruin is not his own fault, why should he be punished, and the robbers go free? If it is his own fault, let those who are altogether innocent punish him, *if he be amenable to their authority*; but, anyhow, let them not depute the bigger rogues to whip the less; neither let them think, nor act as if they thought, that wrong can remedy wrong, or injustice judge misfortune.

## CLARIBEL:

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY C. WELLS.



BOLESLAUS, King of Poland, had, of several children, only one surviving daughter, named Claribel. Being advanced in years, and his child of a marriageable age, he announced it to be his inclination to dispose of her hand to some prince of equal honour and distinction. This being spread abroad, together with the fame of her great nobleness of mind and personal beauty, caused many gallant youths to repair to his court, in the hope of succeeding in the lady's favour. The King seeing this, determined not to fetter her choice, but, after a reasonable time, called upon her to select a husband from the noblemen who had offered themselves to her regard. She, however, answered them (and with good reason, as will hereafter appear) not greatly

to their satisfaction; for, after thanking them courteously for the honour intended her, and confessing herself free from all contempt and maiden pride, she told them that her affections were as untouched as on the day when they first appeared at her father's court, and that she had no preference for either of them: telling her father, at the same time, that, to whomsoever amongst them she might be given in marriage, he could not expect to receive her heart, and that, if she must be forced into so dreadful a position, she would leave it to the blindness of chance to determine to whom the sacrifice must be made.

Though this decision incensed the King, it perplexed him also; for he had no desire to provoke enmity in his guests, by sending them away without marrying his daughter to one of them; yet he felt well the force of her argument, and, that she might not be sacrificed unworthily, he gave command that the lists should be prepared on that day month, when any of those champions, who loved well enough to contend for the lady, might meet, and decide the right of possession by the sword.

Now, amongst the pages of Boleslaus was a young knight, whom, when a strippling, he had begged from the suite of his friend and ally the King of Denmark, being won by his fineness of countenance and grace of form. This youth was called Albert. During the progress of his service, he displayed a generous truthfulness of mind, coupled with a keen observation and ready wit, which gained him the perfect confidence of his sovereign; who, to reward his merit, knighted him in public, and kept him ever about his person, and in attendance on the Lady Claribel.

Nature will be nature, in spite of rigid customs. True love is nature without fear. Its desires and resolutions are an overmatch for apprehension. It is fervid as the sun, mild as a cerulean sky, clear as the air, gentle as modesty, pure as the dew, or the earth-filtered water of the spring. Beautiful as a vision, and like one. Its pleasure lodges next door to agony. It is a tree to be shaken, but not rooted out, or it dies. It is an altar stained with the blood of hearts, and dedicated to Omnipotence. It subdues danger to its contempt. It has no shame. It is craving to luxury, and luxurious to waste. At disappointment, it breathes the air of charnel-houses; yea, even that which whistles through the teeth of Death himself! It is a flower. It dies with hope, and is invincible. It knows not the temporal masks of the world—no blazoned pomp, no names in the registers of kings (which are its footstool), nor on banners, nor on slabbed monuments; no vassalage, no buzz in bowing courts, no high seats, no preferments, no piles of gold, no princes, potentates, or sphered powers, not even majesty itself!

Claribel loved Albert; for he was acknowledged in her secret soul the noblest creature in mind and body that had ever met her heart. And Albert loved Claribel for the selfsame sympathy. This is the election of the heart; but, alas! that such a choice should bring the sting of death with it!

Amongst the young princes now assembled at the court of Poland, was one named Casimir, the son of a neighbouring sovereign, who had from infancy spent much time in visits with the knights of Boleslaus. Notwithstanding the disparity of birth, from continual intimacy and great mutual esteem, a profound friendship had grown between this young Prince and Albert; yet the latter had never divulged to him the secret of his affection for Claribel, nor had he learnt, till now, that Casimir also was in love with her, which greatly pained him.

All these circumstances much jarred the happiness of the lovers, Albert and Claribel. They lived daily in each other's society; and ever in private hours called each other by the revered names of wife and husband; which, though ratified by no legal act, yet, flowing from the simplicity of their hearts, wiped away all censure from the inmost soul, and enabled them to smile upon each other clearly, with that honesty which is above the touch of shame or blight. But the time for deciding the fate of Claribel arrived, and found them in the utmost perplexity; both being resolved to sacrifice their lives rather than their faith.

On the morning appointed for the trial of prowess, at an early hour the King, with his daughter (bedecked by his desire so as best to adorn her beauty, and grace the splendour designed for her honour), took their canopied seats, the knights who had

enrolled their names passing before them, and exchanging courtesies; each one vying with his fellow in rich equipments, and all full of pride.

Albert smiled\* to see them, in turn, kiss the lady's hand; but spleen and grief contended within him as Casimir, approaching, sunk on his knees like one who meets the Cross in a wilderness! He held her hand in his, as though it had been pearls, and covered it with caresses; a bee could not more rejoice over a flower, nor gather honey with deeper luxury, than he did kisses. The lady was in agony; her delicacy was pained, and she grieved that she was fair. She would have withdrawn her hand, but was ashamed at feeling it to be in her power to check the nobleness of his passion. He, having joyed his fill, arose, fit to contend with Fate itself; he was as one who is about to do that deed which had been the secret of his breast for many, many years. Patience had long watered the fierceness of his zeal; he was no idle opposer, no sudden fancier; but one old in faith and hope. He had never before had an opportunity to show his love for the Princess; and she had always kept him at so great a distance, that he had not till now tasted the luxury of that white hand; he lost himself in delight, insomuch that the multitude were dumb with sympathy, and no thought of rudeness entered their minds. Had his antagonists been philosophers, they would have feared him. There was a steadiness in his eye, as in the angel's who poises the sun to run his daily course. Fate sat on his lip, and he breathed inward, as one who has business of life and death in hand. His ardour slumbered like a leviathan. The helmet he wore was crested by a stooping eagle; and there was a ponderous firmness of expression in putting it on his head, which seemed to say, "He who would remove *this*, must choose a thunderbolt from the old artillery of Vulcan." His walk was like one who strides over graves. When his sword came forth, the robes of Fury might be heard to rustle in the wind. He slew the first, the second. Death, at his elbow, like a trembling mist, eager to snatch, baited his thrusts. Finally, he slew the longest livers in the lists, and yet had breath to spare. Those who had not yet had trial withdrew from the lists, and he was left conqueror of the field. Boleslaus led him to the Princess, whom he tenderly embraced; and he seated himself beside her as one at length admitted through his worth. Yet he began with her as a simple lover, was kind and full of feeling, but without pride.

On the evening of this day Claribel and Albert walked in the shady gardens of the palace, as was their wont. They discoursed of the heavy perplexity which entangled them, and sought to devise some way of escape. Albert, with voice of deep grief, said, "It likes me not to deal death to one of so noble a nature; yet one of us two must die!"

"Alas! my love," replied Claribel, "I know not what to do. I prythee let us counsel; and, if a sacrifice must be made to bring us out of this woful plight, let it fall on ourselves, rather than shake down more happiness, so that it touch us not to separation. I know not what to urge to my father in extenuation of delay, or refusal to this marriage. Casimir uses my lips at his discretion, and loses his hand in my hair; I can only be silent and sorrowful, at which my father chides. My dearest lord, what is to be done?"

Albert was too much a lover to be charmed with the innocent confession of Claribel; nor did it go far to quench the jealousy his bosom already harboured against his friend. He replied, "Something must, indeed, be done, and that of a decisive nature. Though Casimir has conquered these poor swordsmen, and comes to thee a crowned knight, yet would I fast from food and the sight of thee three days, and beat him after! By Heaven! my blood courses in as noble a tide as his—as royal a one. Mine eye doth front his brow, and therein I forget his royal blood; it is the succession of *chance*, merely; and *chance*, that brought his saucy lips so near thy precious hand, may bring his sable head to roll against thy foot! For every seizure on thy unproffered lips, I will have drops of blood; or, let him leave me, and travel for his peace of mind. I am proud as the sons of emperors, possessing thy dear love, and will brook no equality! Let him look to it. I'll use him nobly, but it *must be fatally*!"

Claribel took his hand between hers, and, looking up in his face, said, "And are, my husband, the leaves of friendship so soon blown down by a splenetic gust?—its blossoms, that have scented thy daily pleasure for many years, thus given to the wind? It is a thing to make love shudder. And, indeed, it is an ill compliment to me, to let the poor ape, *jealousy*, meddle in your noble thoughts. Yet, my dearest lord, though friendship be dead and buried, we are both bound to Casimir as a gentleman; for there is a tone of delicacy through all his treatment of me, which *alone* should allay this gust of passion. Let us govern ourselves in this sad affair, if not altogether with discretion, at least with honourable humanity."

Kissing her, Albert, in a subdued voice, replied, "To acknowledge thy gentleness, is also to confess my weakness; therefore, I will say nothing; only that I will study how to meet this affair so as to keep my honour clear, and yet to secure us from this tide of dangerous circumstance that is set in against us. At the very worst, they can destroy our affection only with our lives!"

The next day was the one appointed for the marriage. Casimir, arrayed in armour, the same which he had worn on the previous occasion, for thus the King had ordered (that he might wed the lady in the same habit in which he had so bravely won her), was advancing from the portal of his palace to join the gorgeous retinue that would attend him to the ceremonial. A messenger, in eager haste, clad in the livery of the court, pressed to his side, and placed a despatch within his hand, upon the reading of which, Casimir hastily prayed his noble friends for a short period to delay, in which time he would rejoin them in their joyous progress; and, spurring his steed, rode off alone, as entreated by Albert, in the letter, to an adjacent forest, where Albert, fully armed, awaited him. They alighted from their horses, and Albert saluted him in a thick, hoarse voice, "It is fit that we should embrace thus, in armour, that our iron shoulders should grate each other; that these plates should admit no kindly warmth from our fraternal breasts. List! now our heads are stooped in courtesy, how the golden eagle on thy helm bickers the burnished dragon upon mine. Oh! it is ominous."

And Casimir replied, "This is so unlike the open manner of thy usual speech, that I cannot wonder I understand thee not. Were I woman, I might fear! If thou hast anything to unfold to me, I prythee tell it me forthwith; for that sweet angel kneeleth at the altar, waiting to be my wife. The thought is elysium! Why didst thou send for me?"

"Listen, and hear enough. To tell thee that Friendship is a potent, fine, and heavenly spirit, till it be crossed in love; and then it plays the madman, tearing, in his ungoverned fury, those whom erst he cherished dearest. To tell thee that sweet angel, kneeling at the altar, is never to be *thine*! Two claimants must precede thee—myself and Death. I may stumble; but, out, alas! the last is sure; for the shades of death are sweeter haunts to true lovers than a solitary life, or fulsome change, with a grave at the end. On Love's wings they have flown the circuit of the earth, and seen therein but one object each, the other. Therefore, hope not, for they more condemn the world than it can them: they turn their back on it, and walk into their grave, as to a pillowed bed! Therefore, again I say, bridle thy lion heart until it break. Do anything but *hope*; for 'tis the lightest vanity."

When Casimir had recovered from his surprise, he answered, "As yet but tamely meet thy overwhelming appeal; for, indeed, I cannot understand by it how one of thy birth and standing can presume thus to treat his noble friend: to step in between the plighted hands of Prince and Princess: and to denounce the solemn decree of a royal King!"

"Open thy princely ears, then, and hear. Love is the sublimest sympathy of the inmost soul: it is an aching passion. Its food is sweet and subtle poison: much melancholy, wherein there is a melody and harmony beautiful, meandering, profound. I have been praised for an eye: my forehead is well: I can stride with a prince, and grapple with a conqueror; yea, I have done so! When a page, my lord, it was my duty to tend the pleasure of my master and the sweet lady, my mistress; to watch

their inclination, to furnish their desires, like a wakeful slave; and this I did, sir. I found my mistress with this same melancholy shroud about her youth, and she spoke of me as I have mentioned—not by word; no, no; but looks, sir—sweet ones. When I laughed, she was bland; when I sang, her eyes danced in splendour; when I sought the lists, she was sad, so I fought no more; when I was near, she would look upon me; when absent, her eye chid on my return, so that I kept ever near her; and, as I had long been combating a deep passion for her, fearing her high birth (as you have said, sir), think on my joy to find her affection dropped suddenly on my breast like a languishing dove! To be brief, we are married, as far as vows and the laws of nature can make us; whereby I claim that you observe that respect towards my wife as is meet from a knight and prince like yourself; or else affront my honour at once, and let our swords decide our rights.”

“Oh! I am hurt to death, am tumbled headlong like Phaeton from his car, through my own ignorance? Did I hope to see my affection gloriously crowned, and does it wear upon its head rue—thyme gone to seed—dead primroses—embattled holly—baneful weeds? Off! off! they sting my brain!—My outraged heart rises in my throat and chokes me. Oh! Claribel, Claribel! have pity on the miserable, whom persecution drives to dotage. War, war!—I must make war for my revenge. My fury’s hungry; yet I’ll not be so tame to strike myself, but dismiss the royal blood out of my assailing arm, and meet this common enemy.”

“’Tis well,” said Albert, advancing his shield, “this will please me most; for I must have thine armour, and appear for thee, before the royal court, to woe the gentle lady as I ought. Come on! I answer thy scornful challenge thus. Thy life is poor, but I must have thy coat, for which I’ll hunt thee to the gates of death.”

This broken converse was no relaxation of spleen in these sometime friends; but the savage hiss before the mortal sting! The struggle was indeed a mortal one: they heaved their arms about like waves; the strokes echoed through the wood, into the dingle o’er the hill, and were lost in the heath. They couched like wild beasts, and were malicious in their aims. Their eyes rolled in the sockets, peering about for advantage; and when they spied it, were fixed stars. Judgment, nicety of discrimination, presence of mind, the keenest sense were theirs; they almost scented opportunity.

But, whether Albert was more resolved than Casimir, or whether Casimir felt that the lady’s heart fought against him (which was not in the lists), he drove on death himself, as a rugged bear to hug his enemy into oblivion. Then anew, he was confident in hope, buoyant with desire; anon, his gentle passion, his warm desire, maddened to spleen and vengeance; and, though mad, he was most dangerous. Thus they struggled on till, for lack of breath, Casimir motioned Albert to pause, and they cast themselves in their own blood on the ground, weak, doubled up like children panting to death. As reanimation and strength returned, Albert opened his eyes, and, raising himself on his elbow, presently got to his feet; then, going to a spring hard by, he bathed his forehead, filled his helmet with the cool water, and drank freely; a second time he filled it, and coming back to Casimir shook him, offering him to drink; but he waved his head and would not, though greatly desiring it. Albert cast the water on the ground, and said, “Casimir, art thou too much wounded? Dost thou yield thyself vanquished?” Casimir shook his brooding spirit like an owl at twilight, till his harness rattled again; then sprang upon his feet, and buckling on his helm, advanced his arm, waiting till Albert was prepared. Refreshed in body, though more wrathful in mind, again they assailed each other. They now fought steadily, sure, determined, and with all their violence; each blow was almost annihilation; they moved gigantic; their spirits brooded about their arms. Albert received a blow on his helmet that threw him to his knees; but he arose sternly, and casting his shield above his head (at once to protect and shade him, for the sun was shining bravely), he knit his limbs into a firm position, and darted his sword forward into his enemy’s side. In vain was the attempt evident to Casimir; vain his endeavour to avoid it: it was the only fatal stroke that had reached



its aim. Fate registered it while it was preparing: it was swift as lightning, and mortal as that deadly shaft. Casimir fell, and rolled upon the ground. Albert's fury was spent; the sword dropped from his hand; and when Casimir shuddered violently, as though contending with death, Albert's hands hung powerless by his side, and the tender feelings of nature were busy about his heart. Even such weak creatures are we, and so does passion play with our humanities. Thus communed he with his subdued spirit:—"Is this the friend whom I have embraced so oft? Whose hand has grappled mine; whose bright applausive eye so oft has warmed my heart? This generous noble gentleman—bloody, cold, wounded to death, mangled by this pernicious hand! Oh! Heaven. Is mortality but thy prime jest?" And going to him, he took off his helmet, unarmed him, and would have stopped the wound; but Casimir would not suffer this: he took Albert by the hand, shook it kindly, and said, "I pray thee, despatch me; for then reflection will die also!" Albert's heart bounded at the friendly touch of that hand; he began afresh to bind his wounds; and, taking him in his arms, carried him to the shade of a tree, laying him down on a flowery bank. Casimir's anguish found utterance in words; and, bending his head into his bosom, he said, "Farewell, the budding April, and the leafy May, the full flowering June; the eagled banner, knightly renown—friendship, affection, all earthly ties—ye are for me no more! This morning's hope, but two hours gone by, saw me in the fresh breath of youth, ready to leap into a royal seat, and take for my own that loved one who swayed my destiny! Behold me now! down in the dust, soiled, maimed, and dying!" Albert said naught, but his tears flowed apace. Casimir looked tenderly upon him, and continued, "I blame thee not; therefore (though it breaks my heart to say it), be cheerful, and enjoy thy good fortune. We could not both occupy one noble sphere; and—shame to say it—thou hast won it of me every way! I pray thee, for charity, finish this work, and despatch me out of misery!"

Albert essayed to speak, but knew not what to say, for, alas! he could give no comfort; therefore he shrouded himself in his mantle, and crouched beside him in mute grief. Casimir thought of the lady whom he was about to leave for ever; and in a burst of agony the bitter tears fell from his eyes, drenching his bosom in a shower of woe! He moaned her dear name, "Claribel! Claribel!" then, as if nature could endure no longer, he braced his arms about his breast with a wild burst of strength, confined his breathing as long as power could hold, then, suddenly relaxing his grasp, he drew in so long a breath that it killed him by bursting his heart.

Albert arose, covered the body with the branches of a tree, then, returning to the spring, washed away the bloody traces of his savage work, and sat beside the stream till the cool air had somewhat refreshed him. Then, gathering his remaining energies, arrayed himself in the rich armour of his gone friend, and, taking horse, led the retinue of Casimir to the court, and stood beside Claribel at the altar. She, thinking it to be Casimir, broke into an ecstasy of despair, amazing the King and the whole court; for she cried out, "Oh Albert! where, where art thou? Dost thou desert me at this last moment? Where is thy promised comfort—thy deliverance? Hast thou, oh! too cruel destiny! fallen a sacrifice in the attempt? I have none to trust to now but Death; and yet he sees me thus, and will take no pity on me! Alas! my husband, where art thou?"

Albert saw that all was over, and that he could now do nought but trust to Fate; so, drawing his sword, he threw it on the ground before the King, and taking off his helmet, showed himself to be Albert. Claribel trembled, seeing the mischief she had brought about; then, drawing herself closely to Albert's side, she leaned upon his arm, saying, "Your fate is mine."

The King was wild with amazement; but at length, turning his head from the lovers, he muttered irefully, "Speak, thou base caitiff! speak; thou hast made my dignity look pale, to see *her* there, who was once my daughter, cling to thy groom's arms. Speak, and with thy bitter words shatter my throne; cast shame upon my

regal crown, and cover my old head with grief! Hast thou beguiled that poor fool of her princely name, and now, in dauntless impudence, with one foot on my throne, standest thou forth to justify? Thou shalt be scourged, be sure. But no, not yet. Perhaps her honour is spared! Thou hast been her glorious champion in some secret danger that we slept over, dreaming not of it! Say but 'Ay,' I'll halve my crown with thee! Speak—is't not so?"

"Not ay, my lord, but no!"

"Oh! oh! the slave has murdered me through the ears! My shame, like a reckless wanton, plays antic tricks before the public gaze! What shall I do, my friends and nobles? You see all this. Look to your children. Use whips, not kisses. A parent's curse on thee, thou pitiless child!"

As the cruel words broke from his harsh lips, Claribel, in half embrace with Albert, together sunk to their knees at his feet, raised her head, and looking meekly into his face, murmured, "Mercy, my father! mercy!" And the King cried "Leave, then, that villain's arms. Oh! fool, fool! repent thy foul offence! Art thou a Princess? Oh! vile, grovelling—dost hear?"

But Claribel wound her arms closely about the knees of Albert, who had risen to his feet, and protecting the guiltless victim tenderly, with undaunted voice, entered on his justification.

"My lord, I entreat thee, look on this matter as a father—as a man; not as a King. It is given thee to have the temporal sway over the lives and fortunes of millions! Such is the vocation of a King! Thou canst not rule the heart of one of those millions, save by humanity alone! Come, I beseech thee, down from the height and dignity of thy throne, and question of us who have fallen into thy displeasure, not with the tongue of vengeance, but such as thou wilt use when seasons have gone o'er thy head, and thou, in turn, shalt be questioned by the Book of Truth! When all thy glory will be dimmed in oblivion, and it will be forgotten that thou wert ever a King. Judge of us, after such a manner as when the great angel shall call upon thee to answer of thy dealing between thee and me, as between man and his fellow-man! If thou deal justly by us, and with the feelings of an honest heart, as crowning thy best and kingliest deeds, it shall be remembered of thee, and cherubs will record it, smiling. But if thou dip'st thy hand in my blood—overlooking my excuse, and trifling with the mercy of thy soul—then, on that day wilt thou curse thyself for this sanguine crime, and wilt fain, with bitter tears, wash it from out the scroll of time. Have a care, then; use not thy power remorselessly! Now to my justification. How I was born into this world I know not, and as little care; for my only study has been (and will be, if I walk through the storm of this day) to be honest, as far as nature and passion will allow, in all dealings and mental affections with my fellows. It imports me not to seek after what credit I brought with me into this life, but jealously to care for what will go with me out of it! Nature, which is greater than fortune, could have done no more for a Prince over twenty nations, than she did for me, in making me simple and true in mind and complete in person. She did well for thy daughter Claribel; and we, knowing a daily sympathy in each other, forgot the difference of our estates, and fell into this misfortune. The fault, then, was Nature's—not ours! And if thou revenge such a fault with deadly punishment, how happens it thou hast no law to bind Nature from such acts, wherein we, who break no statute, yet suffer without mercy? That I have been honest and gracious in the sight of the world, witness your advancement of me to knighthood and the world's favour; both of which I hold most dear. Thus, be my birth what it may, I am a gentleman: a King's son can be nought more noble in the sight of Heaven.

"The Prince Casimir won thy daughter; he fought for her; he won her of men poor in desire—but she was my wife. Though he was also my friend, I fought with him as an enemy—I slew him fairly; and the friend's blood was spilt; which I would rather have spared from my own heart, but for this question of love. Thus, that I have used your daughter nobly, witness this act—the truth whereof lies

bleeding in my heart ; in sooth, but that she were the prize, I had rather my warlike arm had withered, than have dealt so deadly.

"When my friend was dead, I arrayed myself in his armour, though (the truth of which ye all, my brave and noble hearers, can test by your own hearts) weeping the while ; and, in his semblance, came here, hoping to wed the lady with thy own royal consent, and leaving the rest to chance. But the alarm of her true affection prevented the success, and here I stand, to live or die as thy will may sway ; although perfect in honesty, as any right and true gentleman now standing in this presence. Take my life—I will not sigh for it ; though to leave this dear lady would be full grief, I do acknowledge ; yet will I bear firmly as becomes my manhood, having, moreover, hopes beyond the limit of this world, and being so linked with fate that nothing can touch either my love or resolution. Thus powerfully armed, thy vengeance will be wasted, or recoil, through this bereaved one, on thy own self. For her—my sweet love and wife—I leave her to thy paternal bosom and the all-sufficient love of Heaven. I ask no mercy, seeing I have done no crime ; but, commending thee to thine own conscience, await my doom."

A pause of unbroken silence succeeded this appeal. The King's countenance gathered with foiled will and disgust, till it had become a map whereon men feared to look. Then suddenly he beckoned an attendant, and whispered him hurriedly. The messenger stood beside the doomed lovers ; and, addressing Albert, said, "Sir, I am commanded to desire you will follow me to death." Albert and Claribel looked upon each other, but spake not. Albert, advancing towards the King, bowed in obedience to his command, then to the assembled court, a firm farewell, and was about to depart, but Claribel clung to his embrace, till the attendant said, "Madam, my orders are, that this gentleman go alone." They looked upon each other once more in faith and fortitude inflexible, and, exchanging a kiss of such a soulfelt tenderness as spoke to all the gazers of the last touch of mortal sympathy, they parted, uttering not a word. Claribel watched his departure, and listened till she could hear his foot no more. Collecting all her fortitude, she advanced to the throne, and said, "Sir, if it so please, I would entreat to retire to my chamber." The King waved his hand. She motioned her attendants, and with a courteous though silent salutation, and much dignity, withdrew from the presence of the court.

Boleslaus sat absorbed ; the sweat oozed from his brow. Nature struggled fiercely with his false pride. Though he was resolved Albert should perish, he feared the calmness of his daughter forbode evil ; for, when despair assumes the dignity of patience, we may note well that it carries the warrant of death ! Her dying groan already rung in his ear. He sent to suspend the execution ; but the bearer of his mercy met an officer bringing the head of Albert to the King—calm and firm, as when quick with life.

Boleslaus was baffled and perplexed ; he knew not how to act. Anon, he sent for his daughter, thinking it better she should at once know the deadly ill. He pointed to the body of her dead lover, which by his subsequent order had been brought into the apartment, and, covering his grief and anxiety under a severity of tone and manner, rebuked her heavily for what she had done ; twitting her with the meagerness of her filial love, and saying, "Thy behaviour hereafter must be such as by its merits to wash out this stain, and commend thee again to my tender regard."

To all this, Claribel said nought, nor turned her head, but stood the mute image of despair. She was alone in the world—most solitary : her face was in anguish, as though it could burst all over with tears ; but proudly she curbed her wretchedness, and shed none ; she disdained existence—her thought dwelt with oblivion, in the wilderness. She knelt down and kissed the dead eyes, lips, and brow, and laid her hands upon his breast with gentle affection, as though he had but slept. Her face told how her spirit was yearning to be with him ; tender as a mother hanging over her infant, yet the embers of hope were dead within her eye. Nought could exceed the silent expression of her regard, or the sacred manner in which she laid herself on his bosom.

The dumb court beheld the scene with a sympathy which forbade interference. The dignity of Nature had usurped their artificial respect for the King. In breathless abstraction they gazed for a long space on the immovable lovers.

Boleslaus, unnoticed, descended from his royal seat, and essayed to raise his daughter—she was dead!

## THE RECREATIONS OF MR. ZIGZAG THE ELDER.



HOUSE OF LORD NELSON.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### THE FLEET.

" Call up him who left half told  
The story."

" Come, Miss Molly, let's make it up,  
And we will lovers be,  
And we will go to Bagnigge-wells,  
And there we'll have some tea.  
For there we'll see the ladybirds  
All on the stinging nettles,  
And there we'll see the waterworks,  
And the shining copper kettles."

" A merry place, 'tis said, in days of yore;  
But something ails it now—the place is cursed."

" THIS said Bagnigge-wells," quoth Mr. Zigzag the Elder, " the slow-paced citizens of the last century, who resorted hither with their better or bulkier halves,

and were wont to persuade themselves into the idea of going out of town for the benefit of the air, appear to have lost their faith in the wells as the adjoining ditch began to decline, and to have forsaken the place altogether when the latter was ultimately covered over. Whether the exhalations of the Fleet were associated with civic notions touching the salubrity of this spot, is a question which may be left to the decision of a jury of tallow-melters and soap-boilers, howbeit 'the ladybirds all on the stinging nettles' of the old song appeared no longer like 'bees on beds of fragrant thyme' to the Phyllises and Corydons of Little Britain and Fish-street-hill; and as for

" 'the waterworks,  
And the shining copper kettles,'

their ebullition was succeeded by another description of spouting and fuming in certain displays of a melodramatic character, which afterwards ministered to the impetuous tastes of the few fiery apprentices and romantic maids of all work on leave of absence, who still supported Bagnigge-wells after sunset. But," said Mr. Zigzag, "it may be seen, according to the date over the door, viz., 1680, that Bagnigge-house was a place of residence prior to the discovery of the mineral spring, which event occurred in 1769, and it is said that Mrs. Nelly Gwynne had her abode there. Moreover, several small tenements at the north end of the garden were formerly entitled Nell Gwynne's Buildings, which seems to verify the tradition."

"Has it not been said that an anchor was found in the bed of the Fleet, near this place?" inquired Mr. Zigzag the Younger.

"Such a thing has been reported," replied the Elder; "and, likewise, that another was found at that part called Black Mary's Hole—a place which lies near unto Saffron-hill, and was formerly a noted resort for the most desperate characters; but it is probable that both anchors were, if any, no other than one and the same, and the latter locality is the more likely for such a discovery. It hath likewise been said that certain Danish pirates did ascend the Fleet as far as Bagnigge-wells, and there ravaged the neighbourhood; but as by all accounts there was nothing worthy of their enterprise lying in that direction, at such an early time, it is as likely, if they did visit this part, that it had been to partake of the medicinal spring, which is of a cathartic property, and not unwholesome for persons of a choleric tendency. One Richard Turpin, however, who was somewhat of a Dane in his habits, is known to have infested this neighbourhood, and his house was to be seen hereabout till within a few years. The Pindar-a-Wakefield, near which we are informed Bagnigge-house is situated, is probably an hostel of considerable antiquity, and may date from the time when Robin Hood and his several merry-men were still the heroes of popular estimation, and the Jolly Pinder, or Pounder, of Wakefield not the least celebrated of them.

" 'For this is one of the best pindérs,  
That ever I tryed with sword,'

quoeth bold Robin; and 'Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John' continued to be sung down to the days of Queen Bess, as William Shakspeare witnesseth."

Thus discoursing, the travellers came unto the place known as St. Chad's-well. Being admitted with much civility into the mansion where the healing waters of this spring are dealt forth, it was considered proper that the fountain sanctioned by St. Ceada, or Chad, the proto-episcopus of the see of Lichfield, should be reverently partaken of in order that its merits might be experimentally pronounced upon. A contest of civility and deference consequently ensued between the two pilgrims, as to which of them was to undertake the office of taster—the Elder declaring his entire willingness to abide by the opinion of the Younger, and the latter professing such compunction at availing himself of so unmerited a concession, that in truth the miraculous spring remained untasted. A certain picture, said to represent the lively effigies of the patron saint, was now inquired after; but it was said to have disappeared about the time when the last tenants of the place took their departure. This cunning work of art—which is reported to have set forth the appearance of 'a stout comely personage, with a ruddy countenance, in a coat or cloak, supposed

scarlet, a laced cravat falling down the breast, and a small red nightcap carelessly placed on the head"—had been an object of great veneration to the former votaries of St. Chad. Whether it may lie in spell-bound concealment hereabout, or hath been conveyed to some such distant scene of exile as the place known unto the profane by the name of Mutton-hill, or even that other locality called the New-cut in the Borough, the discovery and restoration thereof were no unworthy essay for some ambitious stripling in quest of his archæological spurs, and a fair measure of loss and renown would wait upon the fulfilment of such an enterprise. So sayeth the ancient Zigzag. Let the same be proclaimed to all the incipient chivalry throughout the United Kingdom of England, Ireland, and Scotland, not forgetting Little Britain, and Berwick-upon-Tweed.

"The bricklayers have been active since the days when yonder ground on the opposite side of Gray's-inn-lane groaned under a mountain of ashes—the greatest and most famous cinder-heap in the neighbourhood of London," said Mr. Zigzag. "This Mount-pleasant, as it was facetiously denominated, was transported to Moscow, in order to furnish materials for the reconstruction of the city after it had become a funeral pyre to the bloated ambition of Napoleon Buonaparte. But, lo! here is Battle-bridge, since by the foolish called King's-cross, in honour of one of those architectural oddities which suburban London delights from time to time to set up upon the impulse of a coronation, or some such occasion of intense loyalty. In this case, however, the founders had the grace to grow ashamed of the fungus that had sprung from the hotbed of their transient zeal. The fourth George slept with his fathers, and the monstrous image thus ordained in idolatry of him was laid low. The sum of sixpence is said to have been offered for the nose of this statue, which was represented by a draining tile. However, this is the spot where the ill-fated Boadicea underwent the consummation of her wrongs at the hands of the Romans. The usurpation of her husband's territory, the bondage of her relations, the violation of her daughters, and the ignominious scourging which she herself had experienced under the tyranny of the procurator Catus, had excited her to such a pitch of phrenzy, that the Britons might have supposed they beheld in her an incarnation of that fell deity called by them, Andrast—the spirit of fury or revenge whom they were wont to propitiate with the blood of human victims; so tremendous was the descent they made, infuriated by her appeal to their deadliest superstitions, upon the doomed and helpless inhabitants of London, and of Verulamium, who were looked upon as traitors to British freedom. Having traversed these fair and prosperous cities, leaving only ashes and desolation to mark her progress, she now collected the Iceni, reinforced by the Trinobantes and other neighbouring states, which had not yet succumbed to the Roman power. Mounting her chariot, arrayed in a many-coloured tunic, over which she wore a long mantle, a chain of gold round her waist, and her long yellow hair streaming to her sandals, she thus appeared to her subjects for the last time in all the barbaric majesty of an ancient British Queen. At her feet sat her weeping daughters, the outraged orphans of the betrayed Prasutagus; and in this state she addressed her followers, passing from host to host, and justifying her appearance there in the character of their leader, by appealing to the former practice of the Britons, of fighting under the conduct of women. She conjured them to wrestle boldly for their liberty against an invader whose lust and insolence had desecrated all that was most holy and dear to them; pictured to them her own wrongs and degradation, and urged them to revenge as a thing hallowed and favoured by their gods. So confident were the Britons in their numbers, that they had brought their wives with them, and placed them in cars so as to be witnesses of their anticipated triumph. But the trained and experienced Fourteenth Legion, and the auxiliary forces relying on their discipline, and the approved skill and courage of their general, Suetonius, although few in number, presently fell upon the disorderly concourse opposed to them with such determination, and in such united array, that the Britons soon fell into confusion, and the battle presently became a mere disorderly rout on the part of the latter. 'First of all, the legion not stirring a foot, but keeping within the pass, as in a place of defence; after that the

enemy was coming nearer, and had spent his darts to good purpose, the legion in the end sallied out in a pointed battle. The auxiliary soldier was of the like courage, and the horsemen with long lances breaking before them all they met or made head against them. The residue showed their backs, hardly fleeing away by reason of the carts placed about the plain, which had hedged in the passages on every side.

"The rest was sheer carnage. The British troops pressed back, and mingled with their women, and even a quantity of cattle which had likewise been brought on to the field; they were slaughtered indiscriminately, and men, women, and beasts fell in heaps, pierced by the Roman spearmen, trodden down by the horses, and crushed and buried under the recoil of their own confused and heterogeneous numbers. Thus terminated the disastrous battle, in which, according to Tacitus, the number of eighty thousand of the Britons perished; many of whom, according to tradition, were driven into the river Fleet, and, rushing one upon the other, the fugitives who had escaped the immediate onset of the Roman troops, and the press of the subsequent confusion, were drowned and smothered in the narrow space between its banks."

Having thus delivered himself, Mr. Zigzag led the way, and the travellers presently found themselves near unto the ancient church dedicated to St. Pancras; and, at no great distance from that place, called the Brill, rendered famous by the curious researches of worthy Doctor Stukely, unquile incumbent of St. George the Martyr, in Queen-square.

"The doctor showed his judgment in some things," said Mr. Zigzag the Younger, attempting to sound the mind of his venerable kinsman touching the authority of the author of "*Itinerarum Curiosum*."

"Sir," said the Elder, "the doctor had judgment in some things; he appreciated the merits of a Stilton cheese."

"I mean," replied the Younger, "he was looked upon as an able antiquary."

"Sir, the doctor was an antiquary—he knew when his claret was old."

"Yet, sir—I would say—"

"Sir, the doctor was an honest man," quoth Mr. Zigzag the Elder; and his nephew, perceiving the subject to be one on which he refused to be broached, sauntered on, leaving the venerable gentleman with his skirts sprayed, and in a state of deep meditation, looking wistfully over the morsel of waste ground lying between the old church and Somers-town. At length, Mr. Zigzag turned, with a pensive sigh, and resumed his course; and something he would have communicated, but that the younger gentleman had got out of carshot, touching the goodly manor, formerly held under the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, in the parish of St. Pancras, viz., that of Tothele, afterwards Tottenham-court, which is mentioned in Domesday-book, as a prebendary of St. Paul's, and which has honourably descended to Lord Southampton and his heirs; that of Rugmere, likewise, which is mentioned in the survey of Pancras, 1251, the site of which, however, is now unknown; and the manor of Pancras, which, according to the Domesday Survey, formerly belonged to Walter, Canon of St. Paul's, and, in 1381, came into the possession of the prior and convent of the house of Carthusian monks, built in honour of the Holy Salutation—the precise bounds of this estate likewise being doubtful, but supposed to be that now held as freehold by Lord Somers.

But these things were not, for the present, enlarged upon; and Mr. Zigzag proceeded until a turn of the road brought him once more to where he found his kinsman, who, by this time, had become engaged in discourse with an unknown gentleman. In making his approaches, the Elder had leisure to observe the appearance of the stranger, which was that of a grave yet cheerful person, one of whose peculiarities immediately reminded the observer of certain figures set forth in the Bayeux tapestry. This was, a habit of enhancing the impressiveness of his observations by occasionally drooping one of his eyelids, and carrying the tip of his forefinger to the point of the nose, in a manner whose gnostic and antique effect won the good will of Mr. Zigzag at first sight. Bowing with much courteous ceremony, the Elder thus addressed the stranger:—

"Sir, perceiving you in discourse with my kinsman, I make bold to join you; and if, as I am led to believe by something in your manner, you be a student of Saxon art, as it is exhibited in the rare illuminations, and some few other productions, of the eighth century and downwards, I shall in that case, especially, consider myself fortunate in having the honour of making your acquaintance."

"Ancient sir," courteously responded the other, "I profess myself beholden to you for your flattering supposition; but I will freely acknowledge myself somewhat of an Anglo-Saxon. As your friend here has already apprised me of the object of your pilgrimage, I will crave leave to be of your company; and, it being only right that you should know my proper appellation, I beg to announce to you that men call me by the name of Madrigal."

"Master Madrigal," said the Elder, "I am your obedient servant. My name——"

"Is Mr. Zigzag," quoth the former. "You are already both known and honoured."

Mr. Zigzag bent modestly, and proposed that they should forthwith proceed on their pilgrimage.

Many courteous speeches, and certain critical disquisitions, brought the three wayfarers in due time to a place at the beginning of Kentish, or properly Kentess-town, where the Fleet is again seen holding an open course; and, after a few steps further, they paused to observe a house near unto the Castle Tavern, which, according to Mr. Madrigal, had been somewhile inhabited by the famous Admiral Lord Nelson. This dwelling, which is already encompassed by the pullers-down and builders-up, is herewith represented, together with a sycamore tree, said to have been planted by the admiral's own hand.

"I marvel that Lord Nelson should have resided in this place," said Mr. Zigzag.

"Belike it was in order to have an eye upon the Fleet," quoth Mr. Madrigal.

At which Mr. Zigzag the Younger manifested his infirmity in a disposition to obstreperous mirth; but the Elder ruminated much upon the recondite meaning of this speech of his new companion.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE FLEET.

*To shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals."*

"It should seem," observed Mr. Zigzag, surveying the tavern called the Castle, "we have here an ancient house, and one that may have seen some state in its earlier time. It is recorded that William Bruges, Garter King-at-Arms, in the reign of the fifth Henry, had a house in Kentess-town, in which he did entertain the Emperor Sigismund."

"Shall this be that honoured mansion?" inquired Mr. Zigzag the Younger.

"Nay, I say not that," replied the Elder.

"Nathless, it is a house of the olden time," said Mr. Madrigal.

"I have read," rejoined Mr. Zigzag the Younger, "touching the family of Eve, or Ive, who were of great antiquity in this parish, that Henry VI. did grant to one of them, namely, Thomas Ive, leave to enclose a portion of the highway adjoining to his mansion in Kentess-town."

"The tomb of Thomas Eve, clerk of the Crown, is in Pancras Church," said the Elder.

"And the sign of the Adam and Eve," added Mr. Madrigal, "is to be found hard by.

*"Wherever God erects a house of prayer,  
The devil always builds a chapel there."*

So sayeth old Daniel Defoe."



"Sir, your allusion to the sign of the Adam and Eve is less irrelative to the matter than it might appear, for the ancients delighted in a quibble or a play upon names, as we may see in many mottoes and badges in heraldry; and, when family distinctions came to be held in contempt during the Commonwealth, many names were thus familiarly handled, at which men had stood in awe beforetime. But touching this said old tavern, there appears no especial reason why it may not have been a notable mansion of the times that have been referred to; and as to the supposition of its having been occupied by either the said William Bruges or Thomas Ive, why, all I can say is, it is as likely a thing as Dr. Stukely's story of Cæsar's Prætorium at the Brill; yet, as it behoves us to be judicious in our speculations, we will, an' it please you, leave the matter even as we found it, and forbear to vie with the sages of Dulcarnon, who were never so profound as when at their wit's end."

Having thus summed up and disposed of the evidence, Mr. Zigzag again proceeded, accompanied by his fellow pilgrims. They now traversed the ground at the back of the tavern, and passed over a plank that serves as a bridge over the Fleet, in the place of a drawbridge, which was formerly lowered there in behoof of various players at ninepins, and other peacefully-disposed visitors to the Castle. Here the pilgrims were refreshed with a prospect of the pleasant meadows lying between them and the high grounds of Hampstead. On the other hand appeared formidable signs of the builder being abroad, and London was seen, like a gigantic polypus, throwing out fresh arms, strangling the dryades in their green dwellings, and seizing upon every available spot of ground whereon to rest its unwieldy bulk. While marvelling at these signs, Mr. Zigzag directed the attention of his companions to the



picturesque ruins of a pleasure-bower (herewith represented), which being near at hand, had hitherto failed to be noticed; for ever, according to the poet,

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

While curiously eying this appendage of the Castle, which was crazy and open to the winds, the Elder became aware of a human visage peering from the unglazed

window; and being desirous to satisfy himself whether the same might appertain to some hermit who had here found a retreat, he stepped back across the plank, and entering the place found two persons, one of whom appeared to be a serving man, or drawer, belonging to the neighbouring hostel; the other was a small rusty, much-pinned-together individual, who was engaged at some mechanical occupation at a bench which faced the window; a reeking goblet of distilled waters at his elbow appeared to supply the desideratum of fire and window-glass, while it accounted for the presence of the former party.

"Pay?" said this worthy.

"Chalk!" replied the other, as Mr. Zigzag entered.

"You have chosen an airy place for your operations," observed the Elder.

"Why, ay, friend, it sometimes blows a stiffish breeze over the ditch; but you see I keep out the cold," said he, pointing to the steaming beverage. "I am, to my profession, a retired engraver; in fact, I came here to be out of the way," he continued, somewhat pompously for such a figure; "but they won't let me be idle, you see. The fact is, one half of the world is busy surveying lines for railways, and the rest are working day and night in providing the other with instruments. Are you a judge of lettering? You see I am putting on the significant 'Here doth stand the owner's name,' eh! Only do it to oblige my friends, though, and forward the railway movement."

"Know you anything of the ancient tavern here?" inquired the Elder.

"The Castle! to be sure I do. Good house—landlord a good fellow—keeps good stuff."

"But I mean, touching the antiquity of the house?"

"Oh, oh! are you there, friend? You're an antiquary, then. Well, I'm one of that brotherhood myself, and can correct you on a few points, I dare say."

"Truly, a little knowledge maketh a nimble tongue," quoth Mr. Zigzag; but we may all correct one another; and I must confess I would gladly be advised by you, touching the said Castle."

"Oh! I thought everybody knew that."

"What?" inquired the Elder.

"Why, King John, to be sure! King John and Magna Charta. You know Magna Charta, I suppose?"

"Well, supposing as much, what then?" was the query in reply.

"What then, say you?" rejoined the other. "Well, then, he lived in that very Castle—the Castle Tavern that is now."

"Now, that's a good one!" interrupted he who had hitherto appeared a dumb waiter. "What a wag it is to be sure. Wagner Carter! well, I never did hear! but that's his way of puzzling the greenhorns. The fact is, sir," said he, patronizingly, "he's only poking his fun at you. Jerry Carter, sir, Jerry Carter! that's the landlord's name."

Upon this, Mr. Zigzag the Elder rushed forth, and ran a-tilt against Mr. Madrigal, who, meanwhile, was enjoying the colloquy unobserved.

"Heed it not, venerable sir!" exclaimed Mr. Madrigal; "this conjunction of heads is propitious, for it hath quickened in my brain a legendary tale, in which this neighbourhood hath some part. And, by your leave," he continued, "I will relate the same, in order to beguile the way; meanwhile we will not fail duly to note the course of our Fleet, and remark upon its peculiarities as often as they attract our attention."

"I pray you, good sir, proceed," quoth Mr. Zigzag the Elder.

"And I add my entreaty," said the Younger.

Whereupon, Mr. Madrigal related as follows:—

#### MR. MADRIGAL'S TALE.

In the dayes of Kynge Richarde, surnaymed of the Lioness Harte, it happeneddo that, wyth certayne of his barons, he would goe forth of London citie, to chase the

deer. Having roused a fayre stagg, they hym dyd followe for a space, but the Kynge, by reason of his greate hardihood, and the fleetnesse of his steede, dyd outride all his companye, and so, having wyth hym bot his houndes, he chaced the stagge, until he cayme nigh to the Heygate. Now, after thatte he had crossed the water called the Fleete, which runneth adown from Hamesteade, through those partes, it chaunced thatte the stagg fell, being pierced by an arrowe. At this sighte the Kynge was sore angered, yet mervailed moche, for that he coule see no living wighte; howbeit there anon loupn forthe a tall churle, in evil apparelle, and of a right sorrie cheere, who presentlye drave off the dogges, and mayde as though he wolde carrye awaye the venison. Bot the Kynge spurred forward, and the churl now secing hym, grasped a stoute staffe, and cried, "Syr Knight, I rede thee staye thine hande, for that deer thou touchest on peril of thy lyfe." But the Kynge, not mynding to be lette, tooke no heed to reple, but confronted him, making light of hys cudgell. Howbeit the othere, seeing some of the Kynge's companie advaunceinge, did straightwaye betake hym to flighte. "Now, by St. George!" said the Kynge, "saw I never so bold a knave. I charge ye let hym not escape, for of meat will I none until ye bring hym unto me, thatte I may question hym touching hys insolence." So they pricked forth in quest of the villeine, the Kynge and all hys companye; bot, after awhile, growing aweary of their queste, and the Kynge espying a poore hovcl, he commaunded them they shoulde enter, whiche doing, lo! they found him whom they soughte, together with a woman and a young childe, alle in sorry weeds yclad, and of a doleful and wanne aspect. The archers would have bounden the churl, bot the Kynge forbade them, and straightwaye commaunded him to stande forthe. "How cometh itte, caitiff," sayeth Kynge Richard, "that thou, being bote a villeine, hast presumed to slay the Kynge's deer?" The wighte, finding himselfe thus straitened, cast down his eyes, and thus mayde answer, "An ye will take my life, I pray ye give meate to these that bee wyth mee, that be perishing for lacke thereof." "Who and what art thou, then?" said the Kynge. "Hob o' the Shaws, a yeoman from the north countree, despoyled of my goods by the proud Abbot of Butterbie, nigh to Dunholm." "Wherefore art thou here, knave?" "To seek service wyth stout Kynge Richard. Coming to this place I had debate withe the Bishoppe of London his menyne, who tooke for their lordy's toll, my last groate, and my wife being footweary and sick, we didde enter thys shieling, where I have tended her these three dayes, but, lacking food, I left her to seek it in the forest." "Suffer us that we hang now this prating varlet, my liege," said the Prince Johan. "By the soule of Kynge Henry! not so," said the Lione Hearte, as the poore man felle on his knees, together with his wyfe and lyttel boy, on hearing agaynste whom he had striven. "But," sayde he, "he is a foul traytour and sturdye to boot, this sayde hunger, to counsaile a meane man to lyfte his hande against his liege lorde; therefore, by the help of Sainte George, I will essaye to drive hym out of my realme, for I ever counted hym the worste enemye to princes. Hang him an ye list, and to begynne the goodlye work, bringe hyther the venison, and we wyl eate and give alsoe unto this yeoman, after whyche shall be declared our pleasure concernynge him." So whenne they hadde alle eaten and made merrye, thenne sayde the Kynge untoe the yeoman, "How now, syr knave! are ye the more loyal now that ye be filled? Ha! will ye yet hang, or sweare to bee henceforth a true man?" "By Sainte Cuthbert," sayde the yeoman. "Hold!" cryed the Kynge, "I will none of your northern saintes, who, methinkes, love the Kynge's venison but too well. But ye shall sweare upon the hornes of thys goodlie buck, to serve me trulye, to be of goode behavvour towards my wilde beastes, and to suffere none to do them scathe. In guerdon of whyche I will cause build here for thee a goodly hostelrye, whereof these horns shall be for the sign, and fee and perquisite shalt thou have, nor shalt thou lack a head of venison to keepe thee honeste. And forasmuche as thatte hongrie loons (they of the north especially) be sore disturbers of the state, ye shall lette to pass on to London any but suche as shalle sweare upon the hornes to be ever loyal lieges, and lustie lovers of good cheere. But an iffe ye fayle in thys mattere, look to reckon

wyth me for such defaulte. Of the abbot take thou no heede, I myselve will deal wyth hymme. And now, lordes, to horse." The yeoman and his folke sette them on theyre knees joyfully, praising the Kynge for his bountie, and the nobles and others of hys trayne did heartily shout "God save Kynge Richard!" and thus they departed. Now, these things were done even as the Kynge commaunded, hence cometh it to passe thatte yet in these days alle travellers journeying to London from the north, doe, at thys village of Heygate, swear on the hornes to be loyal, to love good cheer, and to eschew fasting and all sorrie fare.

During the recital of Mr. Madrigal's edifying story, the pilgrims had tracked the devious river through a series of fair meadows, which afford pasturage to many goodly oxen, until they arrived at a green foad, now disused, where there appeared a stone with the following inscription upon it:—

St.  
P P  
THIS IS  
CHURCH  
LAND

And presently they came to another stone inscribed as follows:—

  
St. P P  
THE WAY TO  
THE CHURCH  
LANDS

The Fleet, which is here intersected by a tributary running from Highgate through Kentess-town, now turns at an angle towards Hampstead, which place, being the goal of their pilgrimage, appeared pleasant to the eyes of the wayfarers, and many cheerful things were said as they wended onwards. Among other jocose matters, Mr. Zigzag the Younger remarked, in reply to certain observations touching the wharves which once adorned this river at Holborn-bridge, that in sooth here were many docks in like manner near Hampstead. But the Elder rebuked this levity with his staff, which he uplifted in a manner sufficiently admonitory, while Mr. Madrigal raised his finger after the manner represented in the Bayeux tapestry.

About a furlong before you reach Hampstead, there appear two more stones, back to back, one of which sets forth as follows: ST. P.P. 1830. ; and the other is marked to this effect: H.P. 1824. These are the boundaries of the two parishes of Pancras and Hampstead. Passing them, the sinuous course of the Fleet brought the pilgrims to a field even fairer than the others they had traversed, and which was separated from the village by a screen, composed of six graceful clms, whose appearance created admiration not only of their taper beauty, but likewise at something extraordinary in their growth, and the difference which appeared between them and the surrounding trees.

"These are the ladye trees, or the six sisters of Hampstead," said Mr. Zigzag. "You may perceive," he continued, "the foremost of them is somewhat the tallest, and the others gradually diminish in height, until the last appears little more than half as high as the first. But my kinsman here hath an ancient ballad, which relates the legend of the six sisters better than I can tell it. Wherefore, an it please you, we will sit us down; and, as we rest awhile under these fair trees, he will, I promise you, Mr. Madrigal, set it forth in a manner that shall afford your musical ear some delectation."

The pilgrims being seated, Mr. Zigzag the Younger now professed himself ready to redeem his uncle's pledge, insofar as willingness did extend; albeit he much mis-



doubted his harmonious powers ; and forthwith he chanted with much solemnity the following

BALLAD OF THE LADYE TREES, OR THE SIX SISTERS OF HAMPSTEAD.

Over hill from Hamestead bowers,  
To gather May-dew from the flowers.  
Meadow-bell and cowslip sweet,  
And the wallflower grows on Maiden-street.

Maidens six, and sisters all,  
Maud, the eldest, lythe and tall,  
The cuckoo sings in Kentess-wood.

The next was Bridget, fair by fay,  
As Esther in the clerks' play ;  
Alice blythesome, Golden Joan,  
And Edith, tripping, one by one ;  
And little Annie, bright of blee,  
Held Edith's skirt, the pet was she.  
Meadow-bell and cowslip sweet,  
And the wallflower grows on Maiden-street.

Were never fairer maidens seen  
To come for May-dew on the green,  
The cuckoo sings in Kentess-wood.

Beldame, crossest thou our way,  
Where we gather dew of May ?  
Meadow-bell and cowslip sweet,  
And the wallflower grows on Maiden-street.

I gather mandrake for my spell,  
And nightshade, deep in eldn dell ;  
Mandragore and wolfsbane grow  
Where Fleeta darkly rolls below.

The Redcap walks in magic might.  
 And, minions! ye shall feel her spite.  
     The hawk soars o'er the laverock's nest.

Ah, well-a-day! a blight there fell  
 For evermoe on elfin dell;  
     A snake has coiled among the flowers.

The sisters six were never seen  
 To gather dew again on green;  
     The night bird shrieks in Hamestead bowers.

Six fair elms are there to show  
 How Redcap cast her spell of woe.  
     Mandrags and wolfbane grow  
     Where Fleet darkly rolls below.

At the conclusion of this ballad, a breeze gently moved the tops of the trees under which it had been sung, and a shower of autumnal leaves fell around the head of the minstrel, as though the six sisters had shed golden tears at this recital of their sorrowful metamorphosis.

"The wallflower grows on Maiden-street,"

sung Mr. Madrigal in a low tone.

"Sir," said Mr. Zigzag, "the causeway which crosseth Hampstead-heath is of Roman origin, and such you know, was sometimes termed by the Saxons a maiden way, or street."

"True," said Mr. Madrigal; and turning to Mr. Zigzag the Younger, he applauded his musical effort with many compliments; adding, "and I perceive, good sir, that Dame Redcap did show likewise some ruth in bestowing withal the boon of perpetual youth upon the trees into which she so cruelly transformed the fair sisters; for, by their appearance, one might say they had been there not longer than some thirty summers, instead of several centuries."

It being now necessary to cross the stream, in order to follow its course where it ran at the edge of an orchard, Mr. Madrigal and his younger companion had occasion to admire the agility of Mr. Zigzag the Elder, who cleared the river Fleet at a bound, and proceeded with as much composure as if unconscious of having performed any remarkable feat. However, previous to following their leader, the two paused awhile and agreed that this place should hereafter be distinguished by the name of Zigzag's Leap. After having skirted the said orchard, the stream again took a subterranean course, in consequence of which its explorers found themselves standing upon the piece of ground known as Pond-street-green, considerably at fault, and uncertain whither to turn next in pursuit of its subtle waters. However, after many essays in various directions, it was agreed that the staff of Mr. Zigzag the Elder should guide the party; which was affected in this wise. The said staff being set on end and abandoned to the laws of gravitation, it fell in a direction pointing north-west, upon which indication the pilgrims journeyed accordingly.

And behold there was wisdom in this resolution, for they had not gone far when, leaving on the left the reservoirs of the Hampstead Water Company, just at that point where a sort of conduit has been erected in the appropriate shape of an inverted goblet, there appeared a little valley planted with gardens and orchards, which gave them once more a view of the object of their search.

And now they hailed the diminished stream with enthusiasm, deeming from its appearance, and the height of the situation, that the source thereof must be near at hand; but on arriving at a bank which closes the head of the valley, another subterranean channel closed over its course, and shut out all further investigation. This vault proving to be one of the main sewers of Hampstead, Mr. Zigzag declared it to inexpedient to go any further into the subject. "My children," said he, "here

ends our quest ; the source of the Fleet lieth buried beyond our ken. In mystery it springeth from the earth, and in darkness subsideth at the end of its course ; as the beginning is, so is the end."

The impressive solemnity of Mr. Zigzag's manner communicating itself to the other pilgrims, they looked at each other as men who anticipated some extraordinary revelation ; when suddenly there appeared near at hand that Arabian sage by whom the Elder was encountered near the outset of his pilgrimage. " Ben Simorg, it is time," said the stranger. " I have expected you," was the reply ; " proceed—I follow." And, turning to his companions, Mr. Zigzag bestowed upon them his solemn benediction, saying, " We may meet again ; meanwhile, my son," said he, addressing Mr. Zigzag the Younger, " be virtuous, walk many deazels, and be comforted. I go towards the setting sun."

" Having thus delivered himself, he departed, leaving the two overwhelmed by the solemnity of his valediction. Having at length somewhat roused themselves, they ran forward some space ; but the Elder had already approached the distant horizon, and his figure, and that of the Arab who preceded him, were barely visible in the misty twilight. Mr. Zigzag the Younger now gave way to feelings which would no longer be repressed, and the nose of Mr. Madrigal—the salient point of his emotions—was sensibly touched.

Thus ended the Pilgrimage of the River Fleet.

## THE MONOLOGUE OF KONRAD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE POEM OF ADAM MICKIEWICZ, ENTITLED THE "DZIADY ;"  
OR, "FEAST OF THE DEAD."

BY THOMAS WADE.

THE only knowledge which the English translator possesses of the celebrated and remarkable Polish dramatic poem, of which the following Monologue is a conspicuous fragment, has been derived from a French prose-version of certain portions of it, which was published in Paris in the year 1834.

The "Dziady" is a feast-day of Pagan origin, still celebrated by the peasants of many of the villages of Lithuania. It falls early in the month of November. It presents a singular blending of the religious ceremonies of the ancient with those of the modern world; of Paganism with Catholicism. The devotees assemble, towards evening, in ruined chapels, in deserted houses, and in the neighbourhood of burial-grounds. They come carefully provided with supplies of milk and cakes, as oblations to the souls of those in Purgatory; the power of invoking whom, according to their belief, appertains to the "Guslarz," a mysterious personage, at all times poor, but regarded with extreme veneration; and often one of those simple-hearted and indigent Christian priests who are compelled to labour on the soil for their daily bread, and of whom the type is to be found only in the districts precedingly alluded to.

The Poem of the "Dziady" is an inspiration of the wrongs of Poland, which are its eloquent and incessant theme. Konrad, either in his own or some other name and semblance, is the Prometheus, the Faustus, of the drama; pervades its action; and gives it a unity of which it would otherwise be totally devoid. He is a victim of the atrocious Russian despotism; and the scene of his soliloquy is a cell in the cloister of the Basylvian priesthood, in the street Ostrobroma, at Wilna, converted into a state-prison. To a number of his fellow-prisoners, who have stolen to his dungeon, Konrad has been singing a song of denunciation and vengeance against their persecutors, from the excitement of which he swoons; and the guard approaching, his comrades in torture are compelled to retire to their respective cells, leaving him apparently lifeless on the ground. He recovers, and thus speaks:—

KONRAD—(*after a long silence*).



one : alone ! And what to me  
The still-thronging multitude !  
For the crowd is any mood  
Shaped, of my great poesy ?  
Where the man to whom belongs  
All the thought of my sweet songs !  
Who can seize, with scatheless sight,  
All their soul's electric light ?  
Woe to him whose voice and tongue  
For the Many are o'erstrung  
To spirit-music ! To the voice  
The swift tongue is as a lie ;  
And the breathing melody  
In which poet-lips rejoice,  
Is with seeming interwrought,  
And a lie unto the thought ! —  
Thought, which, ere it breaks in words,  
Quits the soul with rapid wing ;  
And its exquisite accords  
Words submerge and overcling,



And in fire above them quiver—  
 As the sunbeams o'er a river,  
 Rolling in the depths profound  
 Of the darkness underground !  
 By the intense sun's pulsing splendor,  
 Can the multitude descry,  
 And the buried waves make render,  
 Their abyss to its dull eye ?  
 Or divine, with prophet-force,  
 The far secret of their course ?

Feeling circles in the soul ;  
 Shines and burns in its deep wells—  
 As the blood, in uncontrol,  
 In its complex and mystic cells :  
 In my Verse as much of feeling  
 Shall men note, its stream revealing,  
 As they crimson life can trace  
 On my pale and bloodless face !

My Song ! thou art a star, sky-furl'd,  
 Beyond the confines of the world :  
 The earthly eye, that into space  
 Springs mountant toward thy reigning place,  
 Must spread its wings of glass in vain—  
 It never may thy heights attain ;  
 But only strike thy Way Lactéal :  
 Divining, there great suns may be ;  
 But leaving to the vast Ideal  
 Their number and immensity.

What, within thine atmosphere,  
 Human eye and human ear ?  
 Flow within my spirit's deep !  
 Glow upon its loftiest steep !—  
 Like to torrents subterrene ;  
 Like to superlunar stars !

God ! Nature !—hear !—a music hear,  
 Toned for your universal ear ;  
 And songs highworthy ! Mighty Master !  
 My hands down-beat sublunar bars,  
 And reach unto thy heaven serene ;  
 And there on gather'd sun-spheres linger,  
 With harmony-creating finger—  
 As on glassy circles, blent  
 Into one sweet instrument.

Slowly, now ; now fast and faster,  
 My soul the flashing stars makes wheel ;  
 Whence doth myriad-music peal :  
 'Tis I have waked the tones divine,  
 All whose mysteries are mine !  
 I blend them now, and now asunder  
 Spread them, in melodious thunder ;  
 And then, with an intenser might,  
 Their sounding glories reunite !  
 Into rainbows, and accords,  
 And figures as of measured words,  
 I weave them, as my moods inspire,  
 And scatter them in sound and fire !

Now my hands are lifted high—  
 And the glassy circles cease  
 Their many-toned vibration :  
 In the solitary peace,  
 I hear my Song sound thrillingly—  
 Long, prolong'd, with inspiration  
 Like the breath of rushing gales :  
 Through all space its voice prevails ;  
 Sobs like grief, and deeply mutters  
 Sounds like those which tempest utters :  
 Ages, as they circle by,  
 Lowly it accompany :  
 Every note resounds and flashes  
 On my ear and on my eye—  
 As when the whirlwind ocean lashes,  
 I hear its flight in shriekings loud,  
 See it in its pall of cloud !  
 'Tis a song, in its great feature,  
 Worthy God and worthy Nature ;  
 'Tis a Song high, grand, creator !  
 It is force, and it is power ;  
 With immortality for dower !—  
 Immortality I feel !  
 Immortality engender !—  
 God ! what can Thyself reveal,  
 Steep'd in a diviner splendor ?  
 From my soul's profoundest deep  
 My inexhaustive thoughts I reap,  
 And in words incarnate them :  
 High into heaven they soar and spread,  
 Wheel, revel, flash, fire-raimented,  
 O'er all its starry anadæm !  
 They are in great distance lapt ;  
 Yet I feel them, and, enrapt,  
 Hang upon their loveliness :  
 Their symmetries my hands caress ;  
 Their motions by my thought I guess.  
 I love ye, my bright babes of song !  
 My thoughts ! my stars ! my panting feelings !  
 Lightnings, from the dark revealings  
 Of my spirit's tempest strong !  
 As a father fond surround  
 His sweet smiling children dear,  
 Do ye enzone and hold me bound  
 By every hope and every fear !  
 Poets, sages, prophets, furl'd  
 In the worship of the world—  
 Men of claim and loud repute—  
 Here I tread ye underfoot !  
 Contemplate again, again,  
 The best issues of your brain ;  
 Let your ears, and let your heart,  
 Echo the applauses high  
 Which on your achiev'd art  
 Ever wait observantly ;  
 Let your brows the reflex render  
 Of your fame's intensest splendor ;

Not all chorus of renown,  
 Not all gems of glory's crown,  
 Gather'd from all climes and men,  
 Could yield to ye that bliss and power  
 Which I drink from this lone hour—  
 This solitary night, wherein  
 I sing alone, in my deep spirit,  
 A song which I alone inherit.  
 Mightiest, now, in soul and sense,  
 And sceptred with omnipotence,  
 I feel, I feel! and that this hour  
 My zenith is, and of my power  
 The doom-appointed apogee!  
 Now shall I know, if of the Great  
 I greatest am, or only be  
 A vain and self-elated thing.  
 It is the hour of instant fate:  
 I hear my spirit wave her wing  
 More palpably!—A moment is't  
 Like that when he, the Agonist,  
 Blind Samson, in his bonds' disgrace,  
 Lean'd thoughtful at the pillar's base.  
 Away with this dull vest of clay!  
 My Spirit, in her bright-wing'd way  
 From sphere of planet and of star,  
 Shall pause but where the boundaries are  
 Which make the passless separation  
 Betwixt Creator and Creation!  
 My spirit's wings?—Behold! behold!  
 From west to orient they unfold  
 Their all-sufficing plumes; and gleam,  
 At each sun-suffused extreme,  
 Upon the Future and the Past!  
 Borne upon the rays of feeling,  
 Will I mount, with my great Art,  
 To Thee, and force thee to revealing  
 The inmost of thy heaven of heart!  
 Behold!—Thou see'st how high and vast  
 The power of my ascension swift!  
 Man am I: what from dust had birth,  
 My body rests upon the earth:  
 'Tis there that I have loved; 'tis there,  
 In my dear land, my heart is left;  
 But not upon one Being fair  
 My love doth, in the world, repose,  
 As the insect on the rose;  
 Nor yet upon one tribe or age—  
 'Tis a Nation's heritage!  
 I have made my arms the zone  
 Of its generations gone,  
 And yet to come: upon my breast  
 All their bosoms I have prest,  
 As a friend, with clasp of fire—  
 As a lover, spouse, and sire!  
 My great Country would I bless  
 With new life and happiness;

And unfold her glories furl'd,  
 To a wonder-stricken world :  
 My strength forsook me in that sphere,  
 And I come to seek it here ;  
 Here, with all the armor fraught  
 Of my power-invested thought !  
 Which hath wrench'd from Heaven's arch  
 The thunder ; track'd, with eager search,  
 The planets, in their pealing march ;  
 And of sea and cataclysm  
 Sounded each profound abyss :  
 And I wield that awful power  
 Which from man was never dower,  
 But hath celestial origin—  
 That sense which fiercely burns within,  
 Volcano-like, and seldom streams  
 Forth in the smoke of worded dreams !  
 A might, not pluck'd from Eden's bower,  
 In the fruit of cognizance  
 Of good and ill ; nor from the glance  
 At wisdom, in revealing lore ;  
 Nor from story ; nor the solving  
 Of dark problems ; nor revolving  
 Mysteries of magic power—  
 I am a Creator born !  
 And derive my innate forces  
 From Thine own Being's natal sources !  
 Thou sought'st them not ; and, once possessing,  
 Fear'st not to be made forlorn  
 Of their divine omnipotence :  
 Nor do I fear. Is't Thou did'st lavish  
 On me this all-seeing sense ?  
 Or did I that same fountain ravish  
 Of the glorious gift, as Thou ?  
 In the hours of my great might,  
 If I flash my vision's light  
 To the clouds, and hear the din  
 Of the wild birds lost therein—  
 I need but will, and in the glow  
 Of my gaze they strain and fret—  
 As in an involving net !  
 With a cry of terror loud  
 Echoes the resisting cloud ;  
 But, till from my loosed grasp it flit,  
 The winds may never scatter it !  
 If, with all my force of soul,  
 I hold a comet in control  
 Of my fix'd glance, it standeth still,  
 Till freed by my permissive will !  
 Men, men alone, corrupt and base,  
 And, though immortal, frail and weak,  
 Obey, nor know me—Thee, nor Me !  
 Therefore, here in Heaven I seek  
 Means infallible to free  
 Them and theirs from this disgrace :  
 To powers which I o'er Nature wield  
 Would I human hearts make yield :

'To my slightest signal arc  
 Bondslaves every bird and star—  
 And so should be my similar !  
 Not by arms would I command,  
 For hand can still encounter hand ;  
 Nor by self-involving verse,  
 Long to frame and to rehearse ;  
 Nor by science, ill divined ;  
 Nor by miracles, that blind.  
 I would govern by the might  
 Of that feeling which is light,  
 Meridian'd in my sphere of being—  
 I would rule as 'Thou, All-seeing !  
 With a boundless mystery  
 Filling all Eternity.  
 Whatever to my will seem fit,  
 Let men divine and bow to it,  
 And bask in all felicities !  
 And that will should they despise,  
 Let them suffer and submit !  
 Be they to me as the musing,  
 And the words, wherewith at will  
 I build, each into each infusing,  
 My Song, from base to pinnacle !  
 Thus, it hath been high-exprest,  
 Is the way 'Thou governest.  
 'Thou know'st, my 'Thought is void of stain ;  
 That I have weaved not words in vain :  
 O, if 'Thou o'er Human Soul  
 Wilt dower me with a like control—  
 Surpassing Thee in works sublime,  
 My Country, as a living hymn,  
 Will I anew create, and chant  
 A strain to bliss arch-ministrant,  
 That shall seem, to list'ning Time,  
 Joy-shoutings of thy Seraphim !  
 Yield me empire over Soul !  
 This lifeless bulk, this vaunted world,  
 In its own conceit upcurl'd  
 (Like the insect in its film)  
 And with itself for race and goal,  
 I with such disdain o'erwhelm,  
 That I have not once essay'd  
 If my words the force possess,  
 On its blockish strength display'd,  
 To crush it into nothingness :  
 But, my buoyant will, I feel,  
 Needs but to be firm constrain'd,  
 And then suddenly unrein'd,  
 To find the living might to wheel  
 Constellations from their sphere,  
 And new stars in their places rear ;  
 For I an Immortal am !  
 Oh ! in this compass of Creation,  
 Deathless others hold their station :  
 But never my superior yet  
 Have I, in its vastness, met !

'Thou art First of Heaven's Spirits ;  
 And to seek Thee here I came—  
 I, the first of breathing creatures  
 Which the vale of earth inherits !  
 I have gazed not on thy features,  
 Yet seem conscious that Thou Art :  
 Thy dread visage, O, reveal !  
 Make me thy dominion feel  
 In the depths of my full heart !  
 Or give me, or direct my way  
 To that power for which I pray !  
 I have heard, and have believed,  
 There have holy prophets lived  
 Who o'er souls held despot-sway—  
 But I am supreme as they !  
 A dominion make Thou mine  
 High and infinite as Thine ;  
 And let my power on spirits rest  
 As Thine on all Thou governest !

*(He remains a long time silent.)*

Silence all ! and silence ever !—  
 'I see I know Thee : henceforth never  
 Thy nature, and thy scheme of rule,  
 To my discernment can be veil'd :  
 He was the first erring fool  
 Who thy mighty presence hail'd  
 By the tender name of Love :  
 More the serpent than the dove,  
 Of thy sceptre absolute  
 Wisdom is sole attribute :  
 'Tis the brain, and not the heart,  
 Must to men thy ways impart :  
 Not by feeling, but by thought,  
 Must be thy triumph's secret sought !  
 He who has tomb'd himself in books,  
 For metals groped in minéd nooks,  
 With numbers juggled, and made one  
 With cadaver and skeleton ;  
 He, he alone, hath made advance  
 To aught of thy dread puissance !  
 He doth wield the elements  
 To his use and to his will ;  
 And of human spirit-bents  
 Is the sovereign master still.  
 'Tis to thought's omnipotence  
 Thou hast bow'd the Universe ;  
 Leaving hearts to pant and languish,  
 Vainly seek, and vainly curse,  
 And sink at last to hopeless anguish,  
 And eternal penitence !  
 Shortest life and strongest feeling—  
 With the twain my soul is reeling !

*(A brief silence.)*

What, my feeling ?—but a spark !  
 What, my life ?—a moment dark !  
 But those tempests which to-morrow  
 Shall the wide earth strike with sorrow,

## THE MONOLOGUE OF KONRAD.

To-day what are they ?—even a spark !  
 What the course entire of ages,  
 In the pomp of history's pages  
 Full reveal'd ?—an instant dark !  
 Whence all this little world of man,  
 And all it heeds ?—but from a spark !  
 Limit of the utmost span,  
 Which the proudest thought e'er ran,  
 What is death ?—a moment dark !  
 What was He, when in his breast  
 He held the Universe ?—a spark !  
 And what will its eternity  
 At that consummation be,  
 When there it shall be recomprest  
 From whence it sprang ?—an instant dark !

## VOICES OF DEMONS.

On his soul, which doth weep and bleed,  
 We leap, as on restive steed—  
 It gallops with fiery speed !

## VOICES OF ANGELS.

Let us shield him with our wings !  
 Not he, but his delirium, sings.

## KONRAD.

Moments, when their flittings lengthen ;  
 Sparkles, when their gleamings strengthen,  
 Now create, and now destroy :  
 Every sparkle stir and strengthen,  
 Every moment strain and lengthen,  
 Will I, in this moody joy !  
 Thee, again, I dare defy,  
 And bare my soul unto thine eye !  
 Silent still !—Oh ! hast Thou not  
 Front to front with Satan fought ?  
 Disdain me not, in dumb denial—  
 I challenge Thee with stern defial !  
 I am here alone with Thee ;  
 But a Nation speaks in me :  
 On my side are ages gone,  
 And many a power and many a throne :  
 If blasphemer named aright,  
 I call Thee to a direr fight  
 Than Hell-beginning Satan did :  
 His strife was of the reasoning head ;  
 But mine is of the sentient heart,  
 And of its blood a living part !  
 I have suffer'd, loved, and grown  
 To manhood 'twixt delight and moan ;  
 And when Thou smot'st me from my bliss  
 (Like Innocence from Paradise)  
 My hand I in my heart's-blood dyed ;  
 But never thy great will defied !

## VOICES OF DEMONS.

Our steed is an eagle ! high  
 On its wild-clanging wings we fly ;  
 And laugh in the face of the sky !

## VOICES OF ANGELS.

From the sky the star is falling,  
To the abyss, with speed appalling !

## KONRAD.

My Soul in my United Nation  
Hath her perfect Incarnation ;  
And my Country's total spirit  
Doth my framed flesh inherit :  
I, my Country, are but one—  
In identic union !  
Million is my name ; for I  
Love, and suffer misery  
For millions of afflicted men :  
As a loving son, who sees  
His father writhe in agonies  
On the rack's slow-moving wheel,  
Do I for my Country feel :  
Of its every denizen  
I the bitter tortures prove—  
As a mother, in her love,  
Bears within her bosom mild  
All the sufferings of her child.  
I in torment groan and rave :  
'Thou, elate, serene and wise,  
Govern'st, judgest ; and the grave,  
Sleek men who don thy ministries  
'To a trembling world's distress,  
Say, 'Thou still art errorless.  
Hearken !—hear !—If that be truth  
Which, from my cradle and my youth,  
I have learn'd, and with that faith  
Believed, which sinless childhood hath ;  
If in thine unfathom'd nature  
Any strain of love there be ;  
If this world, which is thy creature,  
'Thou didst, in creating, cherish ;  
If 'Thou dost thine issues see  
With one touch of father-feeling ;  
If, lest all thy work should perish,  
In that Flood of thy forth-dealing,  
When, upon the waters dark,  
Thou didst living things inhen  
In the safely-floating ark,  
A loving heart were one of them ;  
If that heart a monster be not,  
Born of Fate and Chance, that see not  
Any scope of consequence,  
And to wither ere it bloom,  
Sentenced in the book of doom ;  
If the tenderness of sense,  
Under thy dominion high,  
Be aught but blank anomaly ;  
If, under thy space-veil'd pavilions,  
Ever-persecuted millions,  
Crying loud—" O, aid us, Lord !"   
Aught further share in thy regard



Than some mere problem, difficult  
 To urge unto its right result ;  
 If love be more than a vain curse  
 In this awful Universe,  
 And not of thy misgovernance  
 Some wrongly-calculated chance —

## VOICES OF DEMONS.

Our eagle's a winged snake! —  
 We have torn out his eyes, to make  
 Heaven's innermost portals shake  
 With his agony's thunderquake !

## VOICES OF ANGELS.

Wandering comet ! issue bright  
 Of a sun of stainless light ! —  
 Endless thine eccentric flight !

## KONRAD.

Still Thou utter silence art ! —  
 The abysses of my heart  
 Have I bared, in my distress :  
 Grant me but a viewless part,  
 An atom, of that conquest wide  
 O'er the earth achieved by pride !  
 That on all I may impress  
 A consummate happiness.  
 Silent ever ! — Thou wilt grant  
 Nothing to the eager pant  
 Of the heart : then, not in vain  
 Be the pleadings of the brain !  
 'Thou see'st that in the foremost range  
 I stand, of men and cherubim ;  
 And less to me conceal'd and strange  
 Thou art, than to the spirits that hymn,  
 With chorus archangelical,  
 Thy dread dominion over All !  
 Worthy am I to divide  
 With Thee thine eternal power :  
 Break the silence of thy pride !  
 I lie not : Thou remainest mute ;  
 Yet deem'st Thyself The Absolute !  
 Know'st Thou not, that Feeling can,  
 With its hunger'd heart, devour  
 All which ne'er may be upcaught  
 By the gaping maw of Thought ?  
 And my feeling's furnace deep,  
 Fraught with fire empyrean,  
 Will I in strict closure keep,  
 With binding seals hermetical,  
 To kindle it to fiercer flame :  
 With it I will densely fill  
 The iron circle of my will —  
 As the murderous cannon's frame  
 With the spark-awaiting ball !

VOICES OF DEMONS.

Despair ! perdition ! hellward sentence !

VOICES OF ANGELS.

Pity ! mercy ! faith ! repentance !

KONRAD.

Answer ! for my ordnance dark  
Hath Nature's self for its great mark !  
If it whelm her not in ashes,  
Yet its thick consuming flashes  
Shall with lurid triumph glow  
O'er thine Empire's overthrow !  
My despairing accents fierce  
Shall, with wild proclaimings, pierce  
The last limit of Creation !  
And, aloud, from generation  
Unto generation far,  
Will I shriek this maniac curse—  
Thou of all the Universe  
The Father art not ; but—

VOICE OF THE DEVIL.

The Czar !

*(Konrad stands for a moment speechless ;  
staggers, and falls to the ground.)*

## THE DREAM OF THE GOLDEN IMAGE.



THE Dreamer started in his sleep, as the horrible shapes of his dream passed before him.

A little lean and shrivelled old man was standing on a city quay, seemingly superintending the unlading of a brave merchant-vessel just home from a far country. Many porters were running to and fro, busily engaged in carrying bales, which they heaped up before the old man, till the brave merchant-vessel was lightened of all her cargo. And the little shrivelled old man, having counted the bales, smiled painfully; but neither ordered the removal of his goods, nor stirred from his position. The vessel passed on alongside the quay; and another, even richer, cast anchor in her place. Again the porters set to work: and the pile of merchandise heaped around the old man rose rapidly. Argosy after argosy, each bearing a costlier freight than its precursor, came into port, and anchored at the old man's quay; and, ever as new bales were piled upon the top of the heap, the grey shrivelled one clambered to the summit of the pile, gloating over his wealth.

And now a change came o'er the dream! The same old man, yet leaner and more shrunk, sate in a little, dirty, miserable counting-house, a kind of lobby to an enormous warehouse. Through a narrow window might be seen the mighty heap of merchandise lying on the quay; and throngs of men were busy in removing it into the warehouse at whose entrance the old man sate. And the Dreamer saw that on some of the bales was written, "Years of unrequited toil." Sixty and two of these bales, of exceeding great weight, were brought in by one noble-looking man, who seemed as a god in comparison with the withered thing of the counting-house. As he brought in the last, he sank upon the threshold, broken-backed and exhausted. Painfully crawling out, he halted at the old shrivelled one's feet to receive his pay. No coin was given to him (though the Dreamer could see that

beneath the desk in the counting-house was the entrance to a vast cellar—a labyrinth of treasure-chambers—a mine of coined gold); but the worn-out carrier received a written order, which he took, with much pain and difficulty, to a splendid palace, and was immediately passed, by sleek officers, into a square hole comfortably boarded on all sides, wherein he was indulged with a daily measure of gruel, until he might be removed into a closer place of kindlier tending, among his fellow-worms. As the unpaid carrier left the counting-house, he looked upon his taskmaster: there were no words; but his look was a curse, beneath which the grey king of the gold cellar and the warehouse quailed exceedingly.

But the carrier was gone. He had housed the last bale; and the captain of the principal argosy stood in the trader's doorway with his account. Pompously the rich man took it, and demanded the amount. "First read the items!" said the captain; and it seemed to the Dreamer that he spoke with the voice of the outworn carrier when he had asked for his pay; so that the Curse looked again in his employer's face, and it grew fearfully pale. The old man took the paper and read: "A pearl-diver's life." He raised his head inquiringly. One stood before him, covered with the slime and salt weed of ocean, with blood gushing from his ears. "Give me back my life—a pearl's price. Canst thou not buy it from the shark?" The old man trembled. "Read on!" exclaimed the stern voice of the unpaid carrier.

Again the merchant read, and again looked up, as if to cavil at the charge. He encountered the eyes of a noble negro, such an one as was Toussaint L'Ouverture. "Wilt thou pay me for my liberty? my wife, whom a brutal planter has abused? my children, degraded beneath the lowest beasts, the slaves of a white fiend's lust?" Haughtily the negro turned away; and the old man saw that his back was festering with one wide wound: he had been flogged to death. The old man felt constrained to follow him; and so passed over burning sands and through storm and darkness, the festering back ever in his sight, till at length he stood within a tropical market-place—a human market. Stark naked, in the midst of a crowd of men, stood a young and delicate woman, the negro's wife. She was examined by the human dealers; the bidding proceeded; and she was sold to a young Christian, who proposed to himself, when he should have satiated his own lust, to repay her cost by letting her to less-refined voluptuaries. Her children were torn from her; she was not allowed even one caress: they were sold to other masters, to be trained by the scourge toward the same destiny. A dreadful agony hid itself in the wrinkles of the shrivelled old man; but the negro beckoned him away: and anon he was beneath the hatches of a slaver; and in the dimness beheld men, women, and children, living and dead, all chained and huddled together in their own filth. As he looked, the hatches were raised: the dead were thrown overboard; the living, feverish and starving, were cursed, and struck, and trampled over; some, ere he could turn aside his sickening gaze, were butchered to feed their companions; and the quivering flesh of the child was flung at its parent, as men cast meat to hounds. The old man strove, but in vain, to tear the terrible paper of his accusation. Frantically he threw it from him. The captain of the argosies replaced it in his hand; but it was the voice of the unpaid carrier that again bade him "Read on."

Again he read; and again, with outstarting eyes, stared wildly at his accuser. Before him, in the captain's place, stood a diminutive figure, stunted, and emaciated, and diseased, and crippled, stooping as if half-crushed beneath an oppressive burden, with shrunk cheeks and dim, deep-sunk eyes, haggard and care-worn: a miserable idiot, with hollow forehead, as if the brain had wasted. It looked like a vicious old-age in the form of a child; yet it was, indeed, a young child, bearing a strange resemblance to the old man. It hung by its lean fingers to his knees, and in piteous accents besought him to reckon the amount of his debt:—"I have received but some few shillings a week: is there no more due for my youth, and health, and happiness?" The wretched old man covered his eyes; but his hands fell: he was forced to read on.

Look again! In the mass of filth which had grown up in the place of the child,

scarcely could the keen eyes that peered tremblingly from beneath the bent brows of the trader recognise the human form—God's image. Covered with filth, indeed, it was; but the covering was less offensive than the core. It was a mass of foulest disease—of wretchedness and vice. What else should beggary come to? A thing whose features told of uncultivated childhood—of profligate, unchecked youth, ill-exemplified, and hounded on from bad to worse—of manhood cursed and maltreated, and untempered by sympathy, tossed between famine and debauchery, maddened by insolent injury to hate, leaping from hate into crime, and, at last, grovelling in squalid, and scarce pitied, unremedied loathsomeness. "For the love of God, your charity, good gentleman! Spare a trifle for the mendicant—one halfpenny from your enormous hoards. Let me lie at your palace-gate: is it not the proper herding-place of beggars?" Even for relief the old man read on; but his eyes might not rest upon the paper.

"Knowest thou not the beggar's drab—his wife, perhaps, if law were less death-like; but I am anybody's property. Nay, turn not from me so disdainfully! I was young once, fair-checked and comely—but no matter. These bleared eyes were blue and heavenly; these cheeks, less rosy indeed, but smoother; my hair was sleek and glossy; and I had more flesh than these old bones have worn for many a long day since. Truly, Misery and I have strangely dreamed together. Wilt thou kiss me, or drink with me?"—and the leering hag leaped upon the old man's neck, and kissed him with her foul lips, whispering to him, "I am one of the children of Commerce. Wilt pay me for my infamy?" A yell of unearthly laughter rang in the old man's ears; but above it was distinctly heard the stern voice of the unpaid carrier,—“Read on!”—and the hag was gone.

It was his own likeness which the maddening old man now saw before him; but indeed younger, one who, perchance, might be his son. He was clad in a rich priestly robe on which was worked, in plain characters, the price at which it had been purchased. Sneeringly he addressed the merchant:—"Father! hast thou learned the highest aim of trade, its exceeding zest and crowning delight—the traffic in human souls? Oh! they are a brave commodity. Hast thou capital yet to deal in such things? There is a good market for them. Wilt throw with me for thy religion?"—and he offered him a dice-box, with loaded dice on which was stamped the Holiest Name. "Ha! ha! what fools men are. Father! believe it not. There is no God. Thou shalt be buried under thy gold; I will bear thy pall for thee. Hast thou aught worth reading there? Thy will, perhaps?"—and the eyes of the old man involuntarily turned again towards the paper—the account of his merchandise.

There were no more words: but fearful pictures were traced thereon, records of unatoned offences, which words might not express. His eyes were riveted to the paper. He knew not whether it was the voice of the sea-captain, of the outworn, unpaid carrier, or of his own son, that tauntingly bade him to add up the sum. Miserable wretch! all thy gold will not redeem the lightest charge in thy account. The bankrupt merchant grew livid with agony, as he thought that he must sell his wares at a loss, to make up the deficiency. This time it was the deep-set eyes of the unpaid carrier that seemed to search his inmost soul. "Fool! what is the value of thy bales? Bring them forth, and let them be displayed to advantage, in the light of day!" There was no need of porters: the bales unpacked of themselves, and their contents passed before the old man.

Merciful God! what monstrous shapes crawled over the threshold of that narrow counting-house. Innumerable varieties of torture; incarnations of pain and woe; beggars clothed with sores and infamy; crowds of unoffending peasants driven into rivers by a brutal soldiery; men who had never seen the cheerful light of day, buried from birth to death in damp, unwholesome mines; wan, feeble, distorted creatures, whose lives were sold to loathsome and unhealthy occupations; gaunt forms of famine and of disease, the consequence of unnatural diet; sailors, some blue with the plague, others who, long at sea, tossed in crazy boats, weather-worn and famishing, had gone mad through feeding on their companions; bony men, who with

knotted thongs drove their children before them, tearing, with maniac joy, portions of their children's flesh from their living forms, to satisfy the horrible cravings of their hunger; women, stripped of their holiness—of their modesty and beauty, exposed in the nakedness of their depravity to the fiercest storms of calumny and outrage; mothers wild with pain, with dead infants hanging at their withered breasts; children stunted and deformed, spiritless and vicious, and prematurely old, mere transmitters of disease and sorrow; all the wretched progeny of Labour—that bond-slave of Wealth, and of Misery, his purchased helpmate; these and all other of the creations of the ruling Sin—its multitudinous manifestations—passed before the cowering man; and each, as it passed, gazed upon him, while the unpaid carrier demanded at what price he should offer them for sale, to redeem the liabilities of the bankrupt.

In despair the old man rushed upon the quay. On the swelling waves argosy after argosy rode triumphantly into the harbour; but it seemed that the tide which bore them in was swollen with human tears. Every vessel cast anchor at the same place. There was an inquiry for some one; then the cargo was unloaded, and the vessel passed on. Another and another followed. The old man was rooted to the spot; the bales were heaped around him; but he could not, as before, clamber to the top. And now he was completely buried beneath the heap of merchandise; yet the vast pile rocked to and fro, as if the wretch was writhing beneath it.

The dream again was changed. Again the prosperous merchant sat in the little counting-house; the bales were in the warehouse; the money-cellar looked as gorgeous as heretofore. The old man surveyed his treasures, and smiled, but like one who cheats himself. He seemed to be drooping beneath the Curse that ever gazed steadfastly upon him. And the Dreamer perceived, through the dirt that covered them, that the walls of the counting-house were of solid gold; and was it their reflection, or the level gleam of the declining sun through the narrow window, that tinged the old man's visage with a jaundice hue? The Dreamer saw through the old man, and beheld, that like as the flesh of certain diseased men will continually become bone, until the whole man is ossified, even so was the human flesh of the decrepit trader being transmuted to gold. His features grew rigid, wearing a monotonous and mocking smile of exultation; the blood in his veins stagnated, and congealed, and hardened into gold, till even what had been his heart was become no more than yellow metal. As the Dreamer looked upon him with disgust and horror, he fancied that the image of the trader leaped from its seat, and, springing at him, clutched him by the throat, demanding blood, in exchange for its veins of gold; and, struggling desperately for deliverance, the Dreamer awoke.

“How strangely I have dreamed!” Strange, indeed, that such unpleasant dream should vex the brain of one who had never thought of “social regeneration,” nor meddled with politics; who paid every man to the day, went regularly to church, and knew not what hunger meant! Strange, indeed, that the clear conscience, God-ward and man-ward, of Owen Sharpe should be haunted with such horrors! But it was only a dream: he would go to his business, and think no more of it. He, who is well employed, need fear no evil dreams, thought he: and there was much wisdom in the thought. The idler is ever most open to mischief. No idler was Owen Sharpe. He was the youngest partner in a thriving mercantile house, in which he had served his due time as clerk. Money grows like the coral reef, founding a world; and Owen Sharpe was on the first step of the throne of Fortune. Eminently fortunate, too, was he in his personal qualifications. Industrious, stable, and keen-sighted; enterprising, far-looking, and of ready judgment; he seemed the very genius of trade. His education (in the usual acceptation of that mistaken word) had been excellent. In truth, few, under the circumstances in which our world is involved, could receive a better training than he had experienced. While his intellectual faculties had been sedulously cultivated, his heart had enjoyed more scope for healthy growth than comes to the lot of most. He was benevolent and honest; well-informed, and endowed with high capacity for the appreciation of beauty. Neither did his daily avocations deteriorate his noble nature. He had never witnessed

either the petty larcenies and dirty trickery of huckstering traffickers, or the broader-faced frauds of the unlimited speculator. The firm of which he was a partner prided themselves as much on never having oppressed an honest debtor or driven a hard bargain, as they did on the integrity of their promises and the punctuality of their settlements. So Owen Sharpe worked on, day after day, in the counting-house, still most marvellously retaining his nobility of soul. After a time, from junior partner he rose to be principal; and then his genius and worth shone pre-eminently forth. His word was his bond. His adventures were self-insured. They who were in his books were happy, as if their names had been written on adamant as heirs of Fortune. His wealth increased continually; and with it his beneficence went hand in hand. The name of the "Magnificent" was carried to the uttermost corners of the earth; and everywhere received tribute and homage. His family rose to the highest stations in the army, the bar, and the church. Men looked to him as to one in whose coffers lay the price of nations. Never was merchant more successful, never merchant better deserved success. So lived Owen Sharpe, even to a good and honoured old age. And now Decay—Death's clerk, that mightiest trader—enters the merchant's palace, and claims acquittance of "the only debt yet undischarged." The ever-punctual merchant is ready. There is lamentation throughout the land, for he has been a father to many; and how shall commerce continue to flourish when her magnificent patron, her steady supporter, is gone? But the thoughts of the old man are now on other business. He is dictating no commercial code, but summing up his last account—with a clear conscience towards God and man. As the old merchant sate up in bed, supported by pillows, to receive from his son's hand the last consolations of religion—the holiest sacrament administered to the departing—the beams of the westering sun streamed through the chamber window, and lit up his serene face with a halo of gold—such as Rembrandt, the poet-painter, would have given to the unveiled Moses—as if it were the sun of the merchant's prosperous fortune crowning him, even in his death, with a glorious radiance. They, who stood around him, gazed on him with wonder, adoring him as a saint. Just then one brought a mirror into the room; and the old man, as it passed by him, beheld his face therein, and saw that he was indeed the lean and shrivelled old trader of his vision—the very golden image which had embraced him in that fearful and never-to-be-effaced night.

They, who laid out the remains of the "Magnificent," hastily threw a handkerchief over his face, and closed not his eyes: they dared not venture a second look. Neither watched any by the corse at night.

Few are there of the earth-born thus confronted by reflection: and they who dream, even of our daily life, are far fewer than the sleepy world imagines.

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## MONTHLY JOURNAL OF THE FINE ARTS;

THE ARTS DECORATIVE AND ORNAMENTAL;  
AND RECORD OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

ESTABLISHED IN JANUARY, 1839.

THE ART-UNION—of which Eighty-eight monthly Parts have been issued since its commencement in January, 1839—has been recommended by the Press, universally, as “ably and impartially conducted;” as “admirably calculated to advance the objects of artists, and increase the growing taste for Works of Art;” and as “at once establishing, by the excellence of its arrangements, the variety and interest of its intelligence, and the tone of its opinions, the highest claims upon all lovers of Art.” Similar recommendations have emanated from the Foreign Press:—in “GALLIGNANI” it has been commended for “sound taste and judgment;” and by the “Kunstblatt” (the oracle of Art in Germany) it has been accepted as “a safe authority on all matters appertaining to British Art.”

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Each monthly Part of the ART-UNION is largely illustrated by Wood Engravings—describing the various subjects under consideration; these, for the most part, exhibit the progress of taste as applied to manufactures, and are suggestions for decoration and ornament; woodcuts, however, are frequently introduced, of portraits, popular pictures, and other objects of interest; while presented with each number is AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL, OR AN EXAMPLE OF FINE LITHOGRAPHY—the cost of which, separately, would greatly exceed that of the Part in which it appears.

PART LXXXIX OF THE ART-UNION—COMMENCING THE EIGHTH ANNUAL VOLUME—WILL BE PUBLISHED ON THE 1ST OF JANUARY, 1846: AND THE OCCASION IS SUGGESTED AS CONVENIENT FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS, WHO MAY THUS BE ENABLED TO COMPLETE THE WORK DURING THE ENSUING YEAR. HITHERTO MUCH INCONVENIENCE HAS ARISEN, IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE DIFFICULTY OF OBTAINING “SETS”—SEVERAL OF THE PARTS HAVING BEEN “OUT OF PRINT.”

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## THE ART-UNION MONTHLY JOURNAL.

‘To MANUFACTURERS, Decorative and Ornamental Designers, their Employers, and Artisans, and all who are interested in improving the USEFUL ARTS by subjecting them to the influence of the FINE ARTS, the ART-UNION Monthly Journal is recommended as supplying such practical information as may enhance the MERCANTILE VALUE of the various productions of BRITISH INDUSTRY.

In order to communicate FACTS so as to render them available as suggestions to the producer, the several articles are illustrated by EXPLANATORY WOODCUTS. They are addressed to every trade in which taste can be brought to co-operate with the artisan; and THE MERCANTILE VALUE OF THE USEFUL ARTS BE AUGMENTED BY THE AID OF THE FINE ARTS.

The ART-UNION Journal, as its name imports, was instituted mainly to enforce the necessity of UNION between the different branches of Art, and more particularly the intimate connexion that exists between those Arts which have been regarded as entirely artistic, and those which have been deemed exclusively mechanical; the purpose being to show that mind as well as hand is required in every branch of DECORATIVE ART.

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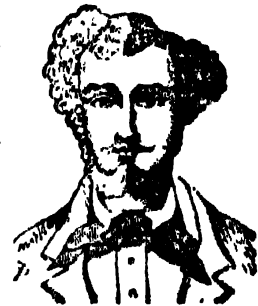
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## NO MORE GREY HAIR.

### UNWIN AND ALBERT'S COLUMBIAN HAIR DYE

is acknowledged throughout the world to be the best in use. Its application is most easy; and it immediately imparts to grey hair or whiskers a natural and permanent Brown or Black, without staining the skin.

The great success of this never-failing Hair Dye has produced a number of imitations; but to prevent such base impositions, be certain that **UNWIN and ALBERT'S** names are on all the outside and inside labels. Mr. and Mrs. Unwin may be consulted daily, at their private Hair Dyeing Rooms, where the Head of Hair is dyed in an hour, or Whiskers in a few minutes. Sold wholesale and retail by **UNWIN and ALBERT, Court Hairdressers and Wig Makers, 24, Piccadilly, London, and 112, Rue Richelieu, Paris.** In cases, at 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. Forwarded on receipt of a Post-Office Order.



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## SCARLETT'S PORTABLE MOCK TURTLE SOUP.

**SCARLETT AND SON** respectfully inform the public in general that the **MOCK TURTLE** made by them, of acknowledged delicious quality and flavour, is by many pronounced equal to the real. Forwarded to all parts of the country, free of package, on the receipt of a Post-Office Order or Stamps. 3s. 6d. per quart.

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## PERMANENT DAGUERREOTYPES.

THE AMERICAN DAGUERREAN PORTRAIT ROOMS,

432, WEST STRAND, NEAR KING WILLIAM STREET.

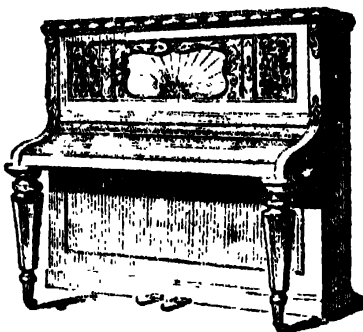
**MR. HOGG**

respectfully invites the inspection of the Public to the Daguerrean specimens taken by him, as, without being seen, they cannot be appreciated. The Stereoscopic Portraits taken by Mr. Hogg have been allowed by several scientific gentlemen to have the best effect of any that they have seen; at the same time Mr. H. challenges any other Artist in London to produce Pictures equal to those of his production. Portraits, as usual, in morocco case, and coloured, 10s. 6d. The price of Stereoscope and Portraits, £2. 2s.

Mr. H. would remind the Public no pay is demanded by him until the Picture is seen and approved of; nor does Mr. H. follow the usual course of exhibiting specimens which are not of his own production.

SUNSHINE NOT REQUIRED.

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**J. BRINSMEAD,**

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offers a challenge of £100 to any Maker who shall produce a Pianoforte superior in Touch, Tone, and Beauty of Design to those made by him at the same prices, and which were allowed, by eminent judges, to be the most superb in the Great Exhibition of 1851. J. B. begs to draw attention to the above design, price Thirty Guineas. Instruments from £25 to £150. Superior Instruments lent on hire. The Trade supplied.

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## THE CHEMIST,

A Monthly Journal of

CHEMICAL PHILOSOPHY, MINERALOGY, PHOTOGRAPHY,

AND OF

CHEMISTRY APPLIED TO THE ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AGRICULTURE,  
AND MEDICINE;

AND RECORD OF PHARMACY.

**EDITED BY JOHN AND CHARLES WATT.**

This Periodical always contains all the researches and discoveries on the above subjects made during the month in this country, and abroad.

The July Number contains, among other articles, the following—Analysis of several products of Art of Great Antiquity, including Gallo-Roman Mural Paintings; Glasses, Coloured Plasters, and Mural Colours; Ancient Potteries; Ancient Bronzes; Belts; Medals; Leadern Coffins; Gold and silver objects; Human Osseous Remains, &c. &c.—New General Method of Chemical Analysis—On the Theory of Chemical changes, and on Equivalent volumes—Gold Refining Process—On Photographic Engraving—Method of estimating the Ammonia in Waters—Estimation of the Value of Alimentary Grains—On the Cinchonas—Ink for Steel Pens—Reviews, &c. &c. &c.

LONDON: HIGHLEY AND SON, 32, FLEET STREET;

to whom Communications for the Editors, Books for Review, and Advertisements are to be sent.

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## PURE NERVOUS OR MIND COMPLAINTS.

If the Readers of "THE NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW," who suffer from depression of spirits, confusion, headache, blushing, groundless fears, unfitness for business or society, blood to the head, failure of memory, delusions, suicidal thoughts, fear of insanity, &c., will call on, or correspond with,

REV. DR. WILLIS MOSELEY,

who, out of above 22,000 applicants, knows not 50 uncured who have followed his advice, he will instruct them how to get well, without a fee, and will render the same service to the friends of the insane.

AT HOME FROM 11 TO 3.

18, BLOOMSBURY STREET, BEDFORD SQUARE.

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## BASS'S PALE ALE,

IN IMPERIAL PINTS, 5s. PER DOZEN; CASKS, 18 GALLONS, 30s.

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## IMPROVEMENT IN REPEATING FIRE-ARMS.

**B. COGSWELL,**

OF 224, STRAND, NEAR TEMPLE BAR,

ESTABLISHED 1770,

Begs to draw the Attention of Officers proceeding on Foreign Service to his Improved Revolving Cylinder Pistol, which will, with a small charge of Powder, carry a ball with accuracy and efficacy at the distance of One Hundred Yards.

B. C. has also applied the same principle to Carbines and Rifles. These are the most effective weapons in use, and are particularly adapted to the Cape Service and Jungle Sports.

### DOUBLE AND SINGLE RIFLES

on the Minié and other Improved Principles, from Four Guineas. Also, a very large assortment of

### DOUBLE AND SINGLE-BARREL FOWLING-PIECES

of every description, in new and second-hand work. Double Guns for ball or shot. Single ditto, with Rifle Barrels to fit in the same stock, from Five Guineas. Spoon Pistols, which will kill Birds or Rabbits at Thirty Yards, without report or recoil.

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## THE UNITED SERVICE; OR, NAVY AND ARMY

HAIR



DYES,

FOR DYEING AND SOFTENING THE HAIR, BEARD, OR MOUSTACHE.

This Invention is Instantaneous, Permanent, and Natural in appearance, either for Brown or Black.

The superiority of these Dyes over all others consists in their being entirely free from smell, and not in the least degree injurious to the skin. They have the appearance of fine filtered water.

In introducing these Dyes to the Public, the Inventor confidently asserts that their efficacy may be relied on, as its manufacture is superintended by the Inventor himself (a process unknown to those generally advertising Hair Dyes); and having practised on the grey and red hairs of Denmark, Flanders, Germany, &c., for the last twenty-six years, now places them before the British Public with every confidence of having brought them to high perfection, both in colour and certainty of action.

The most distinguished Professors and Operators of the Metropolis have tested and given testimonials pronouncing these Dyes the most certain ever introduced for Dyeing the Human Hair, directing particular attention to their softening properties, as well as to their beautiful natural colours. Once using will prove their permanence and value.

The Inventor particularly requests the attention of Ladies to these Dyes for softening and permanently staining the Hair and Eyebrows.

Sold at the Northern Dépôt, by the Inventor, JOSEPH SHAYLER, 82, St. JOHN-STREET ROAD, near the Angel, Islington, in cases for the toilet, and sent free to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of 3s. 8d., 5s., 8s., or 10s. 6d., in Stamps or Post-Office Order, payable either at Charing Cross or Islington. May be had also of Mr. E. CONSTANCE, Chemist, Leadenhall Street; JENNER, Chemist, Sandgate; and all respectable Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale at the Western Dépôt, 5, West Street, Soho.

N.B. While applying these Dyes, keep all grease away from the comb and brush; but may be used after in the usual way.

\*.\* Please say, if for Brown or Black.

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4, MONUMENT YARD, AND 6, 7, AND 8, PUDDING LANE, LONDON.

The largest stocks in the Kingdom. Cubas, 6s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. per lb. Havana Cigars, 7s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per lb. Cabanas, Silvas, Woodvilles, Regalias, Lopez, and every variety, 8s. 6d. and 9s. 6d. per lb. Cheroots, Mexicans, and Pickwicks, 6s. and 7s. per lb. Genuine Foreign Havana Cigars, fine quality, 20s., 22s., 24s. per lb. TOSWILL & Co's. Union, also their Universal Cigars, equal to Foreign, 12s. 6d. per lb. CHOICE TOBACCOS—Latakia, 7s. 6d. per lb. Turkey, 5s. 6d. per lb., &c. &c.

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**A NEW DISCOVERY.**

**MR. HOWARD,**

**SURGEON DENTIST, 62, FLEET STREET,**

Begs to introduce an entirely new description of **ARTIFICIAL TEETH**, fixed without springs, wires, or ligatures. They so perfectly resemble the natural teeth as not to be distinguished from the originals by the closest observer. They will never change colour or decay, and will be found very superior to any teeth ever before used. This method does not require the extraction of roots, or any painful operation, and will support and preserve teeth that are loose, and is guaranteed to restore articulation and mastication. That Mr. Howard's improvements may be within the reach of the most economical, he has fixed his charges at the lowest scale possible. Decayed teeth rendered sound and useful in mastication. 62, Fleet Street. At home from Ten till Five.

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**BILLIARD TABLES,**

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**MANUFACTURERS BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY,**



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Caution their friends and the public against spurious imitations of their Tables, lately advertised by men professing to have left their establishment. They beg to say that **THEY HAVE NOT PARTED** with any of their workmen **WHOSE SERVICES WERE WORTH RETAINING.**

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**MR. BEARD'S ENAMELLED DAGUERREOTYPES,**

**ARE TAKING DAILY AT**

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THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, REGENT STREET,  
LONDON;**

**ALSO AT**

**24, CHURCH STREET, LIVERPOOL.**

The great improvement introduced by Mr. Beard (and exclusively adopted by him) of Enamelling Daguerreotype Portraits is of immense value in respect to the security of the silver plate from tarnishing. It also enables the colourist to produce a deeper tone and more artistic effect than is possible in ordinary cases.

The Stereoscopic Portraits, illustrative of binocular vision, are still exciting astonishment—being the most faithful and mathematically correct delineations in the world of art, since the flatness peculiar to a picture gives way to the roundness and perspective found in Nature.



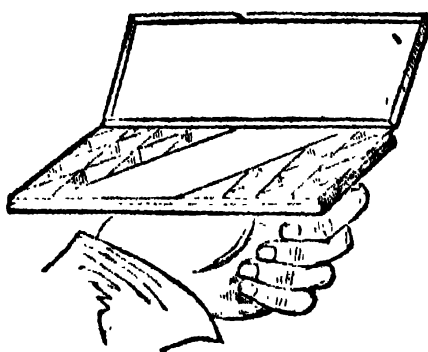
## SKETCHING FROM NATURE.

THE proud position held by the British School of Landscape Painting—THE FIRST IN THE WORLD—is, unquestionably, mainly owing to the constant study of nature; and every facility given to this necessary and delightful branch of the artist's profession will not only assist in supporting and advancing present renown, but will spread among other classes a love for this elevating pursuit. With these views,

### JAMES NEWMAN

wishes to call the attention of ALL to some recent Registered Improvements, which, by simplifying and adding portability to the articles necessary for sketching from nature, will, he hopes, make the recreation more general.

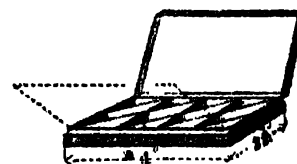
#### "PARRY'S DIAGONAL SKETCHING BOX;"



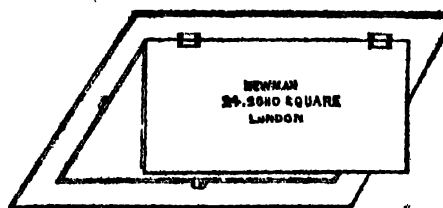
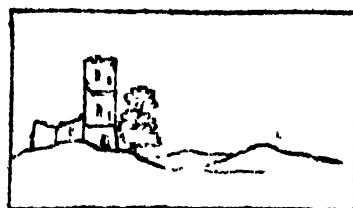
in its simplicity, recommends and explains itself; the intention being to form and place the Box or Palette in accordance with the natural motion of the hand, which should, as in Oil Painting, take up the colour from Right to Left, and the direction of the angles being in accordance with this natural motion, the annoyance of having continually to turn the Box is removed, and not only a greater mass of colour is more freely obtained, but none is left in the corners of the cups, and so wasted.

The ECONOMY OF SPACE by the adoption of this principle is very remarkable, as 8 whole and 8 half cups (for the less used, but still indispensable colours) can be contained in a space of 3½ in. by 2½,—10 whole and 10 half, 5 in. by 3, &c. &c. By a farther novelty

in the arrangements, the thumb-hole can be placed in its natural position, (hitherto an impossibility without too much enlarging the Box, or sacrificing space), the covering over which, besides forming an additional palette, prevents the hand from being soiled, and effectually protects the colours from dust when not in use.



#### "THE NEW SKETCHING BOARD,"



made of highly seasoned wood, Mahogany, Deal, &c. &c., which opens at the back with a hinge, enabling the Artist to apply the damp sponge to the back of the drawing whenever and wherever he finds it necessary, the Paper being laid down as on the common Pasting Board. Many contrivances have been tried to obtain this facility, but till now quite unsuccessfully.

#### NEWMAN'S "IMITATION CRESWICK PAPER."

This Paper is now so generally known to the artistic world, that it would be hardly necessary to mention it, except to caution ALL, that there are now several Papers made exactly like it in appearance (rough, and of a slight buff tint), taking colour without any advantage over any other Drawing Paper. The true Creswick (which is known from all others by the initial N in the water-mark) is of the greatest value to the Artist, taking colour with a greater facility than ANY other Paper; this quality, with other peculiarities, made the old Creswick so invaluable to the Artist. Mr. Newman will be happy to send a sample to any one who wishes to test it against others.

All the above Articles are manufactured exclusively by Mr. NEWMAN, who will be happy to give any information concerning Price, &c. &c. &c.

24, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON.

## SIR JAMES MURRAY'S FLUID MAGNESIA,

Prepared under the immediate care of the Inventor, and established for nearly forty years by the PROFESSION, for removing BILE, ACIDITIES, and INDIGESTION, restoring APPETITE, preserving a moderate state of the bowels, and dissolving uric acid in GRAVEL and GOUT. Also as an easy remedy for SEA-SICKNESS, and for the febrile affections incident to childhood, it is invaluable.

Dr. James Johnson states, in his review of Dr. MURRAY'S INVENTION—"PELLUCID SOLUTION OF MAGNESIA—This very useful and elegant preparation we have been trying for some months, as an aperient anti-acid in dyspeptic complaints attended with acidity and constipation, and with very great benefit. We always recommend the original."

Sir Philip Crampton, Bart., says—"Sir James Murray's Fluid Magnesia is a very valuable addition to our Materia Medica."

Mr. Mayo—"It is by far the best form in which that medicine has been hitherto prepared for use."

Dr. Kennedy, Master of the Lying-in Hospital, Dublin, considers "the Fluid Magnesia of Sir James Murray to be a very valuable and convenient remedy in cases of irritation or acidity of the Stomach, but more particularly during pregnancy, febrile complaints, infantile diseases, or sea-sickness."

Dr. S. B. Labatt, Richard Carmichael, and J. Kirby, Esq., Surgeons, of Dublin, "consider the exhibition of Magnesia in solution to be an important improvement on the old method of mechanical mixture, and particularly well adapted to correct those acids which generally prevail in cases of gout, gravel, and heartburn."

Sir James Clarke, Sir A. Cooper, Dr. Bright, and Messrs. Guthrie and Herbert Mayo, of London, strongly recommend Murray's Fluid Magnesia, as being infinitely more safe and convenient than the solid, and free from the danger attending the constant use of soda or potass.

Drs. Evory Kennedy, Beatty, Burke (of the Rifle Brigade), Comins, Deputy Inspector of Hospitals, and Surgeon Hayden, of Dublin, have given letters to the same effect.

Sir Humphrey Davy, in 1800, testified that this Solution forms soluble combinations with uric acid salts in cases of gout and gravel, thereby counteracting their injurious tendency, when other alkalies, and even Magnesia itself, had failed.

With the Acidulated Syrup, this Fluid of Magnesia forms the most delightful of saline drinks.

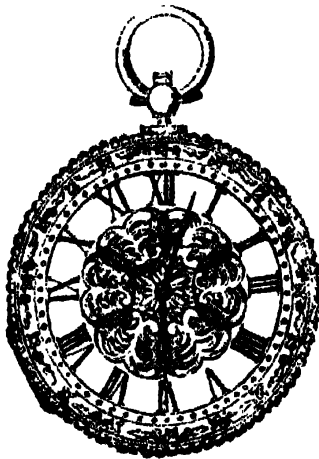
Physicians will please specify "MURRAY'S FLUID MAGNESIA" in their prescriptions, to avoid the danger of adulterations and substitutions.

Sold by the sole Consignee, MR. BAILEY, of Horsley Fields Chemical Works, Wolverhampton, and by all wholesale and retail Druggists and Medicine Agents throughout the British Empire, in Bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 11s., and 21s. each.

~~2s.~~ The Acidulated Syrup in Bottles, 2s. each.

N.B.—Be sure to ask for "SIR JAMES MURRAY'S PREPARATION," and to see that his name is stamped on each label in *Green Ink*, as follows:—"James Murray, Physician to the Lord Lieutenant."

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And every other description of Watch in the same proportion.

A written warranty for accurate performance is given with every Watch, and a twelvemonths' trial allowed.

Handsome Morocco Cases for the same, 2s. extra.

Emigrants supplied with Watches suitable for Australia.

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Gentlemen's fine GOLD ALBERT CHAINS . . . £1 10

Ladies' ditto Neck ditto . . . 1 15

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INVESTMENT OF CAPITAL AND SAVINGS.  
NATIONAL ASSURANCE AND INVESTMENT ASSOCIATION,  
ESTABLISHED IN 1844. CAPITAL STOCK £100,000.**

THIS Association is composed of two distinct and separate branches; the one comprising the business of a Bank of Deposit for the Investment of Capital; the other, the ordinary transactions of Life Assurance.

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The object of this department is to afford a safe and easy mode of investment, which secures equal advantages to the savings of the provident and the capital of the affluent, and to effect important improvements in the present system of monetary economy, both as regards the security afforded to the public and the rate of interest realised.

The plan of this Association differs materially from that of either ordinary Banks or Savings' Banks, in the mode of investing Capital. Ultimate profit and security being the main objects regarded, the Board of Management principally employ their funds in Loans upon vested Life Interests and other similar securities, and in the purchase of well-secured Reversions; a class of securities offered almost daily to Life Assurance Companies, which, although not immediately convertible, it is well known yields the greatest amount of profit, combined with the most perfect safety.

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Money is received daily at the Head Office, between the hours of Ten and Four o'clock. Parties desirous of opening Investment Accounts may do so with capital of any amount, or savings as low as 5s., which may be increased from time to time, free from expense. A stock voucher, signed by two Directors, is given for each sum deposited.

INTEREST PAYABLE IN JANUARY AND JULY.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

No. 7, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, May 1853.

Prospectuses will be forwarded post-free on application; and every requisite information may be obtained, either at the Head Offices of the Association, or at the various Branches and Agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

**BRIDGE'S SARSAPARILLA**



Is a Compound Cortical Essence of Red Jamaica Sarsaparilla, prescribed by the most eminent of the Faculty as a restorative for Impurity of the Blood, Affections of the Liver, Indigestion, Scorbutic and most Cutaneous Diseases, Chronic Rheumatism, Loss of Flesh, Constitutional Debility, and is used for freeing the Patient from the effects of Mercury.

"We recommend Bridge's Preparation to all who require a course of Sarsaparilla."  
-- *Medical Review*.

"A superior Preparation, that may always be relied on."—*Sir Astley Cooper*.

"Bridge's Sarsaparilla, in consequence of its high state of concentration, is unimpaired by age or climate, and invaluable to those who have resided, or are about to reside, in Tropical Climates."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"We are in every respect satisfied with it."—*Lancet*.

"Latterly, in consequence of much debility, &c., subsequent to cholera, I have freely used your Sarsaparilla with complete benefit and success."—*J. Poett, M.R.C.S.E.*

A dessert-spoonful is a dose, equal in strength to half a pint of Compound Decoction as ordered by the London College of Physicians. In bottles, pints, 15s.; half-pints, 8s.; quarter-pints, 4s. 6d.

**CAUTION.**—The public in India and England are respectfully cautioned against attempted imitations of this article not half its strength. To secure the genuine, "T. A. BRIDGE, 270, Regent Street," is engraved in the glass on the side of each Bottle.

**BRIDGE'S QUINTESSANCE OF JAMAICA GINGER, AND QUINTESSANCE OF JAMAICA GINGER AND CAMOMILE,**

Celebrated remedies for Indigestion, Flatulency, and restoring Tone to the Stomach.

**TEETH.**

**ELMS'S ORIGINAL AMBOYNA LOTION, POWDERS, AND GUM,**

For the Preservation of the Teeth and Gums, Prevention and Cure of Toothache, and removing Impurities of the Breath, as prepared by the late Mr. Elms, 45, Leicester Square. The celebrity and extensive patronage which the above articles have obtained from royalty, the nobility, gentry, and numerous foreigners of distinction, for the last FIFTY YEARS, prove the efficacy of these preparations, and render it superfluous to dilate upon their invaluable qualities. Sold by BRIDGE and Co., Chemists, 270, Regent Street, London. The Lotion, in bottles, 4s. 6d.; Tooth Powder, in boxes, 2s. 6d.

BRIDGE & CO., 270, REGENT STREET, LONDON.



## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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G. M. F. POONAH.—The best reply we can make to our Correspondent, who complains of his inability to procure copies of the *REVIEW* in that part of India where he is located, will be found in the following Extract from a leading article in the "*BOMBAY TIMES*," May 23, 1853 :—

"It is with much pleasure we direct the attention of our readers to the Advertisement which appears in another part of this issue, from which it appears that our estimable and enterprising townsman, Mr. Chesson, has been appointed the Agent for Western India for the *New Quarterly Review*; and we trust, less for Mr. Chesson's sake than for that of our readers, that this admirable Periodical may meet with an Indian circulation commensurate with its claims on the attention and gratitude of the Indian community.

"The critical judgments in the *New Quarterly Review* are characterized by discrimination and good taste—a readiness to award praise where it is really deserved, but no sparing of the rod where the interest of authors, or readers, or both, appears to demand it use. Above all, a strict impartiality presides over this new tribunal : there is no respect of persons here, and its decrees are free, at all events, from the imputation, '*Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbus.*' The convenience of such a publication is obvious : and, conducted as it is with ability and fairness, it cannot but succeed. One thing seems to be the Editor's aim—as opposite to the customs of many Reviews as light and darkness—truth and candour is the motto, without regard to sounding titles or long-established fame. The literature of each successive Quarter is brought under notice with a careful, independent, and fearless regard for the benefit of authors, publishers, and buyers, especial care being taken to appeal to common sense and common honesty. The *New Quarterly* is not one of the satirical tomahawking Reviews of the old school, that killed off stray poets with brilliant critiques : its object is, to be useful to that unfortunate person who never knows any thing—the general reader—by helping him 'up' in the literature of the day. The reviews are written with brevity and neatness, and evince very great literary taste. We may add, that in England this Review has already acquired the proud title of—'*THE QUEEN OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE.*'"

WATERING PLACES.—Owing to the pressure of urgent and important matter, the article on "*The Watering Places of England*" is unavoidably postponed. We take this opportunity of returning our acknowledgments to those Correspondents who have already kindly favoured us with information on this subject.

S. W. D. ALLAHABAD.—We can give no satisfactory information of the "*Association*" alluded to. To judge from its publications, it betrays the most complete ignorance of the Indian question ; and evidently possesses none of the elements of stability or success. But we may call attention to an excellent article in the "*LONDON MAIL*" of the 24th ult., recommending the formation of "*an Indian Reform League*" upon a really liberal and comprehensive basis. We heartily concur in the suggestion.

## RETROSPECT OF THE LITERATURE OF THE QUARTER.

A THOUSAND books have been born into the world since the "NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW"—register-general of literary births—made its last report. Of these, some few are spinning about like those things with long names that grave gentlemen insist upon shewing to their friends in drops of dirty water and through powerful microscopes; they whirr about furiously for half-a-dozen seconds, and then disappear altogether from the field. Of such are two or three novels, a couple of foolish angry pamphlets on the Shakspeare controversy, and a certain little goose egg, which half-a-dozen cockneys at first took to be the produce of a real swan. Other children of this teeming three months are brought forth mature. With a proper sense of their dignity they range themselves at once on the shelves of "complete" libraries, there to remain undisturbed and uncut until the auctioneer shall disperse them to other similar seats of dignified repose. Such are the Castle-reagh Despatches "during the Congress of Vienna, battle of Waterloo, &c.," and the third and fourth volumes of the "Grenville Papers." Others, again, pass on to take their place in our standard and enduring literature; and of such are the eleventh volume of Mr. Grote's "History of Greece," and the fourth volume of Colonel Muir's "Critical History of the Language and Literature" of the same people. Then come histories which have their position to gain, and which, like Mr. Merivale's "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Republic," do not always succeed in attracting the attention of the many, or in securing the approval of the few. The biographers, autobiographers, travellers, novelists, poets, are poured upon us pell-mell, each and all puffed into a semblance of life; but not one in fifty of them lives to walk alone.

As we look upon our Table of Contents, we cannot reproach ourselves with having missed any lively, healthy child, and a hundred pages would not suffice for epitaphs on all the dead-borns. Some few, however, that do not appear in full length criticism, deserve a passing notice.

The concluding volumes of the "Grenville Papers" are only worthy of attention, in that they explode a fiction which the ignorant vanity of the Grenvilles has long encouraged. The great Junius secret was in the custody of the Grenvilles! This was the tradition. The family was always mysterious and magnificent upon the subject.\* The proper time, it seems, is at length arrived, and the world finds that the knife-grinder has no story to tell. Instead of a revelation we have a hypothesis. Before the edition of 1812, and when the private letters from Junius to Woodfall were still unknown, there was a crowd of "demonstrated" Juniuses. Beside many others whose chances Woodfall destroyed by shewing that they were absent from England, or dead, at times when his father was in frequent communication with Ju-

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\* Fifteen years ago this tradition was thus alluded to in the "History of Party," vol. III. p. 152—"It is not altogether improbable that direct evidence of the authorship of these letters still exists, although its publication is reserved for some future period. It is well known that Sir Francis has left Memoirs, which, after an appointed time, will see the light. A suspicion has also long prevailed that the secret is in the custody of the Grenville family; and the answers that have been on all occasions returned to inquiries upon this point, merely denying any personal knowledge, but declining any answer to the real question whether the secret is supposed by the family to be in their custody, certainly favours the supposition. If this suspicion should turn out to be well founded, it will be better to wait with patience for the certainty, than to amuse our curiosity with plausible guesses."

nus, we had Burke, single speech Hamilton, Mr. Rosenbagen, General Lee, Wilkes, Horne Tooke, Hugh Macaulay Boyd, and Lord George Sackville. Since the publication of the miscellaneous letters, it has been quite satisfactorily proved that the Duke of Portland was Junius, and that the letters were intended to secure the renewal of the lease of the Duke's Marybone estate! We will defy any person to read the volume called "Letters to a Nobleman, proving a late Prime Minister to have been Junius," without rising from the perusal with a full conviction that the case has been fully proved. Unfortunately, however, we must say the same of the case made out for Sir Philip Francis in "Junius Identified." Sir David Brewster is a single instance of a man who was cured of a Junius delusion. He took up Lachlan Maclean, secretary to the Earl of Shelburne, but abandoned him as soon as Mr. Wingrove Cooke, in the condensed account of the Junius controversy which he inserted in his history of the Whig and Tory parties, shewed how great were the difficulties in the way of the new candidate. Mr. Britton, in a work called "Junius Elucidated," has ingeniously argued that the letters were written by Dunning, Colonel Barré, and Lord Shelburne; a Mr. Cramp has proved entirely to his own satisfaction that Junius was no other than Lord Chesterfield; and the "QUARTERLY REVIEW" made the town to laugh by a serious attempt to prove that Junius was no other than Tom Lyttleton—Ghost Lyttleton. It is a very remarkable fact, that every one of these hypotheses is fortified by the strongest proof of the identity of handwriting. Lord Chesterfield, we are told, employed Mrs. Dayrolle as his amanuensis, and skilled examiners of handwriting have declared Mrs. Dayrolle's writing to be identical with that of Junius. The amanuensis of Dunning, Barré, and Shelburne was a young Irishman named Greentrakes, and his handwriting was exactly that of Junius. We are not aware of any single work written to prove a Junius which has not a triumphant sheet of *fac simile* autographs.

And now Mr. W. James Smith has, in 228 closely-printed octavo pages, elaborated a hypothesis that Junius was no other than Earl Temple, and that Lady Temple, disguising her handwriting, was his amanuensis. He confesses that he does not make clear his demonstration, even to his own satisfaction: to us it appears the weakest attempt that has ever yet been made to solve this historical puzzle. It is not nearly so plausible as the Duke of Portland hypothesis, and this we take to be a complete *reductio ad absurdum*. It would take fifty pages of this review to discuss a tithe of Mr. Smith's minute "proofs," and the object is certainly not worth either the space or the toil.

Lord John Russell's labours upon the "Fox Papers," and also upon the "Diary and Correspondence of Moore," have received attention in separate articles.

Of Colonel Muir's work, also, we have spoken in a separate article, and we shall deal with the great achievement of Mr. Grote as a whole. Upon the eleventh volume we must here remark, that the account of the Sicilian expedition is very spiritedly given, and the characters of Dion and Timoleon well drawn and carefully worked out. Demosthenes is very carefully elaborated. The great orator finds in Mr. Grote an indulgent historian and a warm admirer, but not so indiscriminating a panegyrist, as we must be allowed to say, appeared in Thirlwall, Heeren, and even Niebuhr. How Mr. Grote will contrive to complete his work in one more volume is beyond our comprehension. We have all Alexander yet to come—all Alexander's successors, down to the death of Seleucus, the Lamián war, the literature of the latter days of Greece, and a promised elaborate appreciation of Plato and Aristotle. Moreover, the plan and form of Mr. Grote's work especially requires a copious index. We cannot afford to have a history huddled up at the end, like one of Walter Scott's novels. Mr. Grote must be absolved from his promise. He has abundant materials for three more volumes.

It is impossible to refuse the meed of industry, and even of courage, to Mr. Finlay,\* who has thrown himself a *corps perdu* into a period of history that made even Gibbon to yawn and doze. This gentleman has—we all have our partialities—devoted himself to the decadence of great nations. Undeterred by the shades of Montesquieu or Gibbon, he has here undertaken to recount to us three centuries and a-half of the most dreary, uninteresting, yet most involved and intricate of all historic annals. Who will follow such a guide? What care we of the nineteenth century for the Isaurian Dynasty and its Iconoclastic war, or of the struggles of John the Grammarian, or of the miraculous conversion to image worship of Michael the son of Theophilus? What interest can we take in the fortunes of Basil the Macedonian, or in the question whether or not the Procheiron was hurried into premature publicity? What care we, in the year of grace 1853, whether Michael the Drunkard was a proper person to contribute to the *corpus juris civilis*, or a Slavonian groom was an appropriate medium for the restoration of the Pandects? Mr. Finlay reminds one of that animal, something between a rat and a badger, which they hunt in the American prairies, and which, plunging under ground, digs its way so rapidly

\* "History of the Byzantine Empire from 716 to 1057," by George Finlay. Blackwood, Edinburgh. 1853.

and so deviously in the subsoil, that the pursuer soon gives up the toil of following, the value of the prize not being nearly equivalent to the dusty labour.

A new Church History by the Rev. Arthur Martineau seems to be chiefly valuable for the care with which all the historical points bearing upon present controversies have been carefully picked out and placed in a strong light. Mr. Martineau is evidently a pains-taking and moderate man, and he has compiled a very useful, common-place sort of book; but the reader will be disappointed who shall expect to find herein any original research, or any great power of generalization.

In our last Number we noticed Lieutenant Lawrie's interesting account of the second Burmese war. Mr. Robertson, of the Bengal Civil Service, has, in a volume intitled "Political Incidents of the First Burmese War," completed our information upon this subject. We would draw special attention to this work, because we find in it valuable testimony from a civil servant of the Company to the expediency of what we have been so long advocating, the admission of the natives of Hindoostan to posts of honour and influence in the country of their birth. He says—

The bias of the present day towards an undue depreciation of native capacity, and a disregard for purely native feeling, is quite as strong among our countrymen in civil as among those in military situations of power and command. This bias necessarily engenders a contemptuous bearing towards a people of a keen susceptibility, who are more easily to be led by their attachment to individuals, than by their reverence for any system, however wise and beneficial.

Mr. Robertson's task leads him to speak principally of the aptitude of the natives for military service; and numerous are the examples he gives of the courage and devotion of the Sepoy soldiers: but it is quite evident, from the passage above cited, that he feels the tyranny under which our Hindu fellow-subjects labour, and that he disapproves the jealous policy which teaches them the vices of slaves, and closes to them the career of freemen.

We do not hold it part of our duties to criticise the new editions of standard books; but it is well to note, as we pass over the literature of the quarter, that Lord Mahon's edition of the works of that fine gentleman, who said, "My great object was to make every man I met like me, and every woman love me," is now concluded. The editor has completed his task very creditably. In a preface of thirty pages, prefixed to the first volume, he has pleasantly and fairly touched all the salient points in the public career, private conduct, and literary achieve-

ments of this accomplished diplomatist, wise ruler, and most finished, yet most unsuccessful courtier. Lord Chesterfield is a man to whom posterity has been unjust. Horace Walpole preferred his eloquence to that of the great Pitt. He was the first Lord, Lieutenant who ever attempted to govern Ireland with impartiality: his was the voice that cried aloud for schools and villages in the Highlands immediately after '45, when all others were calling for halters and dungeons. But we must not follow this theme, or it will lead us far a-field. The fifth volume, now published, contains the "Miscellaneous Pieces," and, among them, three essays never before published. We shall be glad if we can in any way promote the sale of this work—for the careful collection of the writings of such a man as Chesterfield is a real service to literature—yet would not appear to promise much success as a mercantile speculation.

To represent the autobiographers we have Colonel Chesterton,<sup>†</sup> who has been a soldier of fortune, and who is now governor of the House of Correction in Coldbath Fields. Those who know Col. Chesterton must be aware of his many estimable qualities, and will take interest in his adventures, and sympathize with his fortunes. We confess that we should have been better pleased to have found more prison experience and less of personal adventures.

Among the biographies of the quarter we have a life of Lord Peterborough,<sup>‡</sup> "one of those men of careless wit and negligent grace," says Horace Walpole, "who scatter a thousand *bon mots* and idle verses which we painful compilers gather and hoard till the authors stare to find themselves authors \* \* \* as gallant as Amadis and as brave, and who had seen more kings and more postillions than any other man in Europe." The wild, witty, enterprising earl has been unlucky with posterity. He wrote his own life, but his widow put it in the fire after his death—this widow had been the beautiful Miss Anastasia Robinson, the great singer of her time, whom the earl ventured to make his countess after he had passed sixty. Sir Walter Scott undertook to become the biographer of the friend of Dryden and the correspondent of Swift and Pope, but lived not to complete the task. However, we have, in two volumes, a superficial account, which is perhaps quite sufficiently good to satisfy any interest now felt about a witty and eccentric nobleman, of very ill-regulated energies, who lived a century and a half ago.

† "Peace, War, an Adventure, an Autobiographical Memoir," by George Laval Chesterton. 2 vols. 8vo. Longmans. 1853.

‡ "A Memoir of Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth, with selections from his Correspondence," by the Author of "Hochelaga." 2 vols. 8vo. Longmans. 1853.

\* "The Letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield," edited, with notes, by Lord Mahon. 5 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley. 1845—1853.



"The Life of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the Negro Patriot of Hayti," by the Rev. John R. Beard, is one of those trashy illustrated books which have recently been spawned in thousands. With a full recollection of Miss Martineau's excellent work upon the same subject, "The Hour and the Man," we turn over these pages with considerable discontent, and only wonder whether the writing or the woodcuts are the more unworthy of the subject.

The publication of Mr. Thackeray's lectures\* appears to us to have been an injudicious step. They were admirably adapted to the purpose for which they were written, that is to say, to amuse an assembly of fashionable people. After the lady patronesses of society had listened without yawning, the crowd of demi-fashionables was sure to throng. Had Mr. Thackeray really described to his polite audience the humorous writers of the last century, criticised their writings, marked their peculiarities of style, ranked their genius, and traced their individual influence upon their age, he might possibly, after patience and long watching, have produced an imperishable work: he might, on the other hand, have produced only a collection of false appreciations; but he certainly would have sent his dandies and dowagers to sleep. With infinite tact he just took the happy mean. To give the dignity of literature to his task, he lectured upon men of letters; but to spare the patience of his hearers he stuck close to the men and left out the letters—"Our object in these lectures is rather to describe the men than their works; to deal with the latter only so far as they seem to illustrate the character of their writers."

An object so humble as this is scarcely a mark for criticism. We have, of course, poor Goldy's peach-blossom coat, Dick Steele's wife's carriage and pair, Addison's second-floor lodging in the Haymarket; and we are told how "Gay lived and was lapped in cotton, and had his plate of chicken and his saucer of cream, and frisked and barked, and wheezed and grew fat, and so ended." We have the daily habits and private life of the wits of the age of Queen Anne, with every foible picked out in glowing colours; with every act placed in the most ill-natured light; with many either ignorantly misunderstood or wilfully distorted—witness Swift's exquisite satire upon English listlessness as to the wretchedness of the Irish people, contained in his modest proposal for eating the children of the Irish peasantry; we have a sort of wax-work show-room, wherein Swift, Steele, Addison, Congreve, and the rest, appear, *dressed* in the old clothes they wore in life. Every thing is before us but the thinking men of genius. Mr.

Thackeray's puppets are so quaint, and yet so little formidable, that every dunce may take them by their collars, look into their waxen faces, and smile a comfortable smile of gratified self-complacency. It is doubtless pleasant for a well-dressed crowd to be made easy in their ignorance of English literature by being told that Congreve was but "a literary swell," and Swift a man whom they ought "to hoot;" but it must be a wretched task for a man of rare talent, like Mr. Thackeray, to minister to such sordid taste, and to write down to such vile sympathies. If we at first feel indignation at seeing a writer caricature the great men of his own profession for his own profit, and for the amusement of a circle of idle fashionables, the stronger sentiment is soon lost in pity for the exhibitor. There may be some excuse, at least some palliation, for having discharged the distasteful office: there can be none for leaving an enduring record of the deed. For ourselves we certainly shall not condescend to enter into any defence of our country's worthies. They will shed warmth and light into English hearts long after Mr. Thackeray shall be forgotten: they are as much out of Mr. Thackeray's reach as the sun that makes our day. The dirt he has thrown towards them will only fall back upon himself. It is unpleasant to write such things of a man of whose powers we have such high appreciation: but let Mr. Thackeray give us more "Vanity Fairs," and we will give him heaps of eulogy.

The travellers have been industrious, and our sporting travellers have been particularly energetic, excited, probably, by the laurels and golden opinions won by Gordon Cumming. In subsequent articles the reader will find many hair-breadth escapes in climbing after chamois, and may reckon up some of the inconveniences of alligator fishing and bison shooting. Among the few "Voyages and Travels" not separately noticed, is Captain Erskine's large volume on the Islands of the Western Pacific.† This is of a description of literature wherewith we have been familiar from infancy. Black men with spears and war mats, and ladies whose identity is only varied by the increasing or decreasing volume of the girdle wherewith they are girded, canoes of well-remembered proportions, and portraits of distinguished chiefs of dingy countenance, have been the favourites of every little boy and girl who could get at a copy of Cook's voyages or Banks's geography. We have just the same things re-produced here, no better and no worse. The only novelty we notice is, that where a French officer is politely requested to stay to dinner because there is a "*cuisse d'homme*" on the spit, the sailors who were with him

\* "The Life of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the Negro Patriot of Hayti," by W. M. Thackeray. London: N. Ash, Elder, and Co. 1851.

† "Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific," by John Elphinstone Erskine, Captain R.N. Murray, London. 1853.

were disappointed that he refused the invitation, for "they had never tasted human flesh." We ought, however, to mention, that in an ethnological point of view this volume is not without its value, for the captain is an accurate observer, and is capable of thoroughly understanding, and recording to the best purpose, all he saw.

The "Art Student in Munich,"\* is the work of a lady, describing Munich as it appears to the tourist, as it is to the resident, and as it exists for the artist. Miss Howitt is labouring as an artist. She writes this book to help her on in her career. We know something of her name, but nothing of her pencil. All hope and success, however, to her in her profession. She must have observation and much cleverness, or she could not have written this pleasant book.

Mr. J. Ross Brown, an American, with all the reckless, pushing, go-a-head energy which is attributed to his nation, has been scampering about in the East, and brings us back a series of careful descriptions of common-place incidents in travel. Mr. Brown started from Washington to make the tour of the East with fifteen dollars in his pocket. Before he reached the land which was the point of his wanderings, he made a voyage in a South-Sea whaler as a common seaman—went to California as a third lieutenant in the Revenue service—thence to Oregon—was made post-office agent in California—reported the debates on the formation of the State Constitution—and for this last job obtained money enough to start for the East. To our minds the most interesting part of Mr. Brown's book is the manner in which he surmounted the obstacles to his setting out upon his journey. The track taken by this writer is not quite untravelled: there are fifty books on the same subject, whereof five-and-twenty are much better; and there is a constant striving after grotesqueness in all his descriptions, which frequently becomes as wearisome as it would be to sit out a performance of grimaces, kept up for several hours.

The Indian controversy goes merrily on. The three articles in the "NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW" still form the raw material of all the pamphlets on this subject. Some of the pamphleteers even appropriate our words and sentences wholesale; not a very safe thing to do, seeing that there is not a member of the legislature, who pretends to take part in the discussions, who has not conned these papers with full conviction that it is the only existing epitome of the unmasterable mass of blue books upon Indian mis-government. Some of the more scrupulous of the India reformers have

been a little scandalized by these dishonest pilferings, and have remonstrated. We beg them, however, to feel no delicacy upon our account. It is in the interest of humanity that we have taken up this question. If others will take the trouble to beat our metal out into gold leaf, we are quite content that the gilding should shine to others' honour, so that the good work advances, and that the poor Hindu is at last raised from his misery, his slavery, and his degradation. We can only here refer to the subsequent article on the Indian question, and promise not to quit the subject while a hope remains that a particle of good can be effected.

The other political pamphlets of the Quarter are innumerable. From the heap we have picked out one by Mr. Rigby Wason, which bears the title of "Short and sure way of preventing Bribery at Elections." Mr. Wason, having contested five elections for the Borough of Ipswich, is not without some experience in such matters. He proposes that every candidate shall, within one month after the close of the poll, return to the House of Commons a full account of every sum of money paid by him on account of the election, accompanied by a declaration that he has not, and will not, pay any other charges; and further, that no claim in respect of any election expenses shall be recoverable, unless process be commenced within fourteen days after the close of the poll. The proposed measure contains also heavy penalties against any person, whether candidate or other, who shall pay any moneys not included in the return to the House of Commons. If any intention of putting down bribery were seriously entertained, this would appear to be a tolerably effectual means of doing so. The chief objection we see to his plan is, that we doubt the possibility of carrying out in practice his prohibition of the employment of agents. This, no doubt, would strike hard at the root of the evil, but—*is it practicable?*

We prophesied that Mr. Richards' furious tirade against Cobden would find a great many readers. A fourth edition has just been sent us. It has expanded into a volume, has a long historical preface, wherein the author has expended much really commendable industry in bringing together the opinions of the founders of the American nation, as to the justice of our war with the French; and has also an onslaught upon the critics which is very terrible to look upon. We beg to be allowed to step aside out of the line of fire.

The novels are not numerous, and none of them are very remarkable. Mrs. Jones, of Pantglas, has put forth a pretty volume of stories, gathered together, with the title of "Scattered Leaves, or, Twilight Trifles," and taking as the motto of her work the true womanly sentiment

\* "An Art Student in Munich," by Anna Mary Howitt. 2 vols. Longman. 1853.

What I most prize in woman  
Is her affections, not her intellect:  
Her intellect is finite; but the affections  
Are infinite—

The author of "Alton Locke" has written a good novel; and Mr. James has produced another of his strong family likenesses. Mrs. Trollope, also, has presented us with three volumes about a young heiress. We miss, however, the pungency of her caricatures; and when Mrs. Trollope ceases to be bitter she almost always becomes a bore.

"The Preacher and the King; or, Bourdaloue in the Court of Louis the Fourteenth," is an American translation of a work by Louis Bungener, which has attained great popularity in France, and will, as we think, be read with some interest here. It is a fiction. Bossuet and other prelates of the church are scandalized by the course of life of the great monarch, and it is resolved that he shall be openly admonished of his sins and of his duties; the connexion with Madame de Montespan being at that moment the notorious sin. The task devolves on Bourdaloue, and the preparation and delivery of the sermon form the subject of the tale. The object is, to inform the public, through the medium of a fiction, as to the sphere, influence, and responsibilities of the preacher's office.

English men and women are not very curious as to what foreigners may think, say, or print of them, unless, indeed, they should, like the "German prince" or Mr. N. P. Willis, tickle the taste for scandal which our "genteel" people unfortunately possess, by telling them quizzical stories of their betters. The quarter has not been deficient in descriptions of England by American tourists; but we apprehend that no one of our readers has ever heard of Mr. Benjamin Moran's "Wanderings of an American in Great Britain," or of Mr. Andrew Dickenson's "First Visit to Europe;" and very few will feel much curiosity to see what Mr. Moran or Mr. Dickenson thinks of us and our island, even now that we have assured them of the existence of such censors. Mr. M. F. Ward, as a fool of the Bobadil class, might perhaps be found amusing for a few minutes. He avows the gentle object of his visit to have been to "seize the British Lion by the throat, and strangle him into involuntary silence;" and he thinks he has quite accomplished his purpose when he has declared that an Englishman is "outré in dress, repulsive in manners, and selfish in nature;" and that he wears "pants very full about the seat and waist, but very tight about the legs." We are not unaccustomed to a laughing rivalry of repartee with our American friends. We have been told by one that he never sleeps in peace in this little pins' point of an island for fear the wind should rock his bed and tumble him out into the sea; and another has assured us gravely, that there was

enough waste metal in the smallest of the United States to run an island as big as this in a short night! But these lively, rollicking, open-handed Yankees are very different guess sort of men to the vulgar Bombastes whose "English Items" would appear to designate him as some small clerk, whose habits and manners made quiet English people to shun him. Quite sure we are, that no American, who was worth knowing, ever had cause to complain of any want either of hospitality or cordiality on this side of the Atlantic. Our American friends, so sensitive as to what Mrs. Trollope, or Mr. Dickens, or the Duchess of Sutherland may say of them, cannot comprehend or believe, what every Englishman knows to be the undoubted truth, that our public is so impregnable in its somewhat scornful complacency, that if we were to extract all the evil things Mr. Ward says, not a reader would get beyond the first six lines of it before he threw down the review with a yawn. We should commit the most unpardonable of all literary crimes—become dull and uninteresting. "How can this editor imagine that any one can possibly want to know what people of this sort think or say?" would be the immediate complaint. When will our American friends become sufficiently sure of their own dignity to be equally unmoved? When will they be great enough to feel that it is not in the power of an individual to insult a nation? If they really knew their own position in the great society of mankind, they would not fret themselves with resentment because the coarse hypocrisy of Glasgow groans dismally at slavery, while the *uncogude* hypocrites are enriching themselves by spinning slave-grown cotton into calicos; nor would they be making ridiculous efforts to destroy the import trade of Liverpool, because a languid coterie of London ladies enjoy a little sickly excitement in reading the highly-wrought fictions of an American novelist. Still less should they be deterred from doing what they themselves think right in purging their institutions from evil, by the fear of being thought to be influenced by the voices of the old women of both sexes who gathered round Mrs. Stowe in England. We had some intention of entering into a full review of the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," and of shewing to the English people what are the real sentiments of eminent American statesmen upon the subject of Slavery.\* But the nine-days' wonder is now gone by: the searchers after new topics have

\* We cannot refrain from quoting the following Letter addressed by Henry Clay to several political friends of his, who wrote to him in 1844 on the subject of emancipating his slaves. They expressed their high admiration of his character, their pleasure on learning that he had given freedom to his man Charles, and their desire that he would extend the same boon to those who still remained on his hands. To which Mr. Clay replied as follows:—

turned to other subjects, and we have no wish to revive a discussion that has already done so much harm. When Professor Stowe induced, or at any rate *allowed*, an audience to believe that he was reading to them the opinions of Henry Clay, the American statesman, when he was in reality only citing the words of a Mr. Clay, known in the United States as "Crazy Clay," we felt that an agitation thus supported could not long go on in honest England. The Americans are a proud, and, perhaps, a too sensitive people: the fault is but a symptom of noble instincts undisciplined. Let them alone, and they will do right—sooner or later, and in their own way—but they will do right: meddle with them, and they will as certainly do wrong, in order to shew their independence.

We have a crowd of translations both poetical and prosaic.

Among the former is the "Jerusalem Delivered" done into English by Alexander Cunningham Robertson, Captain in the Eighth (King's) Regiment. We hold strong opinion that Tasso is not worth reading, except in the original. We are not sure that the observation might not be extended to every other poet. Who reads Pope's Homer, paraphrastic as it is? Surely none but young ladies who want to know what it is their brothers are often alluding to in their talk, or young gentlemen of neglected educa-

tion, who hope, most vainly hope, by such transparent aid to conceal their ignorance. There was already a very good translation of Tasso by Fairfax, and a more popular, but much less meritorious one by Hoole. Captain Robertson's may be placed with some half-dozen others between these two.

Mr. Edgar Alfred Bowring has translated the poems of Goëthe "in the original metres," and after this fashion—

#### MAIDEN WISHES.

What pleasure to me  
A bridegroom would be!  
When married we are,  
They call us mamma.  
No need then to sew,  
To school we ne'er go;  
Command uncontroll'd;  
Have maids, whom to scold;  
Choose clothes at our ease,  
Of what tradesmen we please;  
Walk freely about  
And go to each rout;  
And unrestrain'd are  
By papa or mamma.

If Mr. Bowring believes in spirit-rapping we warn him not to summon the ghost of the Old German, and ask him what he thinks of this.

Mr. Moxon, the most chivalrous of publishers, whose every production seems to have been prompted by a love of literature and a contempt for money, has put forth a translation of the first five books of "The Lusiad of Luis de Camoens." This fragment is by Edward Quillinan, whom death surprised while engaged at his task; who, as a minor poet, is not without some fame, and who enjoyed in lifetime the ardent admiration of a small circle. Those who, ignorant of Portuguese, are desirous of becoming acquainted with the great Portuguese epic, may compare this version with those of Sir Richard Fanshawe and of Mickle. We fear, however, that this curiosity will not be wide spread.

Mr. Otto Wenckstern,\* although he modestly takes to himself only the character of a translator, offers us a little work which no mere translator could have written. From the correspondence of the great poet, and from his volumes of conversation, Mr. Wenckstern has presented us with a portrait in enamel of the mind of the last of the master spirits of Germany. We gather from our author's preface that he intends hereafter to pursue the subject. When he does so we shall embrace the opportunity to enter fully upon the theme of Goethe's genius, and to ventilate some ideas of our own anent that matter, which, for the moment, space and time compel us to suppress. We have elsewhere culled some extracts from this little

Ashland, Jan. 8, 1845.

GENTLEMEN—I have perused your friendly letter in the spirit in which it was written. I am glad that the emancipation of my servant Charles meets your approbation. A degree of publicity has been given to the fact which I neither expected nor desired. I am not in the habit of making any parade of my domestic transactions; but since you have adverted to one of them, I will say that I had previously emancipated Charles's mother and sister, and acquiesced in his father's voluntary abandonment of my service, who lives with his wife near me. Charles continues to reside with me, and the effect of his freedom is no other than that of substituting fixed wages, which I now pay him, for the occasional allowances and gratuities which I gave him.

You express a wish that I would emancipate the residue of my slaves. Of these, more than half are utterly incapable of supporting themselves, from infancy, old age, or helplessness. They are in families. What would they do if I were to send them forth on the world? Such a measure would be extremely cruel instead of humane. Our law does not admit of emancipation without security being given that the freed slave shall not be a public charge.

In truth, gentlemen, the question of my emancipating the slaves yet remaining with me evolves many considerations, of duty, relation, and locality, of which, without meaning any disrespect to you, I think you are hardly competent to judge. At all events, I, who alone am responsible to the world, to God, and to my conscience, must reserve to myself the exclusive judgment.

I firmly believe that the cause of the extinction of negro slavery, far from being advanced, has been retarded by the agitation of the subject at the North. This remark is not intended for those who, like you, are moved by benevolent impulses, and do not seek to gratify personal or political ambition.

I am, with great respect, your friend and obedient servant,  
H. CLAY.

\* "Goethe's Opinions on the World, Literature, Science, and Art," translated by Otto Wenckstern. London: Parker. 1843. Pp. 174.

volume, and we hope to see it reach a second edition. Should this happen, we strongly recommend Mr. Wenckstern to print the original German as well as the English, and to add the references. This will not only increase the value of the book, but it will also extend its sale, for the volume will then form capital German exercises for schools.

Among the miscellaneous books there are very few worth noticing, and these are nearly all noticed separately.

A nice scholarlike volume by Mr. R. Cheuvix Trench, containing five lectures on the Lessons in Proverbs, deserves a more special notice than we can afford. Those who enjoy such books will, however, judge this as well by a little specimen, as they could if we extracted pages.

Of how many, for example, we may note the manner in which they clothe themselves in an outward form and shape, borrowed from, or suggested by, the peculiar scenery, or circumstances, or history of their own land; so that they could scarcely have come into existence, not at least in the shape which they now wear, anywhere besides. Thus our own *Make hay while the sun shines*, is truly English, and could have had its birth only under such variable skies as ours,—not certainly in those southern lands where, during the summer-time at least, the sun always shines. In the same way there is a fine Cornish proverb in regard of obstinate wrongheads, who will take no counsel except from calamities: who dash themselves to pieces against obstacles, which with a little prudence and foresight they might have avoided. It is this: *He who will not be ruled by the rudder, must be ruled by the rock*. It sets us at once upon some rocky and wreck-strewn coast: we feel that it could never have been the proverb of an inland people. *Do not talk Arabic in the house of a Moor*,—that is, because there thy imperfect knowledge will be detected at once: this we should confidently affirm to be Spanish, wherever we met it. *Big and empty, like the Heidelberg tun*, could have its home only in Germany, that enormous vessel, known as the Heidelberg tun, constructed to contain nearly 300,000 flasks, having now stood empty for hundreds of years. As regards, too, the following, *Not every parish priest can wear Dr. Luther's shoes*, we could be in no doubt to what people it appertains. Neither could there be any mistake about this solemn Turkish proverb: *Death is a black camel which kneels at every man's gate*, in so far at least as that it would be at once ascribed to the East.

"White Slavery in the Barbary States"\* we strongly suspect to be an American reprint. It certainly is directed against the "peculiar institution" of our Transatlantic brethren. The author thinks that it may not be without profit to dwell on the origin, the history, and the character of a custom, which "after being for a long time a by-word and a hissing among the nations, has at last been driven from the world" (?) The work is an historical essay, neither very new nor very profound, compiled from very common books, but containing in small compass all the information that the general reader would care to acquire. The

subject is brought down to its natural conclusion, when the Bey of Tunis "for the glory of God, and to distinguish man from the brute creation, decreed the total abolition of human slavery throughout his dominions." We are, of course, properly rejoiced at this consummation, but do not quite see how the "distinction" in question is helped by it. If monkeys were in the habit of enslaving each other, and bartering among themselves healthy labourers for heaps of cocoa-nuts, the Bey might be as logical as he is humane. But as matters really are, instead of creating, he has abolished one very strong distinction between man and brute. On which side, however, the advantages lay, we shall scarcely think it consistent with due self-respect to intimate.

Of Mr. Frank Newman's translation of the "Odes of Horace" into unrhymed metres we shall best please ourselves by saying nothing, except to beg of our readers, in mercy to the author, not to look at it. Mr. Newman is a man of too much learning and too much talent to make it other than a disagreeable task even to mention so very sad, so utterly unaccountable a failure as this.

Mr. Pidgeon† has written a foolish book upon a very mysterious and a very interesting subject—those giant mounds which have been discovered in the new world, and which tell of a civilized race of men anterior to the tribes which the white man found there, and which have nearly disappeared under the influence of gunpowder, rum, and small-pox. As Mr. Pidgeon finds in North America the evidence of a Roman and Grecian population—believes that America was known to the Egyptians—and amuses his readers with a history of the Elk nation, derived from the last of the Elks, and going back to the time of the mound-builders;—as such is the quality of Mr. Pidgeon's book, we had better, we think, withhold what we have to say upon these American antiquities, until we find a more rational author with whom to discuss the subject.

There is also a sketch of the lives and careers of the present Cabinet, published by Nelson and Sons, and some other minor works; which we ought to notice: but we hope to return upon some future occasion to Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues, and our readers will scarcely regret the other omissions.

† "Traditions of De-coo-dah, and Antiquarian Researches: comprising extensive Explorations, Surveys, and Excavations of the wonderful and mysterious Earth-ern Remains of the Mound-Builders in America; the Traditions of the last Prophet of the Elk Nation relative to their Origin and Use; and the Evidences of an Ancient Population more numerous than the present Aborigines;" by William Pidgeon. New York: Thayer and Co. London: Low and Co.

\* "White Slavery in the Barbary States," by Charles Sumner. London: Sampson Low. 1853.

# REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

## MODERN MIRACLES.

### SPIRIT RAPPING AND TABLE TURNING.

- I. *Sights and Sounds, the Mystery of the day.* By HENRY SPICER, Esq. London : Bosworth. 1853.
- II. *The Philosophy of Electrical Psychology.* By JOHN BOVER DODS. New York : Fowler and Wells. 1853.
- III. *La Danse des Tables.* Par le Docteur FELIX ROUBAUD. Paris. 1853.

WHEN Hume propounded his famous argument that it is contrary to experience, that miracles should be true, but consistent with experience that testimony should be false, he simply fell into that vulgar trap that catches the shallowest of disputants—he deceived himself by trifling with an undefined term. If by the word “experience” he meant to convey the convictions produced upon the mind by the testimony of the senses of the individual, as opposed to the proof offered to the mind by the testimony of other men, his “decisive argument,” which was “to be an everlasting check to all kinds of superstitious delusions,” would involve consequences inconvenient to so sceptical a philosopher. If a man should reasonably be bound to believe what he saw and heard, rather than what others tell him, he will be strictly held to the constant belief that he met a ghost in a churchyard, provided he be frightened into a conviction of the fact at the time, even although a man should afterwards *testify* that the appearance was a trick which he had played off to scare him : he would be compelled to live on in entire credence that the juggler who, every night, with his eyes bandaged and his back turned to the audience, reads minute inscriptions upon the rings and buttons of individuals in the crowd, is an actual worker of miracles, although the juggler *testifies* to all around that he is doing nothing more than deceive their senses : he would be constrained to the life-long conviction, that on a particular night he saw the tables, candles, bottles, and decanters, all whirling round the room, although his friends might *testify* to him the next morning that the phenomena had been occasioned by his exceeding tipsiness. He must believe, moreover, that the ventriloquist was up the chimney, that the hat really contained the half dozen guinea-pigs, batter pudding, and twenty dozen nosegays, he saw drawn from it, and that the half-crown he felt in his hand, when the conjurer placed it there, was really conveyed away again by a miracle. All this he must believe ; for sight, hearing, and touch testified distinctly to the reality, and he has nothing but the testimony of other men to place against the testimony of his senses.

If, on the other hand, this word “experience” means the testimony of credible men, combined

with the testimony of the senses of the individual, there would be no lack of proof in modern times that it is *not* contrary to experience that miracles should be true. We confess that to us it is a most inexplicable fact that the lad we before mentioned, standing upon a stage, with his back towards us, with his eyes bandaged, and at a distance of twenty paces, should read the inscription upon a mourning ring. Had the lad proclaimed himself a prophet, there can scarce be a doubt that a dozen honest dupes would have testified to their belief in him. They were certainly as convinced of the *fact* as we were, and would have testified to their conviction. But as the boy very honestly confessed that the performance was but a delusion of the senses, all the concurrent testimony and experience of some hundreds of people produced no other effect on the mind than a little amused astonishment.

If, again, “experience” should mean the ordinary course of events as known to the individual, an ignorant man should disbelieve in an eclipse, although he sees the darkness ; and, as indeed Hume expressly admits, a native of hot countries should disbelieve in frost and snow, even when he sees the snow-flakes and the ice.

Hume’s touchstone, therefore, is so radically defective, that, in the first two cases put, it would be powerless even against false miracles ; and, in the third, would impose a disbelief in the ordinary phenomena of nature.

The true test of miraculous agency has been much better enunciated by Paley, by Bishop Douglas, and by those who have followed them upon the same side of the argument. These men have shewn that a miracle, in order to compel a rational belief, should not be tentative, for fallibility betrays at once a human origin, but certain and unequivocal, as an emanation from omnipotence must be. They have shewn, moreover, that it should not depend entirely for its evidence either upon the senses or the testimony of mankind. It should have an object commensurate with the importance of the temporary suspension of an eternal law, and a result so striking, so notorious, and so enduring, that the presence of that result may be to all generations a proof more certain than any testimony of the senses, and more incorruptible than the oaths of witnesses.



It is well to be in a wholesome state of mind as regards this matter of miracle-testing before we set out on the little journey we propose.

The desire of mortals to hold intercourse with immortality is as old as humanity. Whether it be an impulse of the soul, or only a tradition of the race—a dim far-off recollection of scenes just posterior to creation—is beyond our purpose here to speculate. From the times chronicled in the Book of Genesis, to the year that has just had its record in the last number of the Annual Register, the majority of mankind, in every age and in every nation, have covertly or openly, confidently or doubtingly, voluntarily or involuntarily, believed in a world of spirits, and in the possibility of their becoming present to human sense. The law of Moses denounced death against “consulters with familiar spirits,” yet did not prevent the crime. Saul evoked the spirit of Samuel; and Manasseh dealt with familiar spirits, and provoked God to anger. We are told that a lying spirit was allowed to go forth and inspire the prophets of Ahab, and that Satan himself asked and obtained leave to tempt Job, and to provoke David to number the people; but the sacred writings do not appear to intimate that these spirits were visible to the natural eye. So long as the Theocracy endured, it is easy to believe that the omnipotent being who vouchsafed to govern the Jews should, upon special occasions, render his celestial messengers perceptible to the senses of those who were to receive his commands. We know also that the idolatrous nations, impelled by instinct or a clouded tradition, sought for false imitations of the supernatural intercourse which the chosen people of God really enjoyed. The Egyptian magicians competed with Moses; the Chaldean Zoroaster pretended to compel the spirits of the air to fight against his enemies; but we do not generally find that the magicians of the ancient world worked their spells by calling up the spirits of dead men. Abaris rode through the air upon his arrow—conjured storms and foretold earthquakes, and is evidently the patriarch of our English witches. Pythagoras retired occasionally into the world of departed souls, coming back again with a new human form, but being ever the Hyperborean Apollo, and ready to demonstrate his divinity by shewing his thigh of gold. But neither the progenitor of our witches, nor the awful *avres* *en* himself pretended to summon up departed souls. Apollonius of Tyana, whose miracles were, by Philostratus and Hierocles, magnified into a rivalry with those of the Saviour, was a mere sorcerer. Alexander the Paphlagonian, was a fortune-teller who cheated the multitude by means of a tame serpent and a little ventriloquism. Roger Bacon is said to have invented the magic lantern, by which, aided by some tricks of chemistry, most of the miracles of the middle ages were undoubtedly wrought. These

had been much discredited, when Doctor Dee, in 1582, produced his convex crystal, which he pretended to have received from the angel Uriel, but which was probably suggested to him by the tricks of the fortune-tellers of Egypt. This crystal had the quality, when intently surveyed, of presenting apparitions, and even emitting sounds. The phenomena varied; sometimes the stone had to be turned about several ways before the right focus was obtained; sometimes the spirits appeared upon the stone; sometimes reflected upon parts of the room. But only one person could see the figure, or hear the sounds. A “medium,” therefore, was requisite, and Dee succeeded at last in obtaining his “medium” in the person of one Edward Kelly, whom he engaged at a salary of fifty pounds a year, and whose antecedents were that he had been convicted of forgery, had lost both his ears in the pillory, had been prosecuted for digging up a body in order to compel it, by incantations, to answer questions, and that he had been assiduously engaged in the search for the philosopher’s stone. There is reason to believe that much learning had made Dee mad—there can be none to doubt that Kelly was a most unadulterated scoundrel. Dee, himself, appears to have been ashamed of the whole affair at last, although it had its full share of success at the time. If “the true relation of what passed for many years between Dr. Dee and certain spirits” had not been preserved, and afterwards printed, we should have had no authentic confession from Dr. Dee upon the subject.

There was nothing miraculous in Dr. Dee’s crystal. The inquirer was compelled to be satisfied with the testimony of the “medium,” for he neither saw nor heard any thing himself. So far it was inferior to the achievements of Cornelius Agrippa, who exhibited to Lord Cromwel in a glass, Henry VIII. and his Court hunting in the forest of Windsor; who shewed to Charles V. David, Solomon, and Gideon; and who actually produced before the Court of the Elector of Saxony, the shade of Cicero in the rostrum, and made it recite a Ciceronian Oration, for the delectation of Erasmus, who was present.

These optical delusions became dangerous as science became disseminated. Ghosts, who observe as a rule of their order never to appear except to a solitary individual, may still venture to shew themselves in full ghostly dress and feature: but when the spirit exhibition is to be a popular profitable affair it must submit to some examination. It is certainly true that

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ  
Ipse sibi tradit spectator—*

and any one who, at the present day, would undertake to do what Cornelius Agrippa is said to have done, would quite drive Mrs. Hayden

out of the field. But then the "faithful eyes," although most easily made the medium of delusion when the imagination is affected or the nerves out of order, and although always capable of being cheated by rapid motion, are very awkward instruments of scrutiny when the judgment is sound, the pulse at 72, and the object stationary.

The necromancers of more modern times have, therefore, prudently abandoned the sense of vision, and have fallen back upon that of sound. Those powerful mortals who have acquired supreme control over the invisible beings of another world, are content to make manifest the presence of their familiars by particular noises, and by operations performed upon domestic furniture. This department of necromancy has a very respectable antiquity. The tradition of the Poltergeist, or rapping spirit of Germany, is certainly as old as the year 1135, and the manifestations of this convenient essence can be traced, at intervals, from that period to the year 1620, when Oppenheim was the theatre of some very noted "rappings." In 1661 the rapping spirit passed over to England, and appeared at Tedworth in the person of a drunken drummer. The story is told with all minuteness by the Rev. Joseph Glanvil, chaplain to Charles the Second, and is repeated by the author of "Sights and Sounds." The following extract will shew the nature of the disturbance :

On the 5th Nov. 1661, there was a mighty noise, and a servant observed two boards in the children's room seeming to move. He bid the spirit give him one of them ; upon which the board (nothing moving it that he saw) came within a yard of him ; the man said, "*Nay, let me have it in my hand ;*" upon which it was shoved quite home to him, and so up and down, to and fro, at least twenty times, till Mr. M. forbade his servant to be on such familiarities. This was in the day-time, and seen by a whole room-full of people.

A minister and several neighbours came to the house, when a bed-staff was flung at the former, and hit him on the leg, but so favourably that a sack of wool could not fall more softly, and it stopped just where it lighted, without rolling or moving from the place.

One of the most remarkable circumstances related of the freaks of this demon, is, that when the noise was loudest, and came with the most sudden and surprising evidence, no dog about the house would look or move, though the knocking was oft so boisterous that it was heard at a distance in the fields, and awakened the neighbours in the village.

Once, when several gentlemen were present, one of them said—"If the drummer set thee to work, give three knocks, and no more ;" which it did very distinctly, and stopped. Then the gentleman knocked, to see if it would answer him as it was wont, but it did not. For further trial and confirmation, he bid it, if it were the drummer, to give five knocks, and no more, that night. It did so, and left the house quiet all the night after.

In 1715 occurred the extraordinary circumstances related by John Wesley, and we apprehend that this story may be the real origin of the American rappings. According to the statement carefully preserved by the father of Methodism, some unaccountable noises of various

descriptions had alarmed the whole family except the head of it, Samuel Wesley, the father of the apostle. All the wainscoting of the Vicarage of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, resounded with continual rappings. These had been carefully kept concealed from the old man lest he should imbibe the belief, already entertained by his family, that the sounds foreboded his death.

When, however, it became no longer practicable to conceal the increasing disturbances, the good man seemed rather to incline to the idea that his daughters' lovers could solve the mystery ; and it was, consequently, rather a relief to the young ladies when, one night, their sire was aroused from his midnight slumbers by some loud, distinct raps, with a pause at every third stroke, proceeding apparently from the adjoining room. The astonished old gentleman rose, and made active search for the cause of the alarm ; but, as is well known, both then and thereafter, without success.

Mr. John Wesley, relating the attempts of his sister Mary to unravel the mystery, writes that, on a certain night, she had requested her younger sister to allow her to assume her usual office of taking away her father's bed-room candle, avowing her determination to find out the trick. "She accordingly took my sister Kitty's place, and had no sooner taken away the candle than she heard a noise below. She hastened down stairs to the hall where the noise was ; but it was then in the kitchen. She ran into the kitchen, where it was drumming on the inside of the screen ; when she went round, it was drumming on the outside, and so always on the side opposite to her. Then she heard a knocking at the back kitchen door. She ran to it, unlocked it softly, and when the knocking was repeated, suddenly opened it ; but nothing was to be seen. As soon as she had shut it, the knocking began again. She opened it again, but could see nothing. When she went to shut the door, it was violently thrust against her. She let it fly open, but nothing appeared. She went again to shut it, and it was again thrust against her ; but she sat her knee and her shoulder to the door, forced it to, and turned the key. Then the knocking began again ; but she let it go on, and went up to bed. However, from that time, she was thoroughly convinced that there was no imposture in the affair."

Upon another occasion, Mr. Samuel Wesley, "at six in the evening, had family prayers as usual. When he began the prayer for the king, a knocking began all around the room ; and a thundering knock attended the *Amen*. The same was heard from this time, every morning and evening, while prayer for the king was repeated. . . . I was also informed by Mr. Hoole, the vicar of Hazeley (an eminently pious and sensible man), that my father sent for him and gave him an account of what had happened, particularly the knocking during family prayer. But the evening he spent with him, he says, 'to my great satisfaction we had no knocking at all during the time of prayer ; but between nine and ten, a servant came in and said, 'Old Jeffrey is coming ; (that was the name of one that died in the house) for I hear the signal.' This, they informed me, was heard every night about a quarter before ten. It was toward the top of the house, on the outside, at the north-east corner, resembling the loud creaking of a saw, or rather that of a windmill, when the body of it is turned about, in order to shift the sails to the wind. We then heard a knocking over our heads ; and Mr. Wesley, catching up a candle, said 'Come, sir, now you shall hear for yourself.' We went upstairs ; he with much hope, and I (to say the truth) with much fear. When we came into the nursery, it was knocking in the next room ; when we were there, it was knocking in the nursery. And then it continued to knock, though we came in ; particularly at the head of the bed (which was of wood), in which Miss Hetty and two of her younger sisters lay. He then went close to the place, and said, sternly, 'Thou deaf and dumb devil,



why dost thou fright these children that cannot answer for themselves? Come to me in my study, that am a man. Instantly it knocked his knock (the particular knock which he always used at the gate), as if it would shiver the board in pieces; and we heard nothing more that night."

\* \* \* \* \*

"By this time all my sisters were so accustomed to these noises, that they gave them little disturbance. A gentle tapping at their bedhead usually began between nine and ten at night; they then commonly said to each other, 'Jeffrey is coming; it is time to go to sleep.' And if they heard a noise in the day, and said to my youngest sister, 'Hark, Kizzy, Jeffrey is knocking above,' she would run up stairs and pursue it from room to room, saying she desired no better diversion."

The best annotation upon all this, which must have occurred before John Wesley was twelve years old (for he was born in 1703), is contained in a letter from Mr. Badcock, printed in No. 20 of the *Bibliotheca Typographica Britannica*:—

The dawn of Mr. Wesley's public mission was clouded with mysticism: that species of it which affects silence and solitude; a certain inexplicable introversion of the mind, which abstracts the passions from all sensible objects, and as the French Quietists express it, perfects itself by an absorption of the will and intellect, and all the faculties into the Deity.

It is to be remarked that no similar manifestations ever occurred in the Wesley family after the apostle commenced his preaching, and after his nerves were strung, and his attention absorbed by the active duties of his office. The account of the vicarage ghost was doubtless written a little before "the dawn of Mr. Wesley's public mission."

The next public appearance of a rapping spirit was in 1762. In that year the Cock Lane Ghost made his presence known upon earth. Every one has heard of the Cock Lane Ghost, and every one knows that it made much more noise in its day, than all the spirits in Queen Anne's reign put together. After the lapse, however, of near a hundred years, the story will bear repetition. Unlike the good devil of Woodstock, the Cock Lane Ghost *stat nominis umbra*, or rather perhaps *umbrae nomen*, still, and is as inexplicable as Junius.

In the year 1762, Mr. Parsons, the clerk of St. Sepulchre's, lived in a house in Cock Lane, West Smithfield. Being a frugal man, Mr. Parsons let lodgings, and being an unlucky one, he let his lodgings to a lady who went by the name of Miss Fanny, and a gentleman who appears to have enjoyed all the privileges of a husband *quoad* Miss Fanny.

We are sorry to insinuate any scandal against Miss Fanny; but as she was the ghost, it is necessary that we tell all we know about her doings in the flesh.

Miss Fanny took into her bed, "in the absence of the gentleman, who was in the country," her landlord's daughter, a child eleven years old. Some days afterwards, Miss Fanny complained to the family of violent knockings,

which kept her awake at night. They were like the hammering of a shoemaker upon his lapstone, and were attributed to that cause; but the neighbour shoemaker ceased work on Sunday, and the hammerings were as loud as ever. The nuisance became serious. Mr. and Mrs. Parsons invited their neighbours to hear the noises, and every one came away convinced that there was a ghost behind the wainscotting. The Clergyman of the parish was invited to exorcise, but he prudently declined to come to knocks with such a ghost. Miss Fanny, who hardly cared to have so much public attention drawn upon her private arrangements, quitted, and went to live at Clerkenwell. She afterwards there died.

For eighteen months quiet reigned in Cock Lane; but immediately Miss Fanny died, the knockings recommenced. In whatever bed the child was placed, knockings and scratchings were heard underneath, and the girl appeared to be violently agitated as by fits. Parsons, the father, had now, either in fraud or in conviction, thoroughly taken the matter up. He undertook to question the ghost, and dictated how many knocks should serve for an answer affirmative or negative. By much cross examination, it was discovered that the rapper was the ghost of Miss Fanny, who wished to inform the world that "the gentleman," whom we wot of, had poisoned her, by putting arsenic into her *purl* when she was ill of the small-pox.

We must turn back to the newspapers and correspondence of the period to form any adequate idea of the *furor* that now obtained. Mrs. Montague writes to Mrs. Robinson,—“As I suppose you read the newspapers, you will see mention of the ghost; but without you were here upon the spot, you could never conceive that the most bungling performance of the silliest imposture could take up the attention and conversation of all the fine world.” Grave persons of high station, and not thought of as candidates for Bedlam, came away from Cock Lane shaking their heads thoughtfully. The clerk of St. Sepulchre's found the ghost the most profitable lodger he had ever had. The wainscots were pulled down, and the floor pulled up, but they saw no ghost, and discovered no trick. The child was removed to other houses, but the ghost followed, and distinctly rapped its declaration that it would never leave her.

The chattering and fools who make up about nine-tenths of "the fine world" as it was then called, "society" as we call it, had adopted the Cock Lane Ghost: and Dr. Johnson thought it highly necessary to examine into the matter. Accordingly he, Stephen Aldrich, James Penn, and Bishop Douglas, the author of the "Criterion of Miracles," amid the laughter of the

sane part of the town, held a solemn investigation. The great moralist drew up the following account of it:—

On the night of the 1st of February, many gentlemen, eminent for their rank and character, were, by the invitation of the Rev. Mr. Aldrich, of Clerkenwell, assembled at his house, for the examination of the noises supposed to be made by a departed spirit, for the detection of some enormous crime.—About ten at night the gentlemen met in the chamber in which the girl, supposed to be disturbed by a spirit, had, with proper caution, been put to bed by several ladies. They sat rather more than an hour, and hearing nothing, went down stairs, when they interrogated the father of the girl, who denied, in the strongest terms, any knowledge or belief of fraud.—The supposed spirit had before publicly promised, by an affirmative knock, that it would attend one of the gentlemen into the vault under the church of St. John, Clerkenwell, where the body is deposited, and give a token of her presence there, by a knock upon her coffin; it was therefore determined to make this trial of the existence or veracity of the supposed spirit.—While they were inquiring and deliberating, they were summoned into the girl's chamber by some ladies who were near her bed, and who had heard knocks and scratches. When the gentlemen entered, the girl declared that she felt the spirit like a mouse upon her back, and was required to hold her hands out of bed. From that time, though the spirit was very solemnly required to manifest its existence by appearance, by impression on the hand or body of any present, by scratches, knocks, or any other agency, no evidence of any preternatural power was exhibited.—The spirit was then very seriously advertised, that the person to whom the promise was made of striking the coffin was then about to visit the vault, and that the performance of the promise was then claimed. The company at one o'clock went into the church, and the gentleman to whom the promise was made went with another into the vault. The spirit was solemnly required to perform its promise, but nothing more than silence ensued: the person supposed to be accused by the spirit then went down with several others, but no effect was perceived. Upon their return they examined the girl, but could draw no confession from her. Between two and three she desired and was permitted to go home with her father.—It is, therefore, the opinion of the whole assembly, that the child has some art of making or counterfeiting a particular noise, and that there is no agency of any higher cause.

Churchill ridiculed the inquiry in a poem in four books, called the "Ghost"—a poem whereof nothing is now remembered but the sketch of Johnson, under the name of Pomposo—perhaps the happiest portrait of that strong, small, sinewy mind, with its outside accretions of superstitious bigotries and impudent intolerance—so calculated to keep lighter bodied revolvers round it, and to become the idol of our English mediocrity.

Of course the inquiry made the matter worse. Johnson had discovered, at the utmost, that the spirit told lies; whereas the point in dispute was whether the spirit made noises. As matter of probability it could scarcely be less probable that the spirit should be a false spirit, than that it should be a spirit at all. Johnson was laughed at by the whole town, and fashion was beginning to tire of its toy.

We quote the rest of this story from a contemporary account.

It was now given out that the coffin in which the body of the supposed ghost had been deposited, or at least the body itself, had been displaced, or removed out of the vault. Mr. K—, therefore, thought proper to take with him to the vault the undertaker who buried Miss F—, and such other unprejudiced persons as, on inspection, might be able to prove the weakness of such a suggestion.

Accordingly, on Feb. 25th, in the afternoon, Mr. K—, with a clergyman, the undertaker, clerk, and sexton of the parish, and two or three gentlemen, went into the vault, when the undertaker presently knew the coffin, which was taken from under the others, and easily seen to be the same, as there was no plate or inscription; and, to satisfy further, the coffin being opened before Mr. K—, the body was found in it.

Others, in the mean time, were taking other steps to find out where the fraud, if any, lay. The girl was removed from house to house, and was said to be constantly attended with the usual noises, though bound and muffled hand and foot, and that without any motion in her lips, and when she appeared asleep; nay, they were often said to be heard in rooms at a considerable distance from that where she lay.

At last her bed was tied up, in the manner of a hammock, about a yard and a half from the ground, and her hands and feet extended as wide as they could without injury, and fastened with fillets for two nights successively, during which no noises were heard.

The next day, being pressed to confess, and being told that if the knockings and scratchings were not heard any more, she, her father, and mother, would be sent to Newgate; and half an hour being given her to consider, she desired she might be put to bed to try if the noises would come: she lay in her bed this night much longer than usual, but no noises. This was on a Saturday.

Sunday, being told that the approaching night only would be allowed for a trial, she concealed a board about four inches broad, and six long, under her stays. This board was used to set the kettle upon. Having got into bed, she told the gentleman she would bring F— at six the next morning.

The master of the house, however, and a friend of his, being informed by the maids that the girl had taken a board to bed with her, impatiently waited for the appointed hour, when she began to knock and scratch upon the board, remarking, however, what they themselves were convinced of, "that these noises were not like those which used to be made." She was then told that she had taken a board to bed, and on her denying it, searched, and caught in a lie.

The two gentlemen, who with the maids were the only persons present at this scene, sent to a third gentleman, to acquaint him that the whole affair was detected, and to desire his immediate attendance; but he brought another along with him.

Their concurrent opinion was, that the child had been frightened into this attempt by the threats which had been made the two preceding nights; and the master of the house also, and his friend, both declared "that the noises the girl had made that morning had not the least likeness to the former noises."

Probably the organs with which she performed these strange noises were not always in a proper tone for that purpose, and she imagined she might be able to supply the place of them by a piece of board.

At length Mr. K— thought proper to vindicate his character in a legal way. On the 10th of July the father and mother of the child, one Mary Fraser, who, it seems, acted as an interpreter between the ghost and those who examined her, a clergyman, and a reputable tradesman, were tried at Guildhall, before Lord Mansfield, by a special jury, and convicted of conspiracy against the life and character of Mr. K—.

But the court choosing that Mr. K—, who had been so much injured on this occasion, should receive some re-

paration by the punishment of the offenders, deferred giving sentence for seven or eight months, in hopes the parties might make it up in the mean time. Accordingly the clergyman and tradesman agreed to pay Mr. K—a round sum, some say between five and six hundred pounds, to purchase their pardon, and were thereupon dismissed with a severe reprimand. The father was ordered to be set on the pillory three times in one month, once at the end of Cock Lane, and after that to be imprisoned two years; Elizabeth, his wife, one year, and Mary Frazer six months in Bridewell, and to be there kept to hard labour.

The father appearing to be out of his mind at the time he was first to stand on the pillory, the execution of that part of his sentence was deferred to another day, when, as well as on other days of his standing there, the populace took so much compassion of him, that, instead of using him ill, they made a handsome collection for him.

Thus the Cock Lane Ghost came off undiscovered at last. But the circumstances attendant upon his manifestations appear to have rather disinclined him to further activity. We hear no more of him in England after the pillory scene.

In 1806 the castle of Prince Hohenlohe, in Silesia, became the scene, not only of the well-precedented spirit-rapping, but of a new and inconvenient spirit manifestation upon chairs and tables. We abridge the story from Mrs. Eyre's "Night Side of Nature."

After the campaign of the Prussians against the French in the year 1806, the reigning Prince of Hohenlohe gave orders to Councillor Hahn, who was in his service, to proceed to Slawensick. At the same period, Charles Kern, of Kuntzlan was allowed to spend some time with Hahn, whilst awaiting his exchange.

Hahn and Kern were lodged together in the same apartment of the castle, which was one on the first-floor, forming an angle at the back of the building, one side looking toward the north, and the other to the east. . . . During the first days of their residence in the castle, the two friends, living together in solitude, amused their long evenings with the works of Schiller, of whom they were both great admirers; and Hahn usually read aloud. Three days had thus passed quietly away, when, as they were sitting at the table, which stood in the middle of the room, about nine o'clock in the evening, their reading was interrupted by a small shower of lime, which fell around them. They looked at the ceiling, concluding it must have come thence, but could perceive no abraded parts; and whilst they were yet seeking to ascertain whence the lime had proceeded, there suddenly fell several larger pieces, which were quite cold, and appeared as if they had belonged to the external wall. At length concluding the lime must have fallen from some part of the wall, and giving up further inquiry, they went to bed, and slept quietly till morning, when, on awaking, they were somewhat surprised at the quantity which strewed the floor, more especially as they could still discover no part of the walls or ceiling from which it could have fallen. But they thought no more of the matter till evening, when, instead of the lime falling as before, it was thrown, and several pieces struck Hahn. At the same time they heard heavy blows, sometimes below, and sometimes over their heads, like the sound of distant guns. Still attributing these sounds to natural causes, they went to bed as usual, but the uproar prevented their sleeping, and each accused the other of occasioning it by kicking with his feet against the foot-board of his bed, till, finding that the noise continued when they both got out and stood together in the middle of the room, they were satisfied this was not the case. On the following evening a third noise was added, which resembled the faint

and distant beating of a drum. Up the governors of the castle to send them the key of the apartments above and below, which was brought them by her son; and, whilst he and Kern went to make their investigations, Hahn remained in their own room. Above, they found an empty room; below, a kitchen. They knocked, but the noise they made was very different to that which Hahn continued all the while to hear around him. When they returned, Hahn said jestingly, "The place is haunted!" On this night, when they went to bed with a light burning, they heard what seemed like a person walking about the room with slippers on, and a stick, with which he struck the floor as he moved step by step. Hahn continued to jest, and Kern to laugh, at the oddness of these circumstances for some time, when they both, as usual, fell asleep, neither in the slightest degree disturbed by these events, nor inclined to attribute them to any supernatural cause. But on the following evening the affair became more inexplicable; various articles in the room were thrown about; knives, forks, brushes, caps, slippers, padlocks, funnel, snuffers, soap—every thing, in short, that was moveable; whilst lights darted from corner to corner, and every thing was in confusion; at the same time the lime fell, and the blows continued. Upon this, the two friends called up the servants, Knittel, the castle watch, and whoever else was at hand, to be witnesses of these mysterious operations. In the morning all was quiet, and generally continued so till about an hour after midnight. One evening Kern, going into the above-mentioned chamber to fetch something, and hearing such an uproar that it almost drove him backward to the door, Hahn caught up the light, and both rushed into the room, where they found a large piece of wood lying close to the wainscot. But supposing this to be the cause of the noise, who had set it in motion? For Kern was sure the door was shut, even whilst the noise was making; neither had there been any wood in the room. Frequently, before their eyes, the knives and snuffers rose from the table, and fell, after some minutes, to the ground; and Hahn's large shears were once lifted in this manner between him and one of the Prince's cooks, and, falling to the ground, stuck into the floor. As some nights, however, passed quite quietly, Hahn was determined not to leave the rooms; but when, for three weeks, the disturbance was so constant that they could get no rest, they resolved on removing their beds into the large room above, in hopes of once more enjoying a little quiet sleep. Their hopes were vain—the thumping continued as before; and not only so, but articles flew about the room which they were quite sure they had left below. "They may sling as they will," cried Hahn, "sleep I must;" whilst Kern began to undress, pondering on these matters as he walked up and down the room. Suddenly Hahn saw him stand, as if transfixed before the looking-glass, on which he had accidentally cast his eyes. He had so stood for some minutes, when he was seized with a violent trembling, and turned from the mirror with his face as white as death. Hahn, fancying the cold of the uninhabited room had seized him, hastened to throw a cloak over him; when Kern, who was naturally very courageous, recovered himself, and related, though with trembling lips, that, as he had accidentally looked in the glass, he had seen a white female figure looking out of it; she was in front of his own image which he distinctly saw behind her. At first he could not believe his eyes; he thought it must be fancy, and for that reason he had stood so long; but when he saw that the eyes of the figure moved, and looked into his, a shudder had seized him, and he had turned away. Hahn upon this advanced with firm steps to the front of the mirror, and called upon the apparition to shew itself to him; but he saw nothing, although he remained a quarter of an hour before the glass, and frequently repeated his exhortation. . . .

One evening, in spite of all the drumming and flinging, Hahn was determined to sleep; but a heavy blow on the wall, close to his head, soon waked him from his slumbers. A second time he went to sleep, and was awaked

by a sensation, as if some person had dipped his finger in water, and was sprinkling his face with it. He pretended to sleep again, whilst he watched Kern and Knittel, who were sitting at the table, the sensation of sprinkling returned; but he could find no water on his face.

"About this time Hahn had occasion to make a journey as far as Breslau; and when he returned he heard the strangest story of all. In order not to be alone in this mysterious chamber, Kern had engaged Hahn's servant, a man of about forty years of age, and of entire singleness of character, to stay with him. One night as Kern lay in his bed, and this man was standing near the glass door in conversation with him, to his utter amazement he beheld a jug of beer, which stood on a table in the room, at some distance from him, slowly lifted to a height of about three feet, and the contents poured into a glass that was standing there also, until the latter was half full. The jug was then gently replaced, and the glass lifted and emptied, as by some one drinking; whilst John, the servant, exclaimed in terrified surprise, 'Lord Jesus! it swallows!' The glass was quietly replaced, and not a drop of beer was to be found on the floor.

In 1835 a common case of spirit-rapping occurred at Trinity, about two miles from Edinburgh.

Captain Molesworth took the house of a Mr. Webster, who resided in the adjoining one, in May or June 1835; and when he had been in it about two months, he began to complain of sundry extraordinary noises, which, finding it impossible to account for, he took it into his head, strangely enough, were made by Mr. Webster. The latter naturally represented that it was not probable he should desire to damage the reputation of his own house, or drive his tenant out of it, and retorted the accusation. Still, as these noises and knockings continued, Captain M. not only lifted the boards in the room most infected, but actually made holes in the wall which divided his residence from Mr. W.'s, for the purpose of detecting the delinquent—of course without success. Do what they would, the thing went on just the same, footsteps of invisible feet, knockings, and scratchings, and rustlings, first on one side, and then on the other, were heard daily and nightly. Sometimes this unseen agent seemed to be knocking to a certain tune, and if a question were addressed to it which could be answered numerically, as, "How many people are there in this room?" for example, it would answer by so many knocks. The beds, too, were occasionally heaved up, as if somebody were underneath, and where the knockings were the wall trembled visibly, but, search as they would, no one could be found. Captain Molesworth had had two daughters, one of whom, named Matilda, had lately died; the other, a girl between twelve and thirteen, called Jane, was sickly, and generally kept her bed; and it was observed that wherever she was, these noises most frequently prevailed.

The poor young lady died, hastened out of the world, it is said, by the severe measures used whilst she was under suspicion; and the persons that have since inhabited the house have experienced no repetition of the annoyance.

We must now cross the Atlantic, for the rapping spirit has done so before us. America has long since distinguished herself as the officina of new creeds. Intelligent Americans at once account for and defend this proneness to take up new notions, by insisting upon the policy of dividing into many streams that natural fervor of superstition, which would otherwise raise up some dominant sect. Whether such a mode of action be likely to attain its object seems doubtful, when we instance the case of the Mormons, who have

already established themselves into a separate, and by no means a very tolerant state.

Most of these "notions," however, are rather revivals of old impostures than altogether new inventions; and here, for the first time, the rapping spirit found himself at home.

The spirit began his manifestations in the New World by knocking a run-away knock at the door of Mr. Michael Weekman, who, in the year 1847, occupied a house in the village of Hydesville, in the township of Arcadia, Wayne County, New York. Mr. Weekman heard no more of the spirit; but at the end of the year the house passed into the hands of Mr. John D. Fox, whose family were the first apostles of spirit rapping in the United States.

Mrs. Fox kept a Journal—

On Friday night, we concluded to go to bed early, and not let it disturb us: if it came, we thought we would not mind it, but try and get a good night's rest. My husband was here on all these occasions, heard the noise, and helped search. It was very early when we went to bed on this night, hardly dark. We went to bed so early, because we had been deprived of so much of our rest that I was almost sick.

My husband had not gone to bed when we first heard the noise on this evening. I had just laid down. It commenced as usual. I knew it from all other noises I had ever heard in the house. The girls, who slept in the other bed in the room, heard the noise, and tried to make a similar noise by snapping their fingers. The youngest girl is about twelve years old. As fast as she made the noise with her hands or fingers, the sound was followed up in the room. It did not sound different at that time, only it made the same number of sounds that the girl did. When she stopped, the sound itself stopped for a short time.

The other girl, who is in her fifteenth year, then spoke in sport, and said, "Now do just as I do. Count one, two, three, four," &c., striking one hand in the other at the same time. The blows which she made were repeated as before. It appeared to answer her by repeating every blow that she made. She only did so once. She then began to be startled; and then I spoke, and said to the noise, "Count ten," and then it made ten strokes or noises. Then I asked the ages of my different children successively, and it gave a number of raps, corresponding to the ages of my children.

I then asked if it was a human being that was making the noise? and if it was, to manifest it by the same noise. There was no noise. I then asked if it was a spirit? and if it was, to manifest it by two sounds. I heard two sounds as soon as the words were spoken. I then asked if an injured spirit, to give me the sound. I then heard the rapping distinctly. I inquired if it was injured in this house? it rapped. Was the injurer living? same answer. I further understood that its remains were buried under the dwelling; that it was 31 years of age, a male, and had left a family of five children, all living. Was the wife living? silence. Dead? rapping. How long since? two raps.

Hence it appears that up to this time sounds were only made when either an affirmative reply was intended, or numbers were designated. Subsequently, however, a more general attention having been awakened, and various means canvassed with a view to improve the mode of communication, a person present conceived the idea of interrogating the sound-maker by means of the alphabet. Accordingly, the spirit was asked whether, if the alphabet were called over, it would rap for the letters composing its name? The reply was in the affirmative, and the name of "Charles Rayn," was spelled out.

A series of five raps, in quick succession, having been frequently noticed, it was ascertained, by question and experiment, that this was a signal for the alphabet.

Thus we arrive at the conclusion that, in this spirit-language, an affirmative is conveyed by a single rap (though, perhaps, emphasized by more), a negative by silence. Five raps demand the alphabet, and that may be called over *viva voce*, or else in a printed form, laid upon a table, and the finger, or a pencil, slowly passed along it; when, on arriving at the required letter, a rap is heard; the querist then recommences, until words and sentences are spelled out, upon the accuracy or intelligence displayed in which depends, in a great degree, the amount of faith popularly accorded to these manifestations.

The demonstration rapidly progressed. No longer were the mysterious sounds confined to Hydesville. Catherine Fox, the youngest daughter, went to Auburn, and thither the rappings followed her. So quickly spread the rapping belief, that the people of the state formed themselves everywhere into magnetic circles, that is to say, small assemblies, meeting periodically, and each having its recognised medium. Philadelphia rejoices in three hundred of these societies, and it is calculated that there are at least 30,000 media in the United States. The most curious part of the affair, however, is, that the multitudes have adopted these oracles into their most familiar daily experience, and use them as they do the post-office and the telegraph. Persons come into the medium with ordinary business faces, summon their spirit, ask their questions, and go off again as well satisfied as if they had received their answer by letter from their Liverpool correspondent.

Of course our American friends had many consultations upon the matter. Here are a few of the experiments:

Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman was the next to propound inquiries, which, contrary to the usual custom, he expressed audibly, so as to be heard by the ladies and the whole company. Having fixed in his mind the name of an individual, he asked, "Did he live in New York?" No answer. "In Baltimore?" In Cambridge?" In Boston?"—three distinct raps. Mr. T. continued, "Was he a lawyer? A merchant? A physician? A clergyman?" Knocks. "Was he an Episcopalian? A Presbyterian? A Unitarian?"—going over the names of the principal sects. No answer. At the suggestion of a gentleman, Mr. T. asked, "Was he a Christian?" Knocks. Mr. T. then asked the age of the person in a series of tens. "Was he twenty years old at the time of his death? Was he thirty? Fifty? Sixty?" Knocks. "Has he left a family?" Knocks. "Children?" Knocks. "Five? Three? Two?" Knocks. "Did he die in Boston? In Philadelphia? In Albany? In Northampton? Bennington?" Knocks. "Did he die of consumption? Of fever? Of cholera? Of old age?" Knocks.

The person in the querist's mind was the late Rev. Dr. Channing, of Boston, who died, as stated, at Bennington, (Vt.) while on a journey. It may be remarked that, for the last years of his life, Dr. Channing disclaimed all sectarian names, preferring to be called only Christian; and, though under seventy, had nearly exhausted his physical powers.

The Rev. Dr. Hawkes was less successful in obtaining

replies, and, after a short period, gave way to Dr. J. W. Francis, who was welcomed with a general roll of knockings, from the mysterious agents seeming to claim the privilege of old and intimate acquaintance. With his proverbial urbanity, seating himself, as if at the bed-side of a patient, Dr. F. asked, in terms of the most insinuating blandness, whether the spirits present would converse with any member of the company? Would they vouchsafe to speak to his illustrious friend, the world-renowned author, Mr. Cooper? Would they converse with the great American poet, Mr. Bryant? To these flattering invitations no reply was given. Would they speak to so humble an individual as himself? Loud knocks. Dr. F. then asked, fixing on a person, "Was he an American? Was he an Englishman? Was he a Scotchman?" The knocks were loud and unanimous. "Was he a merchant? Was he a lawyer? Was he an author?" Loud knocks. "Was he a poet?" Yes, in distinct knocks. "Will you tell his name?" Here the spirits called for the alphabet, by sounds intelligible to the ghost-seers. It then spelled out B-u-r—when the company indiscreetly, but spontaneously, interrupted, by crying out "Robert Burns." This was the true answer.

Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper was then requested to enter into the supramundane sphere, and proceeded to interrogate the spirits with the most imperturbable self-possession and deliberation. After several desultory questions, from which no satisfactory answers were obtained, Mr. C. commenced a new series of inquiries. "Is the person I inquire about a relative?" Yes, was at once indicated by the knocks. "A near relative?" Yes. "A man?" No answer. "A woman?" Yes. "A daughter? A mother? A wife?" No answer. "A sister?" Yes. Mr. C. then asked the number of years since her death. To this an answer was given in rapid and indistinct raps, some counting 45, others 49, 54, &c. After considerable parleying, as to the manner in which the question should be answered, the consent of the invisible interlocutor was given to knock the years so slowly that they might be distinctly counted. This was done. Knock—knock—knock—for what seemed over a minute, till the number amounted to fifty, and was unanimously announced by the company. Mr. C. now asked, "Did she die of consumption," naming several diseases, to which no answer was given. "Did she die by accident?" Yes. "Was she killed by lightning? Was she shot? Was she lost at sea? Did she fall from a carriage? Was she thrown from a horse?" Yes.

Mr. Cooper did not pursue his inquiries any further, and stated to the company that the answers were correct, the person alluded to by him being a sister, who, just fifty years ago the present month, was killed by being thrown from a horse.

The evening was now far advanced, and it was not thought desirable to continue the colloquies any further. At the suggestion of several gentlemen, the ladies removed from the sofa, where they had sat during the evening, and remained standing in another part of the room. The knockings were now heard on the doors at both ends of the room, producing a vibration on the panels which was felt by every one who touched them.

They called up the ghosts of all the Modern poets, Southey, Shelley, Coleridge, and others. The ghosts indited very creditable verses. We quote Shelley's because they are the shortest.

"Man hath no power

To bind the spirit here. Immutable and pure  
Are laws that move us in our Spirit-home.  
We have no Word of God save holiest page  
Of Nature's book, spread out in panoramic view.  
Here I am blast—"

We are sorry to see that Shelley's theology is so little improved.

Then they summoned Washington, Jefferson, Calvin, and Benjamin Franklin. Washington appears to have grown very anile. He bids the living world to "be pure, have holy and God-like views, and in proportion you will progress;" and mouths and drives very much in the mountebank style. John Calvin is evidently turned Swedenborgian, since his death. That crack-brained baron of mighty genius has been converting Calvin,\* and made him to answer in paraphrase of Swedenborg's own treatise, "on heaven and hell." Benjamin Franklin, with not a very characteristic impetuosity, comes forth uncalled for; and when the authenticity of his letter is questioned, boldly offers to sign it!

A parchment is placed upon a table, and "Peace, but not without freedom," is the sentiment (so novel, so practical, so all-important, as to carry intrinsic proof of its being the subject of a special revelation) found written upon it, *subscribed by fifty-six autographs of Spirits!*

Mr. Edward P. Fowler was the medium who produced this result. Mr. Fowler's lines have fallen in pleasant places. The pillory that scared the rapping-spirit from Cock Lane has not emigrated to New York.

This New York Circle has been especially favoured.

Persons at the circle have been unexpectedly turned round with the chairs in which they were sitting, and moved to and from the table; chairs and sofas have suddenly started from their positions against the wall, and moved forward to the centre of the room, when they were required in the formation of the circle; the persons in the circle have each successively lifted his own side of the table, and the invisible power has raised the opposite side correspondingly; occasionally the spirits have raised the table entirely, and sustained it in air, at a distance of from one to three feet from the floor, so that all could satisfy themselves that no person in the flesh was touching it; lights of various colours have been placed in dark rooms; the table has often been rocked with great violence, and suddenly—and unexpectedly to the whole

\* Perhaps attention has not been sufficiently drawn to the fact that the rappers are after all but Swedenborgians. In his "Universal Theology," that mighty philosopher—of whom the multitude remember only the madness—declares that he "has conversed with Apostles, departed Popes, Emperors, and Kings; with the late reformers of the church, Luther, Calvin, and Melancthon, and with others from distant countries." Again, he says, "After death a man is so little changed that he even does not know but he is living in the present world. He eats and drinks (*scilicet the same in the castle of Prince Hohenlohe*), and even enjoys conjugal delight as in this world. . . . In a word, there is in the spiritual world all and every thing that there is in the natural world, but in heaven such things are in an infinitely more perfect state." Calvin was made by the Yankee medium to talk very much in this strain. The Swedenborgians are a numerous and wealthy set even in London. A bookseller in Queen Street, Holborn, devotes himself entirely to the sale of their writings, and few people have an idea how numerous these mediums of insanity are, nor how industriously they are disseminated.

company—it has been instantly arrested and held firm and immovable, with the upper surface inclined to an angle of some forty-five degrees, when the lamp, pencils, and other objects on the table, would slide or roll to the very edge, and there remain fixed as if rivetted to the table; a man has been suspended in, and conveyed through, the air, in all a distance of fifty feet or more.

All the simpering dandies, and pretty Misses, and ladies whose large beautiful eyes shew their best when opened in wonder, have been sitting round Belgravian Tables with little fingers linked and with Mrs. Hayden to conjure; but never yet in this lagging England has a table sprung three feet in the air and remained there in a comfortable and quiescent state. Never, so far as we know, has a dandy been carried out of window and deposited fifty feet off, on the grass of Eaton Square. There has been faith enough to remove mountains; but the miserable results have been to set a spinning a few easy rolling loo tables, some empty hats, and a considerable number of empty heads.

We have now tracked this rapping-spirit in many of his wanderings, and have shewn historically that when he told a questioner that "This new ability to communicate with the spirit world is in consequence of an improvement in the human family, for the human race have become more refined and susceptible to impression from the spiritual world than formerly" (*Sights and Sounds*, p. 443)—we have proved historically, we say, that when the rapping-spirit said this he had forgotten his own antecedent doings in Cock Lane, and in Silesia, and was in fact justifying the opinion entertained by that shrewd old American woman who told Mr. Sargent (*Sights and Sounds*, p. 447) that "the spirits would tell lies, for she had found them out in falsehood—and she didn't want to have any thing to do with them."

But it is time to re-produce our rapping spirit in England, where, after his long expatriation, and his unfortunate *fasco* in Cock Lane, he might very naturally, at first, feel a little nervous. If the rapping spirit should happen to be one of the Demons of Plato—one of those immaterial beings struck off by the Demiurgus from the great soul of the world—he may possibly have imbibed also the chronology of the mighty mystic; might believe that the great equinoxial year had rolled round, and the same series of events would turn over again. In that case our spirit might dread to become embodied again in some sexton of St. Sepulchre's, and stand again in a pillory near Smithfield. True it is, that, according to Tycho Brahe, the great year consists of 25,816 small years; but then even time moves faster in this go-a-head age.

It was reserved for a Mr. Stone, a Yankee gentleman belonging to a profession whereof



Mr. Barnum is the type, to establish the first spiritual introduction-house in England. The Matrimonial Alliance Company has, we believe, proved only a sorry speculation; but folks are much more inclined to hold conversations with old acquaintances of the next world, than to contract engagements with a denizen of this. Mr Stone brought with him a Mrs. Hayden, who had acquired a reputation in America of being a medium rather under than above the average force. He established this lady, with her husband, in a very comfortable house, No. 22, Queen Anne Street, and having done all the proper Barnum-like business of advertising, puffing, and lionizing, he pushed her into a very profitable practice. He is, as we hear, gone back again to seek for a second medium of still greater power.

Of Mrs. Hayden we wish to speak with every respect. Her manners are very good, and her conduct perfectly open and above-board. If she be an impostor, she is only so in the sense in which the conjuror was an impostor who failed to squeeze himself into a quart bottle. Her cleverness and exquisite tact can be disputed by none who have witnessed her performances.

These are of two kinds, private and public. If the candidate for spiritual conversation be anxious to have his doubts resolved in private, he betakes himself betimes to Queen Anne Street, and having deposited a guinea, he is seated at a table, a card, with the letters of the alphabet printed in two lines, and the numerals in a third line, is put into his hand, Mrs. Hayden places herself at the same table, and the *séance* begins. Mrs. Hayden puts her hand upon the table, and looking downwards, asks, "Are there any spirits present?" "Will the spirits be kind enough to manifest their presence in the usual manner?" "Is the spirit present who promised to communicate with me to-day?" One of these sentences is repeated about every three minutes, and then a dead pause. The querist, at the end of a quarter of an hour, becomes excited and impatient—the lady becomes more frequent and earnest in her expostulations. Suddenly—hark!—the visitor holds his breath—yes, there is a rap—a low faint sound, like the very light tap of a pencil upon paper, becomes audible from under the table. "I knew they would not fail me," exclaims the medium. "Now ask whether there are any spirits present who wish to hold correspondence with you." The question is asked and answered by a quick succession of little sharp taps; whereupon the visitor instantly conceives himself to be in the presence of an infinite number of inhabitants of the unseen world. If he wishes to hear any thing extraordinary he should give himself up in perfect good faith to this convic-

tion. Let him put his philosophy in his pocket for the moment, and have the faith of a child.

Now think of a friend departed. "Is the spirit whom I want to speak to present?" If the querist be a widow in her fresh weeds, her heart leaps to her throat as the single rap answers her question, for it is her husband's ghost who exists invisible before her: except in very early widowhood, we notice that relicts, who have not yet reached their grand climacteric, prefer to converse with the ghost of a mother or a sister. "Will the spirit spell his name?"

Five distinct raps.

"That means the alphabet," explains the medium.

Now does the visitor take the pencil and point to each letter upon the card before her. Ever and anon a rap is heard, which indicates the pencil is now upon the letter required. This letter is written down, and the process recommenced, until the word or sentence required to be communicated has been completed.

If the querist be of a gentle, flexible, faith-giving mind, the spirits seldom fail to reply to the questions with a rapidity and accuracy that overwhelm the mind with astonishment, awe, and terror. The most difficult names are spelt without hesitation, dates are given, events are told, the most sacred secrets are rendered up: all the knowledge that was held in common by the departed mortal and the person now questioning, is spelt upon the card, and told with the utmost accuracy. Unbelief melts into doubt, and doubt fades away and gives place to belief, belief hardens into strong conviction. The hysteric lady, as she rushes across the foot-pavement and throws herself back sobbing in her carriage, has no more doubt that she has been talking to her dead husband, than she has that her veil is of crape, or her eyes full of tears.

One would not summon the ghost of a man or woman one would not wish to see if in life. The private *séances* are for the most part domestic in their character. Husbands, fathers, sisters, daughters, bring softened hearts to the interview, and these are never disappointed.

Other emotions also are here gratified. A strong predisposition to believe may be produced by other causes. In making these inquiries we must be frank-hearted and open to conviction; and when is this state of mind produced so easily as when the conclusion to be drawn is one we would wish to be true?

We shall cite here the testimony of a regenerator of the human race—a man who all his long life has been too wise to believe the Scriptures, and who seems scarcely to have

believed in a God. Robert Owen has not been a credulous man, or rather, perhaps, his credulity has hitherto been so drawn upon for a thorough belief in himself, that he has had not a whit to spare for belief in any thing else. This sceptical philosopher has had fourteen private sittings with Mrs. Hayden. He shall himself tell the result.

While conversing with Mrs. Hayden, and while we were both standing before the fire, and talking of our mutual friends, suddenly raps were heard on a table at some distance from us, no one being near to it. I was surprised; and as the raps continued, and appeared to indicate a strong desire to attract attention, I asked what was the meaning of the sounds. Mrs. Hayden said they were made by spirits anxious to communicate with some one, and she would inquire who they were.\* They replied to her, by the alphabet, that they were friends of mine who were desirous to communicate with me. Mrs. Hayden then gave me the alphabet and pencil, and I found, according to their own statements, that the spirits were those of my mother and father. I tested their truth by various questions, and their answers, all correct, surprised me exceedingly. I have since had twelve *séances*, some of long continuance, and during which I have asked a considerable number of questions; to all of which, with one exception, I have had prompt and true answers, so far as the past and present, and very rational replies as to the future; but these last have to be tested by time. The exception was my own error, discovered afterwards.

In mixed societies, with conflicting minds, I have seen very confused answers given; but I believe, in all these cases, the errors have arisen from the state of mind of the inquirer.

The following are some of the answers which I have had from the invisible agents said by themselves to be the spirits of departed relatives and friends, and of others whom I never saw, but whom I wished to consult.

*At one Sitting.*

Q. Are there many spirits present?—A. "No."

Q. How many?—A. "Two."

Q. Who are they, and will you name them by the alphabet?—A. "Wife;" and "Mary Owen," (my youngest daughter.)

Q. What object have the spirits at this period, in thus manifesting themselves to us?—A. "To reform the world."

Q. Can I materially promote this object?—A. "You can assist in promoting it."

Q. Shall I be aided by the spirits to enable me to succeed?—A. "Yes."

Q. Shall I devote the remainder of my life to this mission?—A. "Yes."

Q. Shall I hold a public meeting to announce to the world these proceedings, or shall they be made known through the British Parliament?—A. "Through the British Parliament."

Q. Shall I also apply for an investigation of this subject to the Congress of the United States?—A. "Yes."

Q. Through the present American Ambassador? A. "Yes."

Q. When shall I next hear from my family in America?—A. "Next week." This answer has proved to be correct.

At another sitting, soon after its commencement, Mr. Smith, Editor of the "Family Herald," and a gentleman unknown to me, came in, and I was about to desist from my inquiries, and to leave them; but Mr. Smith, whom I had long known, was very urgent that I should proceed in asking the questions I intended, and I therefore proceeded.

Previous to their entrance, on its being announced that a spirit was present, I had asked—

Q. What spirit is present?—A. By the alphabet, "Benjamin Franklin."

Q. How shall I know you from other spirits, or that you are truly the spirit of Benjamin Franklin?—A. "I will give three distinct raps." And three distinct raps were given.\*

Q. Is it true that conditions can be created, through man's agency, by which all may be made to become good, wise, and happy?—A. "Yes."

Q. Are the conditions which I have had so long in my mind for this purpose, those which are the best calculated to make all good, wise, and happy?—A. "Yes."

Q. What spirit, or spirits, can and will assist and advise me in accomplishing this change?—A. "All will."

At this period of the sitting, as I found Mr. Smith could hear the raps more easily than I could, I gave him the pencil, and requested he would take down the answers. And the following are copied from his notes.

Q. Have I, as has been said, some particular guardian angel?—A. "Yes."

Q. Will you name them by the alphabet?—A. "Mary Owen," "Anne Caroline Owen," (my daughters deceased). "Robert Owen," (my father's name). "Anne Williams," (my mother's maiden name).

Q. Have I been assisted in my writings for the public by any particular spirit?—A. "Yes."

Q. What spirit?—A. "God."

(This reply was made in such a manner as to create a peculiarly awful impression on those present.)

Q. Shall I continue to be assisted by the same spirit?—A. "Yes."

Upon these solemn facts Mr. Owen thus reflects:—

Until the commencement of this investigation, a few weeks since, I believed that all things are eternal, but that there is a constant change in combinations and their results, and that there was no personal or conscious existence after death.

By investigating the history of these manifestations in America, and subsequently through these proceedings of an American medium, by whose peculiar organization manifestations are obtained, I have been compelled, contrary to my previous strong convictions, to believe in a future conscious state of life, existing in a refined material, or what is called a spiritual state.

Suppose the spirits had answered, "Woe unto thee, Robert Owen! Thou art a foolish old man, who believest not in the Saviour of the world, but puttest trust in a conjuror. Thou art but an incarnate vanity, and thy best thoughts are but as the dreams of a drunken man"—had the spirits answered thus, the evidence of their spirituality would have been just as strong, and we should be sorry for a moment to suspect that Robert Owen would not have been equally converted to a belief in a future state. How say you, shrewd Mrs. Hayden? Would this so have happened? \*

But Mrs. Hayden is no vulgar Canidia. She does not chant her spells only in secrecy. She walks forth in open day, and works her miracles before the world. For a proper con-

\* We humbly submit to Mr. Owen that this is not quite conclusive evidence of identity.



sideration she attends evening parties with her spirits.

You are dining, for instance, with Mrs. Leo Hunter. When you ascend to the drawing-room you find a new face among the ladies; an intelligent, mobile, not undesirable face, probably at the moment pushed forward in rather voluble conversation. There is something a little not quite *bon ton* in the lady's manner, and there are grammatical difficulties in her phraseology; but we must allow for the peculiarities of her position. Moreover, she mixes in so many circles! Perhaps she has just been *en rapport* with Colonel Crockett, or has been charged with bad grammar by Cobbett's ghost, who has been "running a saw" upon her. However, she is lively, agreeable, intelligent, and well-looking; so, spirits or no spirits, we have no cause to be displeased with our new acquaintance. She is of course introduced as "Mrs. Hayden, the American medium."

There is a large loo-table in the middle of the back drawing-room, and Mrs. Hayden is reclining in a comfortable chair at about three feet distance from it. Mrs. Leo Hunter is seated on one side of her, and a sentimental-looking young lady is on the other—a lion of unmistakable pretensions, who is bearded all over to conceal his ugliness, and who speaks very bad English, with a strong German accent, leans upon her chair, and struggles to monopolize her attention. But—a *l'œuvre*—'Tis time the performance should begin.

Mrs. Hayden now draws her chair forward quite up to the table, takes up a white China-silk scarf that lay in her lap, and spreads it over the back of her chair, passes her hand down to the knee, as though to smooth her dress, and then settles herself to her work. Of course our idea of the audience is quite imaginary: we describe Mrs. Hayden, however, exactly as we have seen her. These movements are all natural enough. We only record them as an observation for future observers.

The German gentleman, who tells the company that he is a convert after long investigation, and that, in fact, he is himself a medium, and who is evidently one of those fetch-and-carry tame animals of society who run to and fro between drawing-rooms and circulating libraries—the German gentleman demands pen, ink, and paper, writes out the alphabet from A to Z, and the numerals from 1 to 0. Mrs. Hayden's fair round face and twinkling eyes move round the circle as she places her hands upon the table and begs that the company will not disturb her by conversation.

Then she addresses her supernatural friends, who make it their peculiar habit to live always under a table; and after long expectation some

one hears a faint knock. The ice once broken, the little just audible sounds become more frequent. The alphabet is asked for in the usual way. Mrs. Leo Hunter takes the pencil and the German's alphabet. A knock arrests her hand as she points to "S," another as she points to "I," a third as she points to "L," and so on, until the full word "Silence" has been spelt. Mrs. Hayden looks on the paper all the time with a quiet smile, and remarks that the spirits are quite right—it is impossible to proceed amid such a buzz of conversation.

And now numerous candidates take paper and pencil in hand, summon a spirit by a wish, and ask the initial letter of his name. Some are very wrong, some are quite right. The majority are certainly altogether wrong, but a fully sufficient number are right to demonstrate that it cannot be by mere random guesses that the results are obtained. Those who get wrong answers are usually inclined to sneer, and are scowled upon and scolded at by the busy and enthusiastic German. Those who get right answers declare how wonderful it is, and believe in the spirits right off. Then comes the turn of the sentimental young lady on the left. She throws up her fine eyes and thinks of a friend, a departed companion of her tenderest woes. With tremulous hand and expectant heart she passes her pencil over the letters until she reaches "S;" a tiny rap is heard, the letter is noted down, and the alphabet is recommenced, the young lady looking astonishment and awe through all her features. This time, however, she pauses in the middle of the alphabet, and says that the proper letter has been passed—recommences, "A," rap, the "A" is noted down. Again, "B," rap, the "B" is noted down. Again, "Y," wrong, try again. Again, "E," right, the "E" is noted. "L," right. "L," right again. "A," right. The letters form "Sabella." The other name is Macintyre, and is spelt out with only three mistakes. Sabella Macintyre was the name of the young lady's deceased friend.

*Contingere omnes, intentique ora tenebant—*

but the demonstration is complete; Mrs. Hayden rises and the *séance* is ended. The German is in extasies, the sentimental young lady in tears, about one-third of the company are seen to smile, and the rest are in a great passion with them.

Sometimes the exhibition ends with a little table-turning; but as Mrs. Hayden has wisely disconnected her spirit-rappings from her table-turnings, and, seeing that it can be accomplished without her aid, very prudently attributes this phenomenon to magnetism or other natural causes, we shall not notice this just at present.

Now all the people present at this *séance*, from the gesticulating German to the wary old judge, who could not get one intelligible answer to his questions, will agree in this proposition—the curious results they have just witnessed were produced either by natural or supernatural agency.

Let us take the latter hypothesis first. We will assume, for the sake of argument, that the agency was supernatural. Well, of what nature is this supernatural agency? How is this to be determined? Clearly not by the testimony of the spirits themselves, for we know that there are evil spirits as well as good ones. Lying spirits were allowed to go forth and deceive the prophets of Ahab; the familiar spirits with whom Manasseh dealt could not have been spirits from heaven; scriptural authority is not wanting to shew that the oracles of the ancients were but the inspirations of demons; the spirits whom our Saviour cast out were not messengers from on high, but devils. If we are to admit that the age of miracles is returned, we must accept all the circumstances of the ancient miracles, and must admit of supernatural agency for evil as well as for good. By their deeds, then, shall ye know them. We cannot take their own testimony; for the first act of the evil one upon earth was to represent himself as a harmless snake. One test is evident—*this supernatural agency cannot be Christian*. The spirit that declared himself through the American medium to be Shelley avows his infidelity—

“We have no word of God, save holiest page  
Of nature's book, spread out in panoramic view.”

The spirit that declared itself to Robert Owen to be one of his daughters was not only an anti-Christian, but a Socialist spirit; for Robert Owen, although no longer a materialist, still avows himself to be an infidel: yet Robert Owen is told by this supernatural agent that his Socialist doctrines are the only means of regenerating society, that he is aided by guardian angels, and that he is inspired by God!!!

If, then, Christianity be true, and if these rappings are produced by supernatural means, they must be effected by the direct agency of the evil one. Either Mrs. Hayden is an impostor, or she is raising the DEVIL in our drawing-rooms, and introducing her votaries in Queen Anne Street to direct communion with the enemy of mankind. It was either a trick and a juggle, or it was a fiend that took the name of Percy Bysshe Shelley, that spake in the name of Franklin, and that spelt out the name of Sabella Macintyre.

The utmost stretch of credulity in the phenomena produced by these rappings can get no further than this—that testimony inconsistent with the truth of Christianity has been produced by supernatural means.

Perhaps our fair, and sensitive, and all-trusting readers may now be tempted to proceed with us in better temper to examine the other member of our alternative, namely, that these effects were produced by perfectly natural means.

In the first place, these phenomena have none of the characteristics of a miracle. The strong improbabilities of a spirit conversing with men by means of a tap upon a piece of furniture, lie upon the surface of the case, and would be quite sufficient to convince any reasoning mind that the performance can be no more than a conjuring trick. But the spirits are often wrong. Surely it would be a much greater miracle that a spirit should be deceived in the spelling of a word, than that a mortal should be deceived as to the presence of a spirit. Moreover, these spiritual manifestations are barren of results. Nothing has ever been told by them which required the least supernatural knowledge to tell. Zoroaster, Mahomet, even Mokanna, nay, Swedenborg himself, in his madness—every false pretender to revelation has had some real mundane genius in his revelations; but these upholstery supernaturals have not only never taught us any lesson of wisdom, but they have never shewn themselves equal in intelligence to a sensible mortal. They have only spoken the mouthing of ignorant mountebanks: they have said just what the medium might have been expected to say, had he tried to say something fine. Compare this miracle with the test we proposed at the commencement of this paper, and we shall find that there is no one particular in which it varies from the commonest conjuring trick—no one point in which it agrees with a true miracle.

But then, how is it done? Gently! Surely it is not necessary, in order to prove that a performance is not supernatural, to shew how it is accomplished. We confess we have no idea how it is that coins fall into the suspended glass box at the moment M. Robin commands them so to do; we have no exact notion how every conjuror manages to pour fifty different liquors out of the same glass bottle, or how the pudding is cooked in the hat; but we hope we are not therefore bound to believe these things to be done by the agency of spirits. If any thing is presented to our senses which is unexplainable by our experience, the proper conclusion is, not that it is a miracle, but that it is the result of some natural law unknown to the beholder, or that it is a deception. When Strabo heard the sound proceeding from the vocal statue of Memnon he very wisely believed only that it proceeded from the action of the air upon the stone, in some manner which he could not explain, or that it was produced by some one of the assistant priests. That Strabo was right in his unbelief we all now know.

As a matter of curiosity, we shall try to explain the manner in which this rapping trick is done; but whether our explanation should happen to be true or false will have no bearing upon the evidence that this is a trick, and nothing more.

As to the production of the sounds, we need scarcely pause to account for them. Any one in the company could, with half-an-hour's practice, and by a dozen different contrivances, produce raps at pleasure, just as well as any medium in England or America. A friend of ours can do it perfectly by flipping his great toe against the next toe, which is certainly the most artistic and undiscoverable method, when the conformation of the performer will favour it: but the soles of the boots flipped together, or a castanet under the knee—all or any of these, or of a hundred other contrivances, would produce the raps. Nor, indeed, would there be the least difficulty in managing that the sounds should appear to come from any part of the room. It is, however, absurd to labour this point. If any one is so ignorant as to believe there is any thing difficult in the mere production of the raps, we recommend him or her to spend an hour in reading Sir David Brewster's *Letters on Natural Magic*.

But how is that sequence of raps which indicates words produced? Simply by great quickness and shrewdness of observation in the medium. It is only excitable and excited persons who succeed; and such persons invariably indicate, and cannot avoid indicating to a quick eye, when the pencil is pointing to the letter they expect.

The mode of action of the immaterial upon the material part of man is still as much a mystery as at the moment of the first exercise of human volition, when Adam sprang upwards from the earth to receive the blessing of his maker. John Bovee Dods, the most elaborately impudent of the Yankee mesmerists, settles it at once by telling us that "electricity is the agent which the soul employs to contract and relax the muscles, and to produce all the voluntary and involuntary motions of the body." This may or may not be so, for all that we or Mr. Dods can tell; but if so, we are just as much at a loss to know how the soul acts upon electricity, as we were to discover how the soul acts upon the muscles: in fact, we know nothing of this but from its results. These results are, however, open to common observation. There is *naturally* so strong a sympathy between the emotions of the soul and the nerves and muscles, that every passing sentiment is mirrored upon the countenance and vibrates through the body. Hold the pulse of a child while he silently reads a list of names wherein, at long intervals, occur

those of persons whom he loves and others whom he fears; there will be no difficulty whatever in noting, by the altered vibrations, when it is that the names known to him are passing through his mind. This is a common experiment, and, in the hands of a person practised to a delicate measurement of pulsations, it never fails. This sympathy between mind and matter is, however, greater or less according to the greater force or delicacy of organization. A strong man, or a strong mind, may govern, restrain, or even altogether neutralize it by an effect of volition—by a powerful WILL, disciplined to acquire empire over the muscles, and watchful to retain it. The Stoics made this discipline of the will the basis of their philosophy: the Red tribes of America pursued the same object with still greater success. It was wittily said of Prince Talleyrand, that if you kicked him hard behind, and then looked into his face, you would see there only the habitual placid smile. A mind is weak or strong in proportion as the WILL is more or less capable of governing the involuntary emotions.

The attraction of woman lies in the delicacy of her organization: her springs of action are in her affections—her involuntary impulses. The power of man lives in the strength of his intellect—the energy of a will disciplined by thought to control his instincts. Work these truths out, and we see at once why it is that the most loveable women and the most foolish men are easily read by Mrs. Hayden, and form the bulk of her dupes.

When we are told, therefore, that certain persons only are capable of conversing with the spirits, the plain English of the phrase is, that persons of weak or undisciplined minds make manifest, to a keen and practised observer, either by a pause or tremulous motion, or an expression of countenance, when the pencil is pointing to the letter which is expected to be indicated by a rap.

All the known facts are exactly in conformity with this explanation. During one of Mrs. Hayden's *séances*, wherein she had made some extraordinary hits, and gained a great many converts, the writer of this paper took the card, with the following result:—

The first essay was with the alphabet—standing *behind* Mrs. Hayden's chair, and questioning aloud.

Q. Is the individual I am thinking of present?—A. An affirmative rap.

Q. Will you spell his name?—A. N. K. P. L. J.

Q. What did he die of?—A. R. X. F. P.

We thought the lady looked a little surprised when we declared the answers to be, upon the whole, satisfactory.

The next was upon the affirmative or nega-

tive answers. The spirit, having duly announced his presence, we wrote upon paper—

Q. Was Mahomet the prophet of God?—A. "Yes."

Q. Is Mahometanism, in every respect preferable to Christianity?—A. "Yes."

We now shifted our position, and sat at the table, allowing Mrs. Hayden to see the pencil as it moved, and pausing each time slightly upon the letter we wanted. The result was as follows:—

Q. Is the spirit I am thinking of present?—A. "Yes."

Q. Will you be good enough to spell his name?—A. "S. A. M. P. S. O. N."

Q. Which did you prefer when alive, Port or Sherry?—A. "Sherry."

Q. What would you do with the House of Commons?—A. "Pull it down."

Q. How many noses has Prince Albert?—A. "Eighty-three."

Any one may obtain the same results as we did, by adopting the same means.\*

We borrow from our weekly contemporary "the Leader" a report of a similar experience.

\* We have spoken only of Mrs. Hayden, but there are several other media who gather contributions from the credulous in this metropolis. Among them is a Mr. Hardinge, who lives in Somerset Street, and who used to advertise in the *Times*, "Real Useful Spirit-Rappings." In the Temple there exists a Society of twelve barristers, who, under the name of the *Δώδεκα*, meet once a week at each other's chambers, to converse upon any new topic of literature or science. It happened that the meeting was held some weeks since in the chambers of Oliver Goldsmith, and as the members were naturally interested in the fortunes of Poor Noll, Mr. Hardinge was engaged to put the Society into communication with his spirit.

At the appointed hour Mr. Hardinge appeared, accompanied by a female, whom he introduced as his "medium," and a youth whom he presented as a most interesting person, who had twice attempted suicide, and had once tried to murder his mother. Mr. Hardinge did not make a favourable impression upon his company. There was a confusion about his aspirates, and a volubility of faulty syntax that made people doubt the possibility of his intimacy with the spirits of Priscian and Lindley Murray; so that, in spite of his reiterated efforts to consume time with illiterate rhodomontade, the "chamber" decided upon passing to the order of the day.

Thus pressed, the magician and his medium seated themselves at a Pembroke table, placed in the middle of the room, the flaps being up, and declared their intention of commencing proceedings by—singing a hymn! As this smacked a little of blasphemy, it was suggested that unless the preliminary was absolutely essential to the performance, it would better square with the prejudices of those present if it were omitted. Mr. Hardinge very kindly assented, and the two operators having placed their hands upon the table, the exhibition began.

Mr. Hardinge, looking under the table, in an affectionate and rather coaxing tone asked—

"My dear grandfather, are you present? If you are, pray signify your presence in the usual way."

Two of the legs of the table immediately left the floor and gave three distinct raps.

Mr. Hardinge declared that the spirit of his grandfather was at our service, ready to fetch any other spirit who might be desired.

The *Δώδεκα* begged him to send for the spirit of Lord Bacon, the object being to obtain some information as to

The communication is signed "G. H. Lewes," and the writer appears to have had better opportunity than we had for elaborating his experiment.

I thought of a relative of mine, and said aloud, "I should like to know if she is present." Rapping answered "Yes." Observed the person I thought of was a real person—I was planning no trap this time, because the experiment was to be every way conclusive. I passed my pencil equally along the alphabet without once lingering, until after I had passed the letter J, with which her name began. Finding that I was not to have the real name, I thought I would try if I could not make the raps answer where I pleased. I chose N. Raps came; N was written down. What name, thought I, shall it be? Naomi or Nancy? Before I had finally settled, my pencil had passed A, and as I saw E, I determined E should be the letter, and E was indicated. N E, of course, would do for Nelly, and Nelly was spelled. Then came the surname, which ought to have begun with H; but as my pencil did not linger at H, on we passed until we came to S, which was indicated without any intention on my part. I had then to invent some name beginning with S, which was not done at once, from the very *embarras de richesses*. However, I thought O would do, and O was indicated; then R; and after that I resolved the name should be

a disputed passage in the *Novum Organon*; for it was agreed, that if any such information was obtained through Mr. Hardinge, it could only be by a miracle.

The table, as interpreted by Mr. Hardinge, intimated that Lord Bacon would be present in four minutes.

All this time the female had been sitting with her hands resting upon the flap of the Pembroke table. It was very evident that a very slight pressure upon her part would produce precisely the result of making the more distant legs of the table rap the floor exactly as we had witnessed. It was objected, therefore, that nothing had been done which was not strictly in accordance with all the known laws of mechanics—that pressure upon one end of a lever would infallibly raise the other end. Mr. Hardinge somewhat indignantly protested that we ought to believe that no physical force had been used. The *Δώδεκα* replied, that although it had been quite an unexpected honour to them that a lady should be introduced to their meeting (for in truth Mr. Hardinge had been chosen only because it was thought there might be a difficulty in asking Mrs. Hayden to be present at an un-mixed assembly of men), and although no one could think of doubting any assertion she might be so good as to make, still it would be better that the table should be turned, so that her hands might rest upon the solid part of it, and not upon the flap. This was accordingly done.

After this operation the table moved no more. The knuckles of the medium grew white with exertion, and Mr. Hardinge made what were considered to be very palpable efforts to aid her. He called plaintively upon his "dear grandfather," and upon all others "his dear relatives" collectively, but they were all absent—scared away, as he intimated, by the evil spirits present. The *Δώδεκα*, to be accommodating, said they would put up with an evil spirit for this once; but Mr. Hardinge promptly declared that he would not be responsible for what might occur. His audience as promptly released him from all responsibility. But Mr. Hardinge had principles: he would not be interpreter to any evil spirit. He confessed that the *séance* had failed—the spirit had told him it would be so before the party left home, &c. &c. &c. And so ended this clumsy imitation of an imposture.

We by no means use this as an argument against the "real rapping spirits;" but surely it is a sad proof of the insane credulity of mankind that such bunglers as these should make dupes—and profits.

Sorel. It is unnecessary to follow further thus in detail my first trial; enough if I add that Nelly Sorel informed me she died in 1855, leaving six children, two of whom were boys, the eldest fourteen; every answer being ludicrously wrong, but declared by me to be "astonishing;" which declaration was accepted in perfect faith by the medium, who thought she had got one good, credulous listener, at all events. That was my object: to make her fall into my trap it was necessary she should believe I was her dupe.

As far as my hypothesis went, it was confirmed by this conversation. I knew that it was the questioner who supplied the answer, and I made the answer turn out whatever I pleased; not, be it remembered, having that answer originally in my mind, so as to admit of any pretended "thought reading," but framing the answer according to the caprice of the moment, and invariably receiving the answer I had resolved on. Now you have only to replace acted credulity for real credulity, and the trick is explained. What I did consciously, the credulous do unconsciously. I spelled the words, so do they. The medium knows nothing: she guesses according to the indications you give, and only guesses right when you give right indications: therefore, if you ask what you, and you alone can answer, she will answer it only on the supposition that you indicate by your manner what the answer is. But if any doubt lingers in your mind, let this my second trial suffice. I had called up the spirit of one who *did* exist; it was now my turn to call up one who never did exist. I asked for one of the *Eumenides*; the ready answer assured me of her presence! So, then, I was at last in actual communication with one of the awful troupe—*Θαυμαστός Λόχος*—who "snore" so fearfully in *Æschylus*—one in whose nostrils the scent of human blood *laughed*, as we are told—

ὄσμη βρότων αἱμάτων μέ πρόσγελῃ.

What "emendations" might I not get from her! A bishopric was evidently within my grasp!

The result of my interview was, that she died six years ago, aged twenty-five, leaving seven children; facts for the first time placed at the disposal of some future Bloomfield. I called her back subsequently, to ask her what *sect* she belonged to when in life, (I asked this question audibly, not mentally—as, indeed, I had all the others), and the answer was, *Jew*. A Greek ghost embracing Judaism!

To shew how completely the answers are made at random, when no clue is given, but only a "Yes" or "No" is required, here are four questions I wrote on a piece of paper, and the answers I received:—

"Had the ghost of Hamlet's father seventeen noses?"—"Yes."

"Had Semiramis?"—"Yes."

"Was Pontius Pilate an American?"—"No."

"Was he a leading tragedian?"—"Yes."

I thought Mr. Purcell would have had a stroke of apoplexy, when I shewed him these questions: how he restrained the convulsion of laughter is a mystery.

Let me not forget, that when Mr. Purcell called up a spirit the answers were tolerably correct: not quite, but still near enough to be curious to one unsuspecting. He confessed afterwards, however, that he had semi-consciously assisted the medium. But, in his second conversation, he called up the spirit of an old family servant, who, at an advanced age, married an elderly woman, and who subsequently drowned himself. These were the questions and answers, as written down:—

"Does James miss his children?"—"Yes." (Never had any.)

"How many had he?"—"Yes."

"How many boys?"—"Yes."

"What did he die of?"—"Wafer."

To explain this "wafer," it may be observed that Mr. Purcell meant the death to be called water on the chest,

which was his fallacious hint by way of an explanation of drowning; and, when he said aloud that the word was incorrectly spelled *wafer*, whereas it ought to have been water on the chest, Mrs. Hayden pointed triumphantly to the accuracy, "only one letter wrong, you see; *wafer*, instead of *water*!" and she referred to this several times in the course of the evening.

I have not half exhausted my stock of questions and answers written down at the time, but the foregoing will surely suffice; and, should they be deemed inconclusive, perhaps this one will close the question. As I had been so very successful in getting correct answers, and was evidently regarded by the spirits with singular partiality, they never declining to answer any question I put, it occurred to me to write this question on my paper, which I shewed to Mr. Purcell:—

"Is Mrs. Hayden an impostor?"

An unequivocal "Yes," was the answer; and, to make assurance doubly sure, Mr. Purcell affected not to hear that answer; so we repeated the question, and again were assured that she *was* an impostor. This was the most satisfactory answer of the evening, and I felt very sorry that the medium was a woman—not a man, to whom I could have said, "I asked the spirits if you were an impostor, and you hear them declare you to be one."

Even in America, that land of wonders, the progress of the media has not been altogether uncontested: even the Foxes, the founders of the sect, were strongly impeached of imposture upon the testimony of an accomplice.

Mrs. Norman Culver, a connexion by marriage of the Fox family, in a sort of deposition, or rather declaration, since it was not made upon oath, dated April 17th, 1851, related as follows:—

"Catherine wanted some one to help her [make the rappings], and said that if I would become a *medium*, she would explain it all to me. She said that when my cousin consulted the spirits, I must sit next to her, and touch her arm when the right letter was called. I did so, and was able to answer nearly all the questions correctly. After I had helped her in this way a few times, she revealed to me the secret. The raps are produced with the toes. All the toes are used. After nearly a week's practice, with Catherine shewing me how, I could produce them perfectly myself. At first it was very hard work to do it. Catherine told me to warm my feet, or put them in warm water, and it would then be easier work to rap: she said that she sometimes had to warm her feet three or four times in the course of an evening. I found that heating my feet did enable me to rap a great deal easier.

"Catherine told me how to manage to answer the questions. She said it was generally easy enough to answer right, if the one who asked the questions called the alphabet. She said the reason why they asked people to write down several names on paper, and then point to them till the spirit rapped at the right one, was to give them a chance to watch the countenance and motions of the person, and that in that way they could nearly always guess right. She also explained how they held down and moved tables. She told me that all I should have to do to make the raps heard on the table, would be to put my foot against the bottom of the table when I rapped; and that when I wished to make the raps sound distant on the wall, I must make them louder, and direct my own eyes earnestly to the spot where I wished them to be heard. She said if I could put my foot against the bottom of the door the raps would be heard on the top of the door. Catherine told me that when the committee held their ankles in Rochester, the Dutch servant girl with her knuckles under the floor, from the cellar, girl was instructed to rap whenever she heard their voices calling the spirits. Catherine also shewed me how they made the sounds of sawing and planing boards. When I

was at Rochester, last January, Margaretta told me that when people insisted on seeing her feet and toes, she could produce a few raps with her knees and ankles."

Here is positive testimony added to strong probability; but of course this was quite incredible. The mob had swallowed the deception, and digest it they would and will.

We have now done with this part of the subject, and with Mr. Spicer's book, which is about as discreditable a piece of literary handicraft as has come under our notice. There is a certain bad style of periodical literature in America that exists entirely by padding to the last new superstition that may "come along," as the Americans say. Spirit-rapping has some scores of these papers and reviews in its interest; and Mr. Spicer has made up his book by extracts from these periodicals. This is the secret of "Sights and Sounds." The wonders of the spirit-rappers have taken the place of the stories about men who were so tall that they were obliged to get up a ladder to shave themselves, and such like polished bits of wonderment. The English people who follow such a lead are about upon a par with those who thought there was a great deal in Bloomerism, and who, if it were powerfully put to them, would probably think that Joe Smith might after all not unlikely be a great prophet.

We do hope, in the name of common sense, English good taste, and our common bond of Christianity, that this blasphemous absurdity is now demolished, and that any lady will be henceforth voted *mauvais ton* who tolerates one of these orgies in her drawing-room.

We have left ourselves very little room\* to deal with the table-turning miracle; nor, indeed, will it require any great discussion. "Mysteries," says Goëthe, "are not necessarily miracles." Philosophy accepts many facts for which she has hitherto found no satisfactory explanation. Sir David Brewster notices with full credence, but without pretending to account for it, the common experiment, whereby a heavy man is raised with the greatest facility when he is lifted up the instant that his own lungs and those of the persons who raise him are inflated with air.\* Faraday is daily

producing phenomena scarcely less inconsistent with our preconceived notions of natural laws than is this table-turning; and he appears to be slowly and carefully mining his way to some great result.

The first table-turners were two American girls. In 1849, when Margaret and Catherine Fox, prompted probably by that mysterious impulse to imposture, which in some persons (as in the "Princess Carraboo," the "Female Jesuit," and a hundred others whom we might name) appears to amount to insanity, invented or adopted the new creed of spirit-rapping, they invented at the same time the rotatory motion of tables. This table-moving was one of their proofs of the presence of departed spirits.

The Germans of course seized upon the new mystery. A German merchant at New York communicated it to his brother in Bremen, with instructions how to repeat the operation. The German succeeded, the news spread, Dr. Andée published in the "Gazette d'Augsbourg" full reports of his experiments.

The "mode opératoire" is thus explained, by M. Roubaud†—

#### 1°. THE PENDULUM.

The most simple experiment, and which can be made by a single person, is that performed with a watch, or any other object, such as a ring, a book, a bunch of trinkets, &c., suspended by a metallic chain, or by a thread.

The chain or string, at the end of which the watch is suspended, is held at the other end by the fingers of the experimenter, so as to hang like a plumb-line, or a pendulum. The watch, made immovable, and left to itself, begins to move after one, two, or three minutes at the utmost, and performs all the movements which are ordered by the will, rotatory motions from right to left, or from left to right, oscillations in any direction, remains immovable, and delays or quickens its movements; in a word, is entirely submissive to the will.

#### 2°. THE HAT.

After the experiment with the pendulum, I think that beginners ought to practise with a man's hat, because that

persons takes hold of the body as before, and the person to be lifted gives two signals by clapping his hands. At the first signal he himself and the four lifters begin to draw a long and full breath, and when the inhalation is completed, or the lungs filled, the second signal is given for raising the person from the chair. To his own surprise, and that of his bearers, he rises with the greatest facility, as if he were no heavier than a feather. On several occasions I have observed that when one of the bearers performs his part ill, by making the inhalation out of time, the part of the body which he tries to raise is left as it were behind. As you have repeatedly seen this experiment, and have performed the part both of the load and of the bearer, you can testify how remarkable the effects appear to all parties, and how complete is the conviction, either that the load has been lightened, or the bearer strengthened, by the prescribed process."

† While translating this extract, we discovered that the book has already been translated into English, and published as an original English work, "by a Physician." Very discreditable this to the publishers.

\* Sir David Brewster thus states the circumstances of this very curious experiment:—

"This experiment was, I believe, first shown in England a few years ago by Major H., who saw it performed in a large party at Venice, under the direction of an officer of the American Navy. As Major H. performed it more than once in my presence, I shall describe, as nearly as possible, the method which he prescribed. The heaviest person in the party lies down upon two chairs, his legs being supported by the one and his back by the other. Four persons, one at each leg and one at each shoulder, then try to raise him, and they find his dead weight to be very great, from the difficulty they experience in supporting him. When he is replaced in the chair, each of the four



object, always at hand, offers little resistance, on account of its lightness, and presents nevertheless a surface large enough on which to place four or six hands.

The support to be made use of must be of wood, of any kind, such as a dining-table, but without marble or a cover; without marble, because that body is not easily penetrated by the fluid; without a cover, on account of the inequalities caused by the intertwining of the threads, which are in fact physical obstacles.

On the surface of the table, which should be smooth or polished, the hat may be placed in any position; but it had better be placed in a perpendicular position, resting on the external part of the crown.

The phenomenon may be produced by two persons facing one another: they cover the brim of the hat with their hands, only connected by their little fingers; alternating the position, that is to say, by each placing them so that one *should cover*, and the other *be covered*. There should be no pressure on the hat; a simple contact is required. Moreover, the wishes of the experimenters must not contradict one another: they must either be withheld or tend towards the same motion. This last condition always quickens the emission of the fluid; but as it is not necessary, the experimenters may talk and laugh, provided they do not alter the position of their hands. All being thus arranged, patience alone is required.

After waiting for a time, which varies from a few minutes to three-quarters or even a whole hour, a strange sensation of heat and tingling is felt in the joints of the elbows, wrist, and fingers, and all along the nerves of the arms and hands. This sensation is always a favourable symptom, and revives the hopes of experimentalists who have waited long.

Almost immediately after, two or three sensations of tingling oscillations are felt; first, hardly perceptible, but they soon become so, and attract the attention of the experimenter. This increased application of the mind would instantaneously produce the phenomenon; but the hands of the experimenters, by an organic contraction, independent of the will, press the hat with greater force, and thus oppose a resistance which it cannot overcome. This kind of spasmodic convulsion of the fingers does not take place with persons forewarned. Beginners must think of it, and must not forget that the slightest contact is sufficient.

When the hat is not under the influence of the will, the movement produced is always rotatory. It turns with a velocity which varies according to the physical or individual circumstances which act upon the fluid. When the motion is too slow, it can always be increased by the power of the will.

The will can also alter the direction of the rotatory motion, or change its character, and make the hat advance without rotations, either backwards or forwards, to the right or to the left.

### 3°. THE TABLE.

The experiment made with a table is similar to that just described, but on a larger scale.

If we bear in mind the conditions of success which I have mentioned in the preceding chapter, we must choose in preference to others a wooden table without marble, standing on castors well oiled, or turning easily on its stand, the weight of which being in proportion with its surface, will correspond with the number of persons about to take part in the experiment.

*The floor on which the table is to stand should be perfectly even, and without any carpet. The roughness of the joinings and the intertwining of the threads of the web are obstacles which may prevent the table from either moving or turning.* To relieve the tedium of waiting, the experimenters should be of different sex, in nearly equal proportions, and placed alternately.

Placed in this manner, whether sitting or standing, the experimenters will lay their hands, with the palm downwards, on the table, and will put them in contact with

their neighbour's by means of their little fingers, so that each will have one finger *covered*, and the other *covering*.

As in the experiment of the hat, and in all others in which several persons assist, the wills must not be opposed. It would be better in the first experiments to give no particular directions to the table, and to wait until the rotatory motion has been produced. The time required for this is not always the same. Sometimes it takes only a few minutes, and at other times about three-quarters of an hour, or even an hour.

I have said before that the hands should be laid on the table with the palms downwards. But this is not essential, for I have also obtained positive results in laying my hands either on their back, or on the edges of the thumb and hypothenor.

The point of communication throughout the party may also be varied. The little finger may be replaced by any other finger, and even by the whole hand, taking care, however, that each should have a part *covered* and a part *covering*. This condition is as necessary to give out the requisite fluid as an alternate piece of zinc and of copper to the voltaic pile.

The experimenters must only communicate with each other by that part of their body which is in direct communication with the table. The phenomenon is never produced if any other communication exist either among themselves or with persons who do not form the chain.

But the table may be touched during its motion, for I have often done so with my chest or feet, without stopping its rotation or altering its submissiveness to my will.

Like all other objects submitted to the influence of this fluid, the table alters the direction and the character of its movement at the will of the operators. It will not, however, always be easy to make it go forwards or backwards, to the right or to the left, on account of the resistance offered by stiff castors, or some obstructions in the floor.

With the exception of such material obstacles, which are always avoidable, I do not know of any circumstance which could prevent (I must not say delay) the manifestation of the phenomenon.

Now it is no part of our business to prove that all this is utter nonsense. Directly the supernatural part of the story is given up, we have no objection to table-turning as an experiment. It is possible, just possible, that there may be some subtle fluid, whereby mind acts upon matter; and it may also be that that fluid may be so used as to act, not only upon organic bodies, such as the nerves and muscles of man, but also upon inorganic bodies, such as hats and tables. All this may turn out so to be, but at present nothing seems less likely.

Any one who will take the trouble to observe the conditions of the experiment will see that it is necessary that the table should move with the smallest possible amount of impulsive force. The castors must be oiled, the top must be light, the carpet must be taken up. With all these facilities for locomotion, and with twelve hands pressed upon it, and with twelve earnest wills giving those hands a slight involuntary tendency one way, it must be a very obdurate table that will not move. As to the pendulum experiment, it is, as M. Roubaud ought to know, a vulgar error long since exploded. The matter has recently been inquired into by the Academy of Sciences at

Paris, and attention has been drawn to experiments made so long ago as 1812, by M. Chevreul, and reported in a letter printed in the *Revue des deux Mondes* in the year 1833.

M. Chevreul says—

"The pendulum I used was an iron ring suspended by a hempen cord: it had been arranged by a woman who was very demure that I should myself verify the phenomenon observable whenever she placed it over water, a lump of metal, or a living creature. It was not, I acknowledge, without surprise that I observed its recurrence when I held the string of the pendulum in my right hand over some mercury in my pneumatic trough, then over an anvil, several animals, &c. I concluded from these trials, that if there were only, as I had been assured, a certain number of bodies that would affect the oscillations of the pendulum, it might happen that, in interposing other bodies between these and the pendulum when in motion, it would cease to oscillate. In spite of this presumption, however, to my great astonishment, after having taken in my left hand a plate of glass, a cake of resin, &c., and having placed one of these bodies between the mercury and the pendulum while beating rapidly, I saw the oscillation gradually decrease, and finally cease. They recommenced when the intervening body was withdrawn, and stopped anew by the interposition of the same body. These phenomena were repeated several times, with a regularity truly remarkable, whether the intervening body were held by myself or by another. The more extraordinary the results, the more I felt the necessity of verifying if they were independent of any muscular movement of the arm, as I had been assured in the most positive manner. For this purpose I lent the right arm supporting the pendulum, upon a wooden prop, which I moved forward at will from the shoulder to the hand, and returned from the hand to the shoulder. I soon remarked that, in the first case, the movement of the pendulum decreased in proportion more as the fulcrum was brought nearer to the hand, and that it ceased when the fingers holding the string were themselves propped; while under opposite circumstances the contrary effect resulted.

I thought, after that, that it was very probable that an involuntary muscular movement had given rise to the phenomenon, and was induced to give greater weight to that consideration from a vague recollection of having been in a *very remarkable state* when following the oscillations of the pendulum held in my hand.

I repeated my experiments, keeping the arm perfectly free; and I convinced myself that the recollection, of which I have just spoken, was not an illusion, for I felt very sensibly, while following the oscillations of the pendulum, a strong *tendency to the movement* which, quite involuntary as it seemed to me, was still much more powerful when the pendulum described an extended arc. From that I inferred, that if I repeated the experiments with my eyes bandaged the results might be different. This is precisely what happened.

While the pendulum oscillated over the mercury a fillet was applied to my eyes: the motion soon diminished; but although the oscillations were feeble, they did not diminish sensibly by the presence of the bodies which had appeared to arrest them in my first experiments.

Finally, starting from the moment when the pendulum was at rest, I still held it for a quarter of an hour over the mercury, without its shewing any tendency to resume its motion. During this interval, unknown to me, the glass plate and the cake of resin had been interposed and withdrawn several times.

This is the way in which I explain these phenomena:—

While I held the pendulum, a muscular movement of the arm, although imperceptible to me, set the pen-

dulum moving from its state of rest, and the oscillations, once commenced, were soon augmented by the influence exercised by the sight in inducing that remarkable disposition or tendency to motion. Now, it must be borne in mind that this muscular movement, when even increased by that very disposition, is still feeble enough to stop of itself. I do not say under the empire of the will, but simply under the idea of trying if such a thing can arrest it.

There is, then, an intimate connection established between certain movements and the action of the idea relating to them, although that idea may not be the will which influences the muscular organs. It is on this account that the phenomena I have described seem to me to be psychologically of some interest besides pertaining, in some respects, to the history of the sciences. They prove how easy it is for us to assume illusions for realities every time that we investigate a phenomenon affecting our senses, and that, too, under circumstances which have not yet been sufficiently analysed. In short, had I limited my experiments to causing the pendulum to oscillate over certain bodies, and to the cessation of those oscillations when the glass, the resin, &c., were interposed between the pendulum and the bodies which seemed to determine the motion, then certainly I should have no reason to doubt the efficacy of the divining rod, or of any other thing of the like kind.

Now it will be easily understood how honest and intelligent men are sometimes induced to entertain altogether chimerical ideas to account for the phenomena not immediately belonging to that physical world with which we are acquainted. I can readily believe, then, that a man acting in all good faith, whose whole attention is fixed at the moment on the motion that a twig in his hand may, from some cause or other, take, unknown to him, may assume, from the slightest circumstance, the tendency to a motion necessary to induce the manifestation which engrosses him: for instance, if this man search for a spring, and if his eyes be uncovered, the appearance of the luxuriant green turf over which he walks may incite in him, unconsciously to himself, the muscular motion requisite to agitate the twig by the association established between the idea of active vegetation and that of water.

The preceding facts, and the interpretation I have given them, have led me to connect them with others observable every day: by this connection, the analysis of these things becomes at once more simple and precise, at the same time that it enables us to collect a mass of facts of which the general interpretation is susceptible of great extension. But before proceeding further, let it be borne clearly in mind that my observations present two circumstances worthy of note:—

1st. The belief that a pendulum held in the hand can move spontaneously, and that it moves without entailing the consciousness that the muscular agent affords it any impulse: *this is the first fact.*

2d. Seeing this pendulum oscillate, the oscillations become quicker by the influence of the sight over the muscular organ, and always unconsciously: *this is fact the second.*

The tendency to motion developed in us by the sight of a body in motion is indeed observable in many cases: for instance,

1st. When the attention is entirely absorbed by the sight of a bird, by a stone cleaving the air, by flowing water, &c., the body of the beholder receives an impulse in a manner more or less marked in the direction of the moving body.

2d. When any one, playing either at ball or billiards, follows with his eye the body to which he has communicated motion, he insensibly bends in the direction which he desires the body to move, as if it were possible for him still to direct it towards the point he wishes it to attain.

When we walk on a slippery surface, every one knows with what promptitude we throw ourselves into



a direction opposite to that to which the want of equilibrium inclines us; but one circumstance, less generally known, is, that a tendency to motion manifests itself when it is quite impossible for us to move according to that tendency; for example, in a carriage, the fear of being overturned stiffens us in the direction opposed to that which threatens us, and the result of our efforts is strenuous in proportion to the degree of fright and excitement. I believe that, in ordinary falls, the act of falling is less to be dreaded than the exertion to prevent a fall. It is on this ground that I comprehend the applicability of the proverb, "*There is a Providence for children and for drunken men.*"

The tendency to motion, in a determinate sense, resulting from the attention given to a certain object, seems to me the first cause of many phenomena generally attributed to imitation. Thus, in the case of our attention, either by the eye or the ear, being drawn to a person yawning, the muscular impulse of a yawn is commonly the consequence. I might say as much of the contagion of laughter; and that very example, more than any other analogy, presents a fact which seems to me greatly to strengthen the explanation I give of these phenomena. That is, if a fit of laughter, faint at first, can, if it be prolonged, quicken itself (as we have seen the oscillation of the pendulum held in the hand increase in strength under the influence of the sight), and laughter, thus quickening itself, may finally terminate in convulsions.

I doubt not but that the spectacle of certain actions is qualified to act strongly upon our frail organization; that the animated recital of the voice, or the gesture accompanying those actions, or even the mere allusion to them occurring in the course of our reading, may impel certain individuals to those very actions, in consequence of a tendency to motion which determines thus mechanically, to an act that would never have entered into their contemplation without some impulse independent of the will, to which they would never have been led by that feeling termed instinct in animals.

In bringing to a close the explanation of the facts which appear to me to be allied with my observations, I think I ought to make a remark in connection with what I have here advanced, but which might escape some readers; it is, that this tendency to motion, to which I refer the first cause of a great number of our actions, only occurs when we are under that peculiar influence which magnetisers style "*faith.*"

The existence of that state is perfectly demonstrated by my experiments; indeed, so long as I believed the motion of the pendulum held in my hand possible, so long has it continued; but after having once satisfied myself as to the cause, found it no longer possible to reproduce it. It is because we are not always in the same condition that we do not constantly experience the same impression of the same thing.

Thus the yawning of another does not always make us yawn: laughter does not always communicate itself from the laughter to his neighbour, &c. The great orator, who wishes to make the crowd share in the passion by which he is animated does not at once attain his object: he begins by inclining his audience to it, and until he has mastered that, he does not launch his last argument, his last shaft. The great poet, the great author, use continually the same artifice: they first prepare the reader to receive a final impression.

There is nothing more curious, in the study of the causes which determine men's actions, than the knowledge of the means employed by the trader to arrest and fix the attention of a purchaser upon the qualities of the goods he endeavours to dispose of; the means adopted by the juggler to draw from the pack one particular card in preference to another, or to force the attention of the spectator upon a certain object, in order to divert it from another; a distraction, without which the juggler would not occasion the surprise it is the leading object of his art to effect. It results from these considerations that

the most opposite callings employ means precisely analogous, however different they may seem, to effect the same end—that of first seizing upon a man's attention, to produce subsequently the effect desired.

I believe that my observations are allied to the explanation of the faculties of animals; that it is to such of their acts as are attributable to the instincts of the class I have spoken of. It is more especially to animals living in herds that these considerations apply; and it seems to me interesting to study, in connection with this topic, the influence of the "leaders" or chiefs over the subordinate individuals. Indeed, do not the facts I have cited throw some light on the cause of the fascination of one animal by another?"

This is the secret of the whole mystery. An involuntary muscular motion following the inclination of the will sets the table spinning. We have ourselves seen a lady moving a hat round with a force that would have almost moved a piano, pale in the face and convulsive in her grasp, yet declaring most conscientiously and solemnly, and, so far as she knew, most truly, that she was doing nothing to move the hat round, and was only following it. If there were any electrical influence exerted upon the table, the table would gyrate under the hands of the operators as soon as charged. In at least fifteen out of twenty of these successful table-turning cases, some one of the party gets tired and bored, and gives the table a little shove to send it off; then every one thinks that his hand *must* move with the table, so each gives a little pressure, and the table goes round. In the other five, perhaps, all the party may be of good faith, and the result is produced by some accidental motion which induces all the operators to expect that the table is going to turn.

One thing is quite certain, there is no known power in nature by which the effects described can be produced, nor any law of action under which they can occur, except only that power we have already mentioned—that power which persons unwittingly exert when they wish an effect to occur, and that law of human nature under which the pleasure is as great of being cheated as to cheat. Every true philosopher knows how delicate an art that of experimentation is, and how carefully he is obliged to guard himself from producing the results he expects. Thus it happens with your table-turners and ring-swingers: they deceive themselves, and obtain the results they desire.

No, the age of miracles is not returned; madness is not become sense, the laws of nature are not in revolution. Such things serve only to discover and bring into light the cracks in brains that had passed muster as sane. Sir Walter Scott, with his characteristic good sense, once remarked, "I never knew but two men who told me they had seen a ghost—one of them was Lord Castlereagh, but both of them died by their own hand."

## CHAMOIS STALKING AND BUFFALO HUNTING.

- \* I. *Chamois Hunting in the Mountains of Bavaria.* By CHARLES BONER. London: Chapman and Hall. 1853.  
 II. *Solitary Rambles and Adventures of a Hunter in the Prairies.* By JOHN PALLISER, Esq. London: Murray. 1853.

No creature in the world, not excepting a wolf, a fox-hound, or a Red Indian, has so strong and general an instinct to pursue live animals as your Englishman. Any book upon this subject, no matter how often trodden may be the ground, is sure of success, if the author can only make good his pretensions to be a real sportsman. When Nimrod told us of the glorious runs with the Quorn hounds, all the world read the *Quarterly Review* in which his papers appeared, and all the world still admires the illustrations which Ackerman hastened to bring forth. Half the interest of Cooper's novels lay in his buffalo hunts. The Old Forest Ranger, with his stories of tiger-hunting and hog-spearing, made the fortune of the magazine in which they appeared. Gordon Cumming's book created some score of county feuds, so eager were the male members of the book-clubs to obtain it, and so unwilling were they to relinquish it. Not long since, when we had been vainly importunate with a critic who doggedly refused to read through another book upon America, he yielded at once when we opened Col. Conyngham's pages, and shewed him how much space was occupied by directions for sporting in the prairies, and by days with the prairie chicken. Our faithful readers may also possibly recollect that he found little else worthy of extract.

The ground has been thoroughly occupied: Europe by a host, whose leader still is Nimrod; Africa by Gordon Cumming, who will never be displaced; Asia by the Old Forest Ranger, who has left nothing to be desired, except that he had lived longer to continue his moving accidents of spear and rifle; America by Cooper, whose eighteen volumes of red-skin novels were but a biography of a white hunter. Here, however, we have two more candidates for a hearing—not to mention in this place a third, whom we have noticed in our article on Africa—and no doubt they will both obtain a very respectable audience.

The first page of dedication of Mr. Palliser's book introduces him at once to the sympathies of his reader. He addresses him as his "dearly-beloved brother sportsman," comes at once to good practical talk, and tells him what his equipment must be for prairie practice. Two rifles, one single and one double, a double smooth bore and a light-butcher's knife—these are the weapons recommended. Somewhat cumbersome articles they are for a "solitary walk," and, as we humbly submit, not a whit more useful than the

Yankee equipment of a long single rifle, a six-shooting revolver of large bore, and a bowie knife. Unless the prairie sportsmen tell mighty fables, more buffalos have been "stopped" by the domestic revolver of the American citizen than have ever fallen to the smooth bores of their Britisher guests. But we have no space for long discussion.

In the year of grace 1847 Mr. Palliser started from Liverpool, saw Halifax, Boston, and New York, got down to New Orleans, and opened the American campaign by bagging three-and-twenty couple and a half of snipes. Thence he speeds away up the Mississippi and Arkansas river into the Arkansas forests. There he takes to pan-hunting, which consists in lighting a fire at night in an iron pan, lying in wait, and taking a shot at any pair of eyes you see shining in the glare. Perhaps they belong to your favourite horse, or to your friend; but perhaps they may be the property of a stag or a panther. Mr. Palliser was more lucky than some of his brother hunters—he killed nothing but fair game; or if he did kill a nigger or a donkey by mistake, he does not record the fact.

In the pleasant woodlands of Arkansas there are lakes wherein the student in natural history may be happy. It was not Mr. Palliser, but his brother, who, wishing to entice an alligator from his dignified repose, baited with a young nigger. Here is the story—

## A BAIT FOR AN ALLIGATOR.

"Oh, massa! terrible big alligator; him run at me." When we got him to speak a little more coherently it appeared that he had been bathing in the lake, and that an alligator had suddenly rushed at him; and when the boy, who luckily was not in deep water, had escaped by running to land, the brute had actually pursued him for some distance along the shore. We instantly loaded our rifles and started off in quest of the monster, accompanied by the boy, who came as guide. After carefully exploring the banks and reeds, though unsuccessfully, we concealed ourselves in hopes of seeing him rise to the top of the water when he thought the coast was clear; but, as we waited a long time without any result, we proposed what certainly was a most nefarious project, namely, to make the boy strip off his clothes and start him into the water again as a bait for the alligator. It was some time before we could get the boy to come round to our view of the matter: his objections to our plan were very strong, and his master's threats failed completely, as indeed they generally did, for he was the kindest-hearted man in the world to his negroes. At last I coaxed him with a bright new dollar. This inducement prevailed over his fears, and the poor boy began to undress, his eyes all the while reverting alternately from the water to the dollar, and from the dollar to the water. We

him we did not want him to go in so deep as to be obliged to swim. "By golly, then, me go for dollare;" and in he walked, but had hardly reached water higher than his knees, when crash went the reeds, and the little fellow cut in towards our place of concealment at an astonishing pace, pursued by the alligator. The savage beast, as before, came right out on the bank, where we nailed him with two capital shots through the head that effectually checked his career. He struggled violently, but uselessly, to regain his congenial element, and, after two or three furious lashes of his ponderous tail, sullenly expired. The triumph of the boy was complete: had he, like another infant Hercules, strangled the alligator with his own hands, he could not have been more delighted: he yelled out, "Me so berry glad," tumbled head over heels, walked on his hands, and exhibited every symptom of nigger joy.

Doesn't Mr. Palliser *frère* think he might have got more fun out of this boy and alligator if he had put the former on a large hook, and, when the bait had been properly gorged, played the alligator in the water? It was a nasty and revolting habit which the Romans had, that of feeding their lampreys with fat slaves; it gives one ideas of cannibalism: but baiting with them—*c'est différent*.

We don't think our readers would be much amused by another, and not a new account of the prairie fires, for Cooper has twice used this picturesque fact of the western plains; but here is another story that Mr. Palliser *heard*—

#### THE FIGHT OF THE BULLS.

About three months previous to my arrival at Fort Union, and in the height of the buffalo breeding season, when their bulls are sometimes very fierce, Joe was taking the Fort-Union bull with a cart into a point on the river above the Fort, in order to draw home a load of wood, which had been previously cut and piled ready for transportation the day before, when a very large old bison bull stood right in the cart track, pawing up the earth, and roaring, ready to dispute the passage with him. On a nearer approach, instead of flying at the sight of the man that accompanied the cart, the bison made a headlong charge. Joe had barely time to remove his bull's head-stall and escape up a tree, being utterly unable to assist his four-footed friend, whom he left to his own resources. Bison and bull, now in mortal combat, met midway with a shock that made the earth tremble. Our previously docile gentle animal suddenly became transformed into a furious beast, springing from side to side, whirling round as the buffalo attempted to take him in flank, alternately upsetting and righting the cart again, which he banged from side to side, and whirled about as if it had been a band-box. Joe, safe out of harm's way, looked down from the tree at his champion's proceedings, at first deploring the apparent disadvantage he laboured under, from being harnessed to a cart; but when the fight had lasted long, and furious, and it was evident that both combatants had determined that one or other of them must fall, his eyes were opened to the value of the protection afforded by the harness, and especially by the thick strong shafts of the cart against the short horns of the bison, who, although he bore him over and over again down on his haunches, could not wound him severely. On the other hand, the long sharp horns of the brave Fort-Union bull began to tell on the furrowed sides of his antagonist, until the final charge brought the bison, with a furious bound, dead under our hero's feet, whose long fine-drawn horn was deep driven into his adversary's heart. With a cheer that made the

woods ring again, down clambered Joe, and, while triumphantly caressing, also carefully examined his chivalrous companion, who, although bruised, blown, and covered with foam, had escaped uninjured.

Our author declares this story to be truly Homeric;—perhaps Virgilian would have been a more apposite adjective.

It seems to be not an unpleasant sensation to be tossed by a buffalo. This is Mr. Palliser's experience.

#### MR. PALLISER AND THE BUFFALO.

The Indian then joined me, and said that the other two-bulls had not gone far, but had taken different directions, so we agreed that he should pursue one, and I the other.

I soon came in sight of mine. He was standing a little way off on the open plain, but the skirting willows and brushwood afforded me cover within eighty yards of him, profiting by which I crept up, and, taking a deliberate aim, fired. The bull gave a convulsive start, moved off a little way, and turned his broadside again to me. I fired again, over a hundred yards this time; he did not stir. I loaded and fired the third time, whereupon he turned and faced me, as if about to shew fight. As I was loading for a fourth shot he tottered forward a step or two, and I thought he was about to fall; so I waited for a little while, but as he did not come down I determined to go up and finish him. Walking up, therefore, to within thirty paces of him, till I could actually see his eyes rolling, I fired for the fourth time directly at the region of the heart, as I thought; but to my utter amazement up went his tail and down went his head, and with a speed that I thought him little capable of, he was upon me in a twinkling. I ran hard for it, but he rapidly overhauled me, and my situation was becoming any thing but pleasant. Thinking he might, like our bulls, shut the eyes in making a charge, I swerved suddenly to one side to escape the shock; but, to my horror, I failed in dodging him, for he bolted round quicker than I did; and affording me barely time to protect my stomach with the stock of my rifle, and to turn myself sideways as I sustained the charge, in the hopes of getting between his horns, he came plump upon me with a shock like an earthquake. My rifle stock was shattered to pieces by one horn, my clothes torn by the other; I flew into mid-air, scattering my prairie hens and rabbits, which had hitherto hung dangling by leathern thongs from my belt, in all directions; till landing at last, I fell, unhurt in the snow, and almost over me—fortunately not quite—rolled my infuriated antagonist, and subsided in a snow drift. I was luckily not the least injured, the force of the blow having been perfectly deadened by the enormous mass of fur, wool, and hair, that clothed his shaggy head-piece.

We must now re-cross the Atlantic and see what Mr. Boner is doing in Bavaria. He is up the Miesing, with his rifle on his back, his telescope to his eye, perched in air, and sweeping the mighty solitude in search of some dark speck that may be sign of the browsing chamois. 'Tis refreshing to leave the dark seething plain, with its stagnant pools instinct with hideous reptiles, and to breathe heaven's pure air upon the mountain tops. Hark! the sharp crack of our hunter's rifle rings among the crags. Hit, but not dead. The wounded goat springs the chamois, and flies further off to die. We must

#### FOLLOWING.

The space to be cleared was nothing; but it required

great nicety, in landing properly on the crag, and in stopping the instant your feet rested on it, in order not to go over the other side. This pinnacle of rock was very narrow, and all below sharp and pointed. Xavier, with his rifle well up behind his back, and the pole in his right hand, was over in a second, and stood as firm and upright on his lofty narrow footing as though he had but stepped across. I doubted whether I could manage the jump: the opposite side was where the danger lay; for if I made the leap with only a little too much impetus, I should not be able to stop myself, and over I must go.

"Is there no other way, Xavier, of reaching where you now are, but by jumping over?"

"No," said he, examining the place, "you cannot cross except by jumping: it is not wide."

"No, but the other side—that's the thing: it is deep down, is it not?"

"Why yes, rather deep: but come, you can do it."

"I feel I cannot, so will not try," I replied, and began to look for some other way. The cleft itself, across which Xavier sprang, was only about twelve or fourteen feet deep: I was at the bottom of it, and while standing between the two rocks I thought I might manage to climb upwards, with my back against one wall and my feet or knees against the other, as a sweep passes up a perpendicular flue, to which this place had great resemblance. My heavy rifle inconvenienced me, but still I contrived to ascend. I was nearing the top of my chimney, when the chamois, seeing Xavier approach, leaped down into the chasm below, so that we both had our trouble for nothing. Coming down the chimney, it not being narrow enough, I found to be more difficult work than getting up.

The chamois was now some distance lower than ourselves: before going after it, therefore, we looked for the spot of the one that had made off. The traces of blood on the rocks showed it had taken a direction that led out of the clam. Higher up was a much worse place than where we had just been.

"It is very difficult to get out yonder," said Xavier. "The chamois has gone there, and has probably stolen away among the latschen."

"Have you ever been out that way?"

"Yes, once," he answered. "I was up here one day, so I thought I would see if there was a way out or not: 'tis a terrible place, I assure you."

There was a broad, slanting surface of crumbling rock where we now stood, like an immense table, one end of which was lifted very high. It seemed as if this must lead out of the clam, or at least to a good height up its side: on this, therefore, I advanced cautiously. The slope did not end on the ground, but about twenty-five or thirty feet from it, and then fell abruptly to the jagged rocks below. The plane was so inclined that to walk there was hardly possible. Every now and then the brittle surface would crack off. However, difficult as it was, and in spite of a slip or two, I managed to proceed. At last I was obliged to go on all fours. Some minutes after, I began to slip backward. The stone crumbled away as it came in contact with my thickly nailed shoes, which I tried to dig into the rock, and thus stop my descent. I strove to seize on every little inequality, regardless of the sharp edges; but as my fingers, bent convulsively like talons, scraped the stone, it crumbled off as though it had been baked clay, tearing the skin like ribands from my fingers, and cutting into the flesh. Having let go my pole, I heard it slipping down behind me, its iron point as it went; and then it flew over the ledge.

The depth below: in a moment I must follow it, for with all my endeavours I was unable to stop myself. I knew the brink must be near, and expected each second to feel my feet in the air. Xavier, who by some means or other had got higher, looked round when he heard my stick rebounding from the rocks, and saw my position. To help was impossible—indeed he might himself slip, and in another moment come down upon me. He looked

and said nothing, awaiting the result of the next second in silence.

The Bavarian wilds are strictly preserved. Our hunters kill only bucks.

#### THE CHAMOIS.

We did not speak in a whisper, for the water was filling the solitude with a voice louder than ours.

"There is nothing here," I said, after looking for a minute up and down the ravine; when, just as I had spoken, from beneath a projecting part of the bank forth bounded a chamois, scared at hearing a sound suddenly jarring and breaking in upon the monotonous din that surrounded his loneliness. He leaped upon a high stone, quite unable to make out what sound it was that had intruded on the solitude. His fine ear had caught an unfamiliar tone; the loud equal hum that was in the air, and in the ground, and rolling on with the water, was suddenly interrupted; but what it was the creature did not know. He started and listened again, terrified as men are when the cause of alarm is unseen. He presently observed us, and, springing down from his eminence, turned toward the steep on the opposite side. There he stood and gazed again, not more than fifty yards from me; but as it was only a yearling I let him pass. On he bounded, then looked back, and leisurely passed up among the trees to other haunts on the mountain-top, where his own footsteps pattering on the rock would be the only sound rising through the heavy silence.

We are rewarded for our sportsmanlike forbearance.

#### THE BUCK.

"How far is it from here to yonder bare rock on the left?" I asked: "it is there I expect he will come."

"A hundred and forty yards; not more I think, but quite as much certainly."

For a long, long time we waited, but in vain. At last Neuner proposed to return to the ridge whence we first saw the buck, and look if he was still there. After a while I saw him standing motionless on the crest of the mountain, and gazing steadily into the depth below. He made a sign that nothing more was to be seen. This was certainly not cheering, but I did not yet despond, and still believed the chamois was on the rock, and would eventually move into sight. But another half hour dragged by, and then another, and at last I reluctantly acknowledged to myself that I gave him up. But as Neuner still stood on high peering forth from his eyrie, I would not quit my station, inconvenient as it was to stand between, and partly upon, the branches of the latschen. And though in my heart I had given up all hope now, my eyes were still fixed on the further rock; when behold! from behind the nearer one the head of a chamois appears—only the head—as he advances grazing. It was on the right. And now he lifts his head, and comes forward. His whole body is exposed. One second only, and the report of my rifle thunders through the mountains. He stops, turns, and goes to the very spot where I expected he would come first. It is terribly steep just there: he stands somewhat bent together, ready to descend the rock's precipitous side. But he is hesitating. He must be hit! The rifle is still at my shoulder, and the ball from the left barrel . . . "By Jove, it has hit him!" Down he comes; he can't stop himself; he rolls headlong over the crag! I watched him till he was out of sight, and then drew a long deep breath.

But there are more dangerous foes than timorous chamois on these peaks. The Yägers, or forest keepers, maintain a war *à outrance* against poachers, who carry a rifle for man as well as chamois. Mr. Boner says—

In going along we met one of the keepers, who wished us good-day as he passed. My companion told me that a few years ago this man shot a poacher whom he met on the mountain, adding "The ball struck him in the very middle of his forehead." He spoke of the circumstance as though it were a target at which his comrade had aimed.

Incidents of this kind are very frequent in this volume.

Seven years ago, a keeper, whose game had suffered considerably from repeated depredations, and who had been unable, in spite of all his endeavours, to overtake the marauders, hit upon the following contrivance to work them injury. He knew that when they were out on the mountain they generally took shelter in a certain hut, where they made a fire and cooked their meal. He therefore procured a bomb, filled it with powder, and buried it in the hearth a little way below the surface. He hoped that by the time their schmarren was cooked, and the men were sitting round the fire enjoying its warmth, the glowing embers would have ignited the combustible mass and caused it to explode: cowering, as he knew they would be, round the blaze, he rightly judged the effects would be tremendous.

Mr. Boner having been shot at and hunted by a dozen of these poachers, has perhaps a right to hate them; but we are happy to say that the Yüger's infernal machine did not explode.

We confess to our misses.

A MISS.

We went upwards again, and along the side of the mountain.

"Hush!" cried Xavier, "there's a chamois quite alone."

"Where? Is it a buck?"

"Yes, but make haste—it has heard us."

"Here, your rifle!" said I, holding out my hand to take his, the sights of which were very much finer than mine; and as the chamois was far off—a hundred and eighty yards for certain—I in this case preferred his to my own.

"Does it shoot high?" I asked, sitting down and resting my left elbow on my knee to take a steadier aim.

"No, where you aim there the bullet strikes; but hold it a little forward, for the wind is now coming up from below."

"As I have it now, the ball would graze his breast," I said, about to fire.

"That's right: you will hit him in the middle of the shoulder."

Bang went the rifle. "He has got the ball for certain: no shot could go off better."

"You have not touched him," said Xavier, who had been watching the result through his glass: "the ball passed just before his shoulder: I saw it strike the bank behind him."

"Confound it, that's the effect of allowing for the wind! But for that I must have hit in the best place. Nothing on earth can fire truer than your rifle."

"Yes, I know it; but being so far, and as the wind is coming up from the valley, I thought it safer to make an allowance for the draught."

There was no use in being irritated.

Mr. Boner's is a pleasant book upon a subject not much hackneyed. Every one who has passed a week at Interlachen—and what cockney has not?—has listened to stories of chamois shooting. Every one who has walked the Tyrol and scaled the Tumbler Yoch has been piloted by a guide with a chamois tail in his cap. But very few tourists can lay their hands upon their breast pockets, and say with a clear conscience that they have seen a real, wild, live, chamois, and very, very few English sportsmen can truly boast that they have killed one. Mr. Palliser's American adventures are neither so new, so fresh, nor so interesting, as those of his dearly-beloved brother sportsman of Bavaria; but both these volumes are good wholesome reading.

## MOORE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

*A Budget of Table Talk.*

*Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.* Edited by the Right Honourable LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P. Vols. 3 and 4. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

THESE two additional volumes consist of the Poet's diary from August 1819 to the end of October 1825.

At the rate at which the work progresses it appears calculated to provide all the diners out of the present and the next generation with constant supplies of *bon mots*, anecdotes, and light table-talk; and when, in some distant era, and perhaps under the auspices of a grandson of the present editor, the last sheet shall roll from the press, the whole may be bound up as a vast encyclopædia of jests—a universal repertorium, in which nothing in Joe Miller is omitted, and every thing since discovered has been added.

In Boswell's "Life of Johnson" the most unpopular personage with the reader is undoubtedly the author of the book. In Moore's journal Moore himself threatens to become, at the end of, say the fortieth volume, a confirmed bore. It already requires a constant struggle to keep up a sentiment of respect for a man who is unceasingly obtruding upon us his little weaknesses. When the poet repeats to us every compliment that was ever paid to him by a person of quality\*; chronicles every night the plaudits that attended upon his songs; openly rejoices in an affectionate phrase in a dedication from Lord John—not because it was the warm expression of a man worthy of his friendship, but because it was "from a Russell†;"—indignantly denounces an unlucky person who had dared to open his mouth when Moore was singing; records how constantly he was so "locked, barred, and bolted" by dinner engagements that he had not a day to give to a duchess; and when all this is told, retold, repeated, and re-repeated, we—fess that, *decies repetita*, it does not please. We become conscious of a chronic state of vexation that so very great a poet will take such enormous pains to work into us the conviction that he was a very little man. We could readily forgive him the fact of having had his head turned by the praises of all the fine folks whom he amused, but we cannot so well get over the entire absence of moral dignity be-

trayed by his writing it all down for the benefit of posterity.

Lord John Russell would seem to be somewhat of our opinion in this matter. To free the journal of small vanities he must have expunged all the matter personal to the poet, for it is the colouring matter of the fabric. He stands by, therefore, silent, and apparently indifferent; interjects no remark, even when his author is more than usually vain-glorious about a compliment from a countess, or such a foolish phrase from Rogers as "What a lucky fellow you are! Surely you must have been born with a rose in your lips and a nightingale singing on the top of your bed." Even when Moore intimates that it is "rather a fault" in Lord John that he does not know his own mind—the poet being resentful at Lord John having put off an engagement to go with him to England; even when he adds, "My chief regret at it is, the not having his assistance in my negotiation with the American agent;" even where, through a diary of eight days, and three pages, he exhibits Lord John in an almost ludicrous state of uncertainty; the editor does not condescend to make one remark, or to cut out one word. Lord John seems to have made it a point of conscience to let the poet go to posterity according to his own fancy, and to interfere only to change a name into an initial letter, or to defend some intimate friend—as in the case of Lord Althorpe and the Duc de Broglie from an unjust aspersion.

In substituting initials, or even blanks, for names, Lord John has not always very successfully concealed the individual. For instance, Moore has just told us that Croker had arrived in Paris, and that he had met him with Theodore Hook: the name in that announcement is printed in full. A few days later we read the following, which we shall not hesitate to call

## MOORE'S OPINION OF CROKER.

Met —, who walked about with me, and made me take a family dinner with him at his hotel. I have not seen so much of him since we were in college together, and find that his vanity is even greater than has been reported to me, and his display of cleverness far less than I expected. He is undoubtedly a good partisan, a quick skirmisher in reviews and newspapers, and a sort of servant-of-all-work for his employers, but as to any thing of the higher order of talent, I am greatly mistaken if he has the slightest claim to it.

Four days later he writes—

— was at —'s at five to dinner. His conversation to-day less ostentatious and much more sensible. He says he wrote his article on the Elgin Marbles for the "Quarterly" in one morning.

Some time after, Moore asked Crok-

\* Here is one example from a thousand—"Lady H. read me a letter from Lord William Russell at Spa, in which he mentions that the Grand Duchess of Russia is there, and that she always carries about with her two copies of 'Lalla Rookh,' most splendidly bound, and studded with precious stones, one of which he had seen."

† "Found a copy of Lord John's book, just arrived by the ambassador's courier from Longman's. He calls himself in the dedication 'my attached friend.' This tribute from a Russell gives me great pleasure." Vol. 3. p. 173.

view his "Lives of the Angels" in the Quarterly, but the latter very prudently declined.

*A propos* of Croker, we have one of the very few *bon mots* recorded of Sir Robert Peel.

Lord Strangford mentioned that on some one saying to Peel, about Lawrence's picture of Croker, "You can see the very quiver of his lips," "Yes," said Peel, "and the arrow coming out of it." Croker himself was telling this to one of his countrymen, who answered, "He meant Arrah! coming out of it."

Moore is not chary of his opinions of contemporaries. Perhaps Mr. J. W. Croker may be in some degree consoled that the poet should have thought him a mere party hack, with some cleverness but no high talent, when he reads what the same censor says of Mr. Wordsworth, whom he evidently thought a proser and a bore. To be sure, there is the danger that the world will agree with Moore in one case, although it may differ from him in the other.

#### WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth came at half-past eight and stopped to breakfast. Talked a good deal. Spoke of Byron's plagiarisms from him: the whole third canto of "Childe Harold" founded on his style and sentiments. The feeling of natural objects which is there expressed not caught by B. from nature herself, but from him (Wordsworth), and spoiled in the transmission. "Tintern Abbey" the source of it all; from which same poem, too, the celebrated passage about solitude, in the first canto of "Childe Harold," is (he said) taken, with this difference, that what is naturally expressed by him has been worked by Byron into a laboured and antithetical sort of declamation.

#### Again, Wordsworth—

Spoke of the very little real knowledge of poetry that existed now so few men had time to study. For instance, Mr. Canning. One could hardly select a cleverer man, and yet, what did Mr. Canning know of poetry? What time had he, in the busy political life he had led, to study Dante, Homer, &c., as they ought to be studied in order to arrive at the true principles of taste in works of genius? Mr. Fox, indeed, towards the latter part of his life, made leisure for himself, and took to improving his mind, and accordingly all his latter public displays bore a greater stamp of wisdom and good taste than his early ones. Mr. Burke alone was an exception to this description of public men; by far the greatest man of his age, not only abounding in knowledge himself, but feeding, in various directions, his most able contemporaries—assisting Adam Smith in his "Political Economy," and Reynolds in his "Lectures on Painting."

• Subsequently the diary says—

We talked of Wordsworth's exceedingly high opinion of himself, as she mentioned that, one day, in a large party, Wordsworth, without any thing having been previously said that could lead to the subject, called out suddenly from the top of the table to the bottom, in his most epitonic, "Davy!" and on Davy's putting forth his head, in awful expectation of what was coming, said, "Do you know the reason why I published the 'White Dog' in quarto?" "No; what was it?" "To shew the world my own opinion of it."

Moore's estimate of Wordsworth is briefly jotted down in words better suited to a dandy diner out than to a great poet.

Wordsworth rather dull. I see he is a man to hold forth; one who does not understand the give and take of conversation.

Surely it is better to remain satisfied with a

good book, and not to speculate as to what manner of man the author may be. Moore was a vain devotee of duchesses; Byron a jealous, uncertain, wild-beast sort of creature; Wordsworth was a bore—*Respice rivales Divorum!*

There are many of the smart sayings of Luttrell scattered about the volumes. Luttrell deserves to be remembered as a wit; for his flashes were not born of ill nature. The "somebody" mentioned in the first anecdote was, as Moore ought to have known, Lord Chancellor Shaftesbury.

#### LUTTRELL

Talking with Luttrell of religion before dinner, he mentioned somebody having said, upon being asked of what religion he was, "Me? I am of the religion of all sensible men." "And what is that?" "Oh! sensible men never tell."

Luttrell, in good spirits and highly amusing, told of an Irishman, who, having jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, upon receiving sixpence from the person as a reward for the service, looked first at the sixpence, then at him, and at last exclaimed, "By Jasus, I am over-paid for the job."

Kenn said of Luttrell's "Advice to Julia" "that it was too long, and not broad enough."

Luttrell said lately, with respect to the disaffection imputed to the army in England, "Gad, Sir, when the extinguisher takes fire it's an awkward business."

Moore was presented to Canning while in Paris, and at the express desire of the statesman. There are very few sayings of Canning extant, and these volumes do not add greatly to the stock.

#### CANNING.

Dined with Canning, Company, Lord and Lady Frederick Bentinck, Wordsworth, and the Secretary, young Chinnery. The day very agreeable. I felt myself excited in an unusual way, and talked (I sometimes feared) rather too much; but they seemed to like it, and to be amused. There was one circumstance which shewed a very pleasant sort of intelligence between the father and daughter. I told a story to Miss Canning, which the father was the only one who overheard, and it evidently struck them both as very comical. Canning said some very pleasant things, and in a very quiet, unobtrusive manner. Talking of Grattan, he said that, for the last two years, his public exhibitions were a complete failure, and that you saw all the mechanism of his oratory without its life. It was like lifting the flap of a barrel-organ and seeing the wheels. That this was unlucky, as it proved what an artificial style he had used.

Canning mentioned that Prince Paul of Wirtemberg, one day at Rothschild's, upon being frequently addressed as plain "Paul" by the Jew, said at last, casting his eyes towards the servant at his back, "Monsieur le Baron Rothschild, mon domestique se nomme Pierre."

Wrote a few lines. Dined at Canning's. Company, Sheridan, Lord C. Churchill, General Buchan, and one or two more. Not much from Canning. In talking of letters being charged by weight, he said that the Post-office once refused to carry a letter of Sir J. Cox Hippesley's, "it was so dull."

"So long," or "so heavy," Canning must have said. The point of the *mot* is lost as it now stands.

It may be much questioned whether these two men of genius ever understood each other. Canning would be exquisitely sensitive to all



the ludicrous points of the poet's drawing-room haunting, ballad-singing life.

During his residence at Paris Moore became acquainted with la Comtesse de Flauhault, the authoress of "*Adele de Senanges*," "*Emilie et Alphonse*," and three other novels, one of which had just appeared. Moore rashly offered to review it in the "*Edinburgh*," and of course immediately learned the true value of the maxim, "*Néver review a friend's book.*"

LA COMTESSE DE FLAUAULT.

Madame de Souza, it appears, is much mortified at the article I have written, particularly at the extract I have made from her "*Adèle de Senange*." This is unlucky, I confess: I hesitated about the passage myself, but it was coupled with a fling at the proceedings against the Queen, and I could not bring myself to leave it out. Why did I break through the resolution I had formed, never to review the work of a friend?

The review appears in the "*Edinburgh Review*," Vol. XXXIV. p. 372, but we confess we cannot detect the fling at the proceedings against the Queen. The only extract given from "*Adele de Senange*" is this—"Adèle m'contait avec une espèce de ravissement; elle était si émue que lorsque j'eus cessé de parler, elle laissa tomber sa tête sur moi. Nos visages se touchèrent; nos larmes se confondirent, mes bras l'entouraient encore. Je la pressai contre mon cœur, en me promettant intérieurement de respecter en elle la femme de mon ami."

What this has to do with Queen Caroline the reader must be left to guess.

There is a morceau in this article which perhaps should not be lost: it is a translation by Moore of an absurd French poem he is noticing. He translates it thus—

When the Deity saw what a world he had framed  
From the darkness of chaos, surprised and ashamed  
He turned from His work with disdain:  
Then gave it a kick, to complete its disgrace,  
Which sent it off spinning through infinite space  
And returned to his slumbers again,  
Saying, "Go and be," &c., &c.

Rather strong this, Messrs Moore and Jeffrey!  
Of course we have a great deal about Lord Byron and his memoirs.

BYRON.

Byron introduced me to his Countess before we left La Mira: she is a blonde, and young; married only about a year, but not very pretty.

This puts me in mind of Lord Byron saying to me the other day, "What do you think of Shakspeare, Moore? I think him a damned humbug." Not the first time I have heard him speak slightly of Shakspeare.

R. told me a good deal about Lord Byron, whom he saw both going and coming back. Expressed to R. the same contempt for Shakspeare which he had often expressed to me: treats his companion Shelley very cavalierly. By the bye, I find (by a letter received within these few days by Horace Smith), that Lord Byron shewed Shelley the letters I wrote on the subject of his "*Cain*," warning him against the influence Shelley's admiration might have over his mind, and deprecating that wretched display of atheism which Shelley had given in to, and in which Lord Byron himself seemed but too much inclined to follow him.

A long letter from Lord Byron to-day: he has lost his little natural daughter, Allegra, and seems to feel it a good deal. When I was at Venice he said, in showing me this child, "I suppose you have some notion of what they call the parental feeling, but I confess I have not: this little thing amuses me, but that's all." This, however, was evidently all affected: he feels much more naturally than he will allow.

28th. Received a letter at last from Lord Byron, through Murray, telling me he had informed Lady Byron of his having given his memoirs for the purpose of their being published after his death, and offering her the perusal of them in case she might wish to confute any of his statements. Her note in answer to this offer (the original of which he inclosed me) is as follows:—

"*Kirby Mallory, March 10, 1820.*"

"I received your letter of January 1, offering to my perusal a memoir of part of your life. I decline to inspect it. I consider the publication or circulation of such a composition at any time as prejudicial to Ada's future happiness. For my own sake I have no reason to shrink from publication; but, notwithstanding the injuries which I have suffered, I should lament some of the consequences."

"A. BYRON."

"*To Lord Byron.*"

His reply to this, which he has also inclosed, and requested me (after reading it and taking a copy) to forward to Lady Byron, is as follows:—

"*Ravenna, April 3, 1820.*"

"I received yesterday your answer dated March 10. My offer was an honest one, and surely could only be construed as such, even by the most malignant casuistry. I could answer you, but it is too late, and it is not worth while. To the mysterious menace of the last sentence, whatever its import may be—and I cannot pretend to unriddle it—I could hardly be very sensible, even if I understood it, as, before it could take place I shall be where nothing can touch him further. . . I advise you, however, to anticipate the period of your intention; for be assured no power of figures can avail beyond the present; and if it could, I would answer with Florentine.

"*Etio, cho posto son con loro in croce*  
o certo

*La fiera moglie, più ch'alseo, mi nuoce.*

"*To Lady Byron.*"

"BYRON."

These Memoirs were, as is well known, destroyed by Moore, at the instigation of Hobhouse and Lady Byron, immediately after Byron's death. Lord John, who read the Memoirs, says the world has lost little by this breach of faith with the dead. Moore, who makes a mighty fuss about his pecuniary sacrifice in the matter, certainly lost very little, for after burning Byron's own life he wrote him another, for which he got rather more money. The only person who acted quite well in this matter appears to have been the late Mr. Murray, whose memory is, in our opinion, most unfairly attacked in these volumes. Murray advanced 2000*l.* for the copyright at a time when Byron might have lived for half a century, and rescinded the contract directly Moore asked him. Moore, however, had of course spent the money; and although he had too much society pride to like to take money of lords and ladies, he thinks it abominable that a publisher should charge him interest and stamps, and should want security for his 2000*l.* At last it was discovered that the Memoirs thus destroyed by Moore, were at the time, by effect



of Lord Byron's will, the property of Mr. Murray. We can only say, that we wish we could testify to have received at the hands of a publisher of the present day one half the consideration and liberality which Murray shewed to Moore upon this occasion.

One question, however, we still must ask—What became of the copies of these Memoirs made in Paris by Dumoulin and Williams?

The great charm of the volumes is the enormous quantity of table-talk they contain.

Madame de Coigny has a very bad voice. She said once, "Je n'ai qu'une voix contre moi; c'est la mienne."

The same lady, speaking of a dear friend who had red hair, "and all its attendant ill consequences," and of whom some one said she was very virtuous, remarked, "Oui, elle est comme Samson; elle a toutes ses forces dans ses cheveux."

Sheridan used to tell a story of one of his constituents saying to him, "Oh sir! things cannot go on in this way; there must be a reform in Parliament; we poor electors are not properly paid at all."

Lord John mentioned that Sydney Smith told him he had had an intention once of writing a book of maxims, but never got further than the following, "That generally towards the age of forty women get tired of being virtuous, and men of being honest."

Buonaparte said to one of his servile flatterers who was proposing to him a plan for remodeling the Institute, "*Laissons au moins la République des lettres.*"

Voltaire, listening to an author who was reading to him his comedy, and said, "Ici le chevalier rit," exclaimed, "Il est bien heureux!"

We have a little string of beads, gathered one by one, by Moore from a note book of the historic Duke of Buckingham.

"I can as little live upon past kindness as the air can be warmed with the sunbeams of yesterday." "A woman whose mouth is like an old comb with a few broken teeth and a great deal of hair and dust about it." "Kisses are like grains of gold or silver found upon the ground, of no value themselves, but precious as shewing that a mine is near." "That man has not only a long face, but a tedious one." "One can no more judge of the true value of a man by the impression he makes on the public than we can tell whether the seal was gold or brass by which the stamp was made." "Men's fame is like their hair, which grows after they are dead, and with just as little use to them." "A sort of anti-black-moor, every part of her white but her teeth." "A woman whose face was created without the preamble of 'Let there be light!'" "How few, like Danaë, have God and gold together."

Moore laments "that Lord John shewed to so little advantage in society from his extreme taciturnity, and, still more, from his apparent coldness and indifference to what is said by others;" and adds, "Several to whom he was introduced had been much disappointed in consequence of this manner. I can easily imagine

that to Frenchmen such reserve and silence must appear something quite out of the course of nature." But a great many of the best anecdotes are nevertheless attributed to Lord John. Thus—

Lord John mentioned of the late Lord Lansdowne (who was remarkable for the sententious and speech-like pomposity of his conversation) that, in giving his opinion one day of Lord —, he said, "I have a high opinion of his lordship's character. So remarkable do I think him for the pure and unbending integrity of his principles, that I look upon it as impossible he should ever be guilty of the slightest deviation from the line of rectitude, unless it were it most damnably well worth his while."

Again—

Lord John told us a good trick of Sheridan's upon Richardson. Sheridan had been driving out three or four hours in a hackney-coach, when, seeing Richardson pass, he hailed him, and made him get in. He instantly contrived to introduce a topic upon which Richardson (who was the very soul of disputatiousness) always differed with him, and at last, affecting to be mortified at Richardson's arguments, said, "You really are too bad. I cannot bear to listen to such things. I will not stay in the same coach with you," and accordingly got down and left him, Richardson hallooing out triumphantly after him, "Ah, you're beat, you're beat." Nor was it till the heat of his victory had a little cooled that he found out he was left in the lurch to pay for Sheridan's three hours' coaching.

Here are two more stories of Sheridan—

Sheridan told me that his father, being a good deal plagued by an old maiden relation of his always going out to walk with him, said one day that the weather was bad and rainy, to which the old lady answered that, on the contrary, it had cleared up. "Yes," says Sheridan, "it has cleared up enough for one, but not for two." He mentioned, too, that Tom Stepney supposed algebra to be a learned language, and referred to his father to know whether it was not so, who said, "Certainly, Latin, Greek, and Algebra." "By what people was it spoken?" "By the Algebraians, to be sure," said Sheridan.

Met Kenny with Miss Holcroft, one of his *cramen domina*, a fine girl. By-the-by he told me yesterday evening (having joined in our walk) that Shaw, having lent Sheridan near 500*l.*, used to dun him very considerably for it; and one day, when he had been rating Sheridan about the debt, and insisting that he must be paid, the latter having played off some of his plausible wheedling upon him, ended by saying that he was very much in want of 25*l.* to pay the expenses of a journey he was about to take, and he knew Shaw would be good-natured enough to lend it to him. "Pon my word," says Shaw, "this is too bad; after keeping me out of my money in so shameful a manner, you now have the face to ask me for more; but it won't do: I must be paid my money, and it is most disgraceful," &c. &c. "My dear fellow," says Sheridan, "hear reason; the sum you ask me for is a very considerable one, whereas I only ask you for five and twenty pounds."

*Sidney Smith and Luttrell compared*—Smith particularly amusing. Have rather held out against him hitherto, but this day he conquered me, and I now am his victim in the laughing way for life. His imagination of a duel between two doctors, with oil of croton on the tips of their fingers, trying to touch each other's lips highly ludicrous. What Rogers says of Smith very true, that whenever the conversation is getting dull he throws in some touch which makes it rebound and rise again as light as ever. Ward's artificial efforts, which to me are always painful, made still more so by the contrast to Smith's natural and overflowing exuberance. Luttrell, too, considerably extinguished to-day; but there is this difference between Luttrell and Smith, that after the

former you remember what good things he said, and after the latter you merely remember how much you laughed.

*Music and Painting*—Sharpe mentioned a curious instance of Walter Scott's indifference to pictures, when he met him at the Louvre, not willing to spare two or three minutes for a walk to the bottom of the gallery, when it was the first and last opportunity he was likely to have of seeing the "Transfiguration," &c. &c. In speaking of music, and the difference there is between the poetical and musical ear, Wordsworth said that he was totally devoid of the latter, and for a long time, could not distinguish one tune from another. Rogers thus described Lord Holland's feeling for the arts, "Painting gives him no pleasure, and music absolute pain."

We continue our gleanings.

*Coleridge*—A poor author, on receiving from his publisher an account of the proceeds (as he expected it to be) of a work he had published, saw among the items, "Celarage, 3l. 10s. 6d." He thought it was a charge for the trouble of selling the 700 copies, which he did not consider unreasonable; but, on inquiry, found it was for the collar-room occupied by his work, not a copy of which had stirred from thence.

*Sidney Smith*—"I shall see Allen," says Smith, "some day with his tongue hanging out speechless, and shall take the opportunity to stick a few principles into him."

*Mirabeau*—Once, when Mirabeau was answering a speech of Maury, he put himself in a reasoning attitude, and said, "Je m'en vais renfermer, M. Maury, dans un cercle vicieux." Upon which Maury started up, and exclaimed, "Comment! veux tu m'embrasser?"

*Jekyll*—In talking of cheap living he mentioned a man who told him his eating cost him almost nothing, "for on Sunday," said he, "I always dine with my old friend, and then eat so much that it lasts until Wednesday, when I buy some tripe, which I hate like the very devil, and which accordingly makes me so sick that I cannot eat any more till Sunday again."

*Rogers*, on somebody remarking that Payne Knight had got very deaf, said, "Tis from want of practice. Knight was always a very bad listener."

*Scroope Davies* called some person who had a habit of puffing out his cheeks when he spoke, and was not remarkable for veracity, "The Æolian lyre."

*Talleyrand*—Bobus Smith one day, in conversation with Talleyrand, having brought in somehow the beauty of his mother, Talleyrand said, "C'était donc votre père qui n'était pas bien."

*The Prince de Poix* was stopped by a sentry, and announced his name. "Prince de Poix!" answered the sentry, "quand vous serez le Roi des Haricots vous ne passerez pas par ici."

*An old acquaintance*—"Is your master at home?"—"No, Sir, he's out." "Your mistress?"—"No, sir, she's out." "Well, I'll just go in and take an air of the fire till they come."—"Faith, Sir, that's quite too."

*Another*—A fellow in the Marshalsea having heard his companion brushing his teeth the last thing he did, and then, upon waking, at the same work, he said—"Ogh! a weary night you must have had of it, Mr. Fitzgerald."

*George the Fourth* gave a drawing-room. Rogers said that he was in himself a sequence—King, queen, and knave.

When E. Nagles came to George the Fourth with the news of Buonaparte's death, he said, "I have the pleasure to tell your Majesty that your bitterest enemy is dead." "No! is she, by God?" said the King.

*Cure for love*—Mrs. Dodwell's husband used to be a great favourite with the Pope, who always called him "Caro Doodle." His first addresses were paid to Vittoria Odescalchi, but he jilted her; and she had six masses said to enable her soul to get over its love for him.

*Talleyrand*—One day, when Davoust excused himself for being too late because he had met with a "Pekin,"

who delayed him, Talleyrand begged to know what he meant by that word. "Nous appellons Pekin," says Davoust, tout ce qui n'est pas militaire." "Oh, oui c'est comme chez nous," replied Talleyrand, "nous appellons militaire tout ce qui n'est pas civil."

*Adam Smith and Johnson*—This account of the meeting between Adam Smith and Johnson is given by Smith himself. Johnson began by attacking Hume. "I saw," said Smith, "this was meant at me, so I merely put him right as to a matter of fact." "Well, what did he say?" "He said it was a lie." "And what did you say to that?" "I told him he was a son of a b—h." Good, this, between two sages.

*Sheridan* (when there was some proposal to lay a tax upon milestones)—"It is an unconstitutional tax, as they are a race that cannot meet to remonstrate."

*Drum* told an anecdote of a man who, having been asked repeatedly to dinner by a person whom he knew to be but a shabby Amphitryon, went at last, and found the dinner so meagre and bad that he did not get a bit to eat. When the dishes were removing the host said, "Well, now the ice is broken, I suppose you will ask me to dine with you some day." "Most willingly." "Name your day, then." "Aujourd'hui, par exemple," answered the dinnerless guest. Lord Holland told of a man remarkable for absence, who, dining once at the same sort of shabby repast, fancied himself in his own house, and began to apologise for the wretchedness of the dinner.

*Fielding* told us that when Gouvion St. Cyr, in the beginning of the Revolution happened to go to some bureau (for a passport, I believe) and gave his name Monsieur de Saint Cyr, the clerk answered, "Il n'y a pas de De. Eh bien! M. Saint Cyr. Il n'y a pas de Saint. Diable! M. Cyr, donc. Il n'y a pas de Sire: nous avons décapité le tyran."

*Cope* mentioned a good specimen of English-French, and the astonishment of the French people who heard it, not conceiving what it could mean—"Si je fais, je fais; mais si je fais, je suis un Hollandais." "If I do, I do; but if I do, I'm a Dutchman."

*Scott* says, "Lord Byron is getting fond of money. He keeps a box, into which he occasionally puts sequins: he has now collected about 300, and his great delight (Scott tells me) is to open his box and contemplate his store."

*Scott* shewed me a woman whom Buonaparte pronounced to be the finest woman in Venice, and the Venetians, not agreeing with him, call her "La Bella per Decreto," adding (as all the decrees begin with Considerando), "Ma senza il considerando."

*Ghosts*—Talking of ghosts, Sir Adam said that Scott and he had seen one, at least: while they were once drinking together, a very hideous fellow appeared suddenly between them, whom neither knew anything about, but whom both saw. Scott did not deny it, but said they were both "fou," and not very capable of judging whether it was a ghost or not. Scott said that the only two men who had ever told him that they had actually seen a ghost afterwards put an end to themselves. One was Lord Castlereagh, who had himself mentioned to Scott his seeing the "radiant boy." It was one night when he was in barracks, and the face brightened gradually out of the fire place, and approached him. Lord Castlereagh stopped forward to it, and it receded again, and faded into the same place.

It is generally said to have been an apparition attached to the family, and coming occasionally to presage honour and prosperity to him before whom it appeared; but Lord Castlereagh gave no such account of it to Scott. It was the Duke of Wellington made Lord Castlereagh tell the story to Sir Walter, and Lord C. told it without hesitation, and as if believing in it implicitly.

These two volumes are a complete mine of table-talk. There is abundance of the same ore in the place whence we brought these specimens.

## RECENT DISCOVERIES IN AFRICA.

*Narrative of a Mission to Central Africa.* By the late JAMES RICHARDSON. 2 Vols. 8vo. Chapman and Hall. 1853.

*Eighteen Years on the Gold Coast of Africa.* By BRODIE CRUICKSHANK. 2 Vols. 8vo. Hurst and Blackett. 1853.

*Narrative of an Explorer in South Africa.* By FRANCIS GALTON. Murray. 1853.

WHATEVER may have been the early, or will be the future destiny of Africa, certain it is that for many centuries past she has uniformly resisted all attempts at civilization, and her native population is at this hour almost as much sunk in barbarism as it was two thousand years ago. Successive historians, and travellers of different and distant ages, recount the same characteristics, the same peculiarities, customs, and rites, preserved, with little variety or change, by the rude descendants of the aborigines of this vast continent—a continent embracing an area of 11,750,000 square miles, or about four times the superficial extent of Europe.

Until now our acquaintance with Africa has been almost entirely confined to that narrow fringe of territory which constitutes its seaboard; for notwithstanding all that has been done to effect the exploration of the interior—notwithstanding the gallant host of martyrs who have perished in successive attempts to ascertain and determine the sources of its mighty rivers, and the geographical condition of the regions through which they flow—we are compelled to admit that all our knowledge upon the subject is bare, meagre, and unsatisfactory.

While the rest of the world has been advancing, Africa has steadily retrograded. Egypt, once the seat of science and literature, and refinement and art, has dwindled to a mere pashalik of Turkey, from which power she might at any moment be wrested by an European army 20,000 strong. The once fertile province of Cyrene has been swallowed in the desert of Barca. The power and glories of Carthage are ill represented by the feeble despotisms of Tunis and Tripoli. The ancient territory of Massinissa groans under the iron rule of modern Gaul. Mauritania, still occupied by the Moorish race, is ruled by the swarthy monarch whose territory is bounded by the Atlas range to the south; northward by the Mediterranean, and to the east by the ocean to which his native mountains have lent their name. Africa, moreover, presents the solitary instance of a country in which Christianity, after having been once perfectly established, gradually declined, and finally disappeared under the blighting influence of the Moslem prophet.

More than a thousand years have elapsed since the blind fury of the Moors and Vandals, and the ruthless fanaticism of the early disciples of Mahomet, extirpated almost every trace of

that Divine creed whose beneficent influence has ameliorated the condition of so large a portion of the human race; and although frequent efforts have been made to restore to the inhabitants of northern Africa a purer religion and a holier worship than the one which has obtained so strange an ascendancy over their minds, all have hitherto been futile, and little hope can be entertained that it will, in those districts at least, supersede the dominant belief.

If we turn to the western, the southern, or the eastern coasts of this torrid continent, we shall find, it is true, here and there small isolated colonies settled and occupied by Europeans; maintained, however, in more than one instance, at a cost far exceeding their real value and importance. But even in these cases, the territory, which has been seized originally *vi et armis* from the aborigines, is held with difficulty, and few successful efforts have been made to extend the frontier inland.

For the knowledge we possess of the interior of Africa, its saharas, its mountains, its natural productions, and its savage denizens, we are indebted to the enterprise and daring of a few individuals, the majority of whom, alas! have fallen victims either to the poisonous malaria or the ruthless barbarians they encountered. Without adverting further to the labours and researches of preceding travellers, we will proceed at once to the consideration of Mr. Richardson's Journal, which has been revised and edited by Mr. Bayle St. John.

About the beginning of 1850 Mr. Richardson, in company with Drs. Barth and Overweg (two Prussian gentlemen), set out from Tripoli to explore Central Africa, and to endeavour, if possible, to organize some system, through which legitimate commerce, by way of the Great Desert, could be introduced among the wild tribes inhabiting those regions, in lieu of the baneful and demoralizing slave-trade, to which the attention and the energies of all native potentates has hitherto, from time immemorial, been directed. The expedition was conducted under the direction, and at the expense of the British Government.

A boat, built in Malta dockyard, had been provided for the purpose of navigating the waters of lake Tchad: sawn into quarters, it was slung in nets upon a couple of powerful camels, and subsequently proved of essential service in the survey of the shores of that inland sea.

South of Tripoli lies the territory of Fezzan, extending some 400 miles in a southerly direction, and about 280 in width: its capital is Moorzuk, and a Mr. Gugliuffi is the British Consul there. Before leaving Tripoli, Mr. Richardson had written to that gentleman, requesting him to procure an escort of Tuaricks, and also the attendance of the neighbouring Sheikhs, for the discussion of a treaty to be submitted to their consideration. Izhet Pasha and the Bey of Tunis had provided the travellers with a circular letter addressed to the chieftains of all the Turkish provinces of Tripoli and Fezzan; but Mr. Richardson and his companions relied chiefly on their own tact, the good-will of the natives, and that vague respect for English power which is already spreading even throughout the sandy ocean of the Sahara.

Not the least important of the members of the present caravan was the interpreter, one Yusuf Moknee (son of the late Governor of Fezzan): his only vice seems to have been a strong attachment to the bottle; but before starting he signed a contract promising to be a pattern of sobriety! He is a handsome, dark-featured fellow, and is represented as making a respectable figure, arrayed in a blue robe, white burnoose, and elegant fez. Two chaouches, or janissaries, were also engaged, as well as a number of free blacks from Tunis—some married, others not—who were on their way to their homes in Soudan, Bornou, and Mandara. Of these, some agreed to travel, chiefly on their own account, the rest being paid, and officiating as servants. The camel-drivers, and a marabout who accompanied them, were from Fezzan.

The average progress of such a caravan is not more than two-and-a-half miles per hour; and an arduous march of twelve hours, under the most auspicious circumstances, only shews an advance of thirty miles from the last resting-place.

The trading caravans from the Mediterranean shores to Wadai, Bornou, Soudan, and Timbuctoo, pursue four different routes across the belt of populous country that extends on either side of the tropic of Cancer.

Wadai sends to Bengazi, a port of Tripoli, twice yearly, a large number of slaves, elephants' tusks, and ostrich feathers: this route has not yet been opened more than seventy or eighty years. From Bornou, *via* Fezzan, slaves are the chief commodity. Soudan exports slaves, ivory, indigo, wax, hides, and senna. The greater part of this traffic is of recent origin, and consists chiefly of legitimate articles of barter. Thus, wax was first sent about twenty years since, ivory eighteen, and indigo, for the first time, as lately as 1844. The caravans from Timbuctoo bear little besides gold and a little ivory and wax, but no slaves. The merchants, for convenience of transport, beat the gold into rudely-fashioned rings, and con-

ceal them about their persons. The Gadamsee merchants, who formerly embarked two-thirds of their capital in human merchandise, have now but a fourth of their capital employed in that manner. This is owing partly to the abolition of the Tunisian slave-market, and the increase of other objects of commerce in Soudan, such as cassia, gum-dragon, and senna.

Mr. Richardson, mounted on a donkey, left Masheeah, a suburb of Tripoli, at six on the morning of the 30th of March, Drs. Barth and Overweg, with a portion of the caravan, having previously started. After the delay of a day, caused by heavy rain, the party encamped at the foot of the Gharian mountains. The ascent of this portion of the Tripoline Atlas was not accomplished without considerable difficulty, the caravan, with its broken groups of various colours, dotting the steep acclivity. The foremost camels occasionally halting and complaining in piteous accents, bring the whole cavalcade to a sudden halt. A storm of blows, a shower of stones and execrations, and loud cries of "*Isa! Isa!*" urge the gaunt beasts forward once more. The track lies through sparse forests of olive, studded here and there with patches of wheat and barley. At the hour of three in the afternoon they reach the castle of Gharium, a picturesque structure overhanging a deep ravine, but commanded by a mountain in its rear. The plain just traversed was enveloped in mist, and the minarets of Tripoli appeared not through the northern haze. The barren sides of the surrounding hills are here and there cleft by deep gullies, from which, at distant intervals, little tufts of verdure spring, indicating the grateful presence of a mountain rill. The castle was garrisoned by 200 men, under Colonel Saleh, who hospitably entertained the travellers with coffee, lemonade, and pipes.

In this African canton, architecture is decidedly at a discount, for not the vestige of a hut is to be discerned in any direction, the inhabitants dwelling entirely under ground: but they are, nevertheless, healthy and cleanly in their appearance. Their Moslem rulers have little difficulty in retaining them in utter subjection, for they are completely disarmed, and weapons and ammunition of all kinds are strictly prohibited. Those who are entrusted with the collection of the revenue are in the habit of punishing defaulters with death: so that, although no "house-tax" can well be levied in this land, it has other and more substantial *désagrémens*.

Leaving the castle of Gharium behind, the caravan proceeded in a south-westerly direction, through groves of olive and fig-trees, masses of arid rock alternating in the landscape with cultivated slopes, decked with fresh and brilliant vegetation. Many of the heights that were passed displayed the ruins of an Arab castle fast crumbling to decay. After passing

Kuleebah, a village occupying a commanding position on a bold mountain top, the symptoms of cultivation became gradually more rare: an occasional Arab tent, or a flock of sheep, afforded the only indications of pastoral life. The next day even these occurred not, and the few stunted bushes that had hitherto been met with ceased to cheer the wearied eye. The desert at length was entered, and silently expanded before the gaze of the wayfarers, in all its stern sublimity and stillness. From this hour all around was desolate, dreary, and gloomy.

#### THE SLAVE CARAVAN.

About noon, as we were traversing these solitudes in our usual irregular order of march, a crowd of moving things came in sight. It proved to be a slave-caravan, entirely composed of young girls. The Gadamsee merchants who owned them recognised me, and shook me by the hand. Our old black woman was soon surrounded by a troop of the poor slave-girls; and when she related to them how she was returning free to her country under the protection of the English, and wished them all the same happiness, they fell round her weeping and kissing her feet. One poor naked girl had slung at her back a child, with a strange look of intelligence. I was about to give her a piece of money, but could not; for, the tears bursting to my eyes, I was obliged to turn away. The sight of these fragments of families stolen away to become drudges or victims of brutal passion in a foreign land, invariably produced this effect upon me. This caravan consisted of some thirty girls and twenty camel-loads of elephants' teeth. They had been seventy days on their way from Ghât, including, however, thirty-four days of rest. Most of these poor wretches had performed journeys on their way to bondage which would invest me with imperishable renown as a traveller could I accomplish them.

The caravan was soon lost to view as it wound along the track by which we had come. This day was exceedingly hot, whereas the previous days had reminded us of a cool summer in England. The nights have hitherto been clear, and the zodiacal light is always brilliant. Our blacks keep up pretty well. There are now nine of them; five men, three women, and a boy. They eat barley-meal and oil, and now and then get a cup of coffee. I also feed the Fezzane marabout, besides those specially attached to the expedition. As to the camel-drivers, they are an ill-bred, disobliging set, and I give them nothing extra. How different are our negroes! They are most cheerful. As we proceed, they run hither and thither collecting edible herbs; and, like children, making the way more long in their sport. Sometimes their amusements are less pleasant, and they seem systematically to take refuge from *ennui* in a quarrel. Two of them began to pelt each other with stones to-day; allies dropped in on either side; laughter was succeeded by execrations; and the whole caravan at length came to loggerheads.

The *sidr*, or lote-tree, is abundant in these parts, and it is curious to notice how in the spring season the green leaves sprout out all over the white burnt-up shrub. All vegetation in the desert that is not perfectly new seems utterly withered by time. There is scarcely any medium between the bud and the dead leaf. Infancy is scorched at once into old age.

As we advanced, the country appeared to put on sterner forms, until suddenly, in the afternoon, the rocks opened to disclose the Wady Esh-Shrâb nestling amidst limestone hills, and containing the pleasant oasis of Mizdah. Its beauties consist, in reality, but of a few patches of green barley and scanty palm-groves; but, in contrast to the sultry desert, the scene appeared really enchanting.

We have now left the Troglodytes behind us. Mizdah (eight summer and ten winter days from Ghadamez, three short days from Gharian, and the same from Beniioed),

is built above-ground, and consists of a double village, or rather two contiguous villages, inhabited by people of the Arab race. Each division is fortified, after a fashion, with walls now crumbling, and with round crenulated towers. One large tower, some fifty feet high, has stood, they say, four hundred years. I asked, What was the use of these fortifications? and was naively told they were for the purposes of *shamatah*, "war," or rather "rows." And true enough, before the Turks extended their power so far, these two beggarly villages, fifty miles from any neighbours, were in constant hostility one with the other. Each had its great tower, a giant among all the little towers—a kind of keep, to which the defeated party retired to recruit its strength or escape utter destruction. This is likewise the case with many other double towns of the Sahara, and seems to prove that war is the native passion and trade of man. At any rate, punishment for such turbulence has not been wanting; for in this, as in so many other cases, whilst these poor wretches were engaged in cutting one another's throats, the conqueror has come and established his tyranny. They are now paying the penalty of their love of *shamatah* in the shape of an impost of four hundred makhbous per annum, and in numbers are reduced to about a hundred and thirty heads of families.

The travellers received a visit in their tent from Omer, the Sheikh of Mizdah: he proffered his services as a guide through the country over which he wields delegated authority. Poor fellow! his dominion is limited enough: its wealth consists of 300 date trees and six small fields of corn. Beyond Mizdah, the desert becomes more and more arid, the hills being chiefly composed of marl and gypsum, with a covering of limestone. Along the line of road numerous Roman remains, such as tombs, milestones, &c., appear, indicating that, in earlier times, the country had been more densely peopled and had enjoyed greater commercial prosperity.

But they approach the table-land of the dreaded Hamadah, and prepare to encounter the horrors of that burning region. The caravan was divided, Drs. Barth and Overweg agreeing to traverse it by day, while Mr. Richardson was to follow by night with the blacks.

#### NIGHT IN THE DESERT.

The sun was setting as our caravan, which we had collected in as compact a body as possible, got under way, and, rising out of the valley of Tabooneeah, began to enter upon the plateau. It is difficult to convey an idea of the solemn impressions with which one enters upon such a journey. Every thing a-head is unknown, and invested with perhaps exaggerated terrors by imagination and report. The name of the Desert—the waterless Desert—hangs over the horizon, and suggests the most gloomy apprehensions. Behind, in the fading light, the trees of the valley still show their dim groups; before, the lofty level, slightly broken by undulations, stretches away. There was one cheering thought, however. My companions had by this time set up their tent for the night; and although, creeping along at the camel's slow pace, we could not expect to come up to that temporary home until it was about to be deserted, still the knowledge of its existence took away much of the mysterious terror with which I entered upon this desolate region in the hour of coming shadows. An additional solemnity was imparted to the commencement of this arduous journey by the fact that we now passed the last pillar erected by the Romans. Their mighty power seems to have recalled, as well it might, before the horrid aspect of the Hamadah.

## THE GREAT DESERT.

We pushed on at a steady pace over the rough ground;

tive style of travelling conversant a few months before. Instead of whirling along the summit of an embankment, or through a horizontal well miles deep, in a machine that always reminded me of a disjointed dragon, at the rate of some fifty miles an hour, here I was leisurely swaying to and fro on the back of the slowest beast that man has ever tamed, in the midst of a crowd loosely scattered over the country, some on foot, some in the saddle—not seeking to keep any determinate track, but following a general direction by the light of the stars, which shine with warm beneficence overhead. There is no sound to attract the ear, save the measured tread of the caravan, the occasional “*Isa! Isa!*” of the drivers, the hasty wrench with which our camels snatch a mouthful of some ligneous plant that clings to the stony soil, the creaking of the baggage, or the whistling of the wind that comes moaning over the desert. These are truly moments in a man’s life to remember; and I shall ever look back to that solemn night-march over the desert, which my pen fails to describe, with sentiments of pleasurable awe.

This night we moved at comparatively a rapid pace—nearly three miles an hour; for there was scarcely any temptation to the camels to linger for browsing purposes, and the drivers seemed desperately anxious to get over as much ground as possible at once. At first, all went well enough; and now and then even, the blacks, who were on foot, braved the Hamadah with a lively ditty—celebrating some Lucy Long of Central Africa. But by degrees these merry sounds ceased to be heard; and the hastily-moving crowd of the caravan insensibly stretched out into a longer line. The poor women were beginning to knock up, and several fell at times from mere exhaustion. We proceeded, however, without stopping, for eleven hours, and after a long, dreary night indeed, halted at five in the morning, having reached the encampment of our German friends.

The dawn soon lighted up the waste, and enabled us to see that it was a level plain of hard red earth, scattered over with pebbles and loose pieces of limestone mixed with flint.

The Hamadah was very cold in the night, the wind being from the north. Dr. Overweg does not think that the plateau is more than fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea; but it may be two thousand, and a little more in some places. By day it is hot enough; and as there is little to be observed on these vast, elevated stretches of stony desert, I thought it best to continue my original plan for three whole nights.

To spare one’s self is the great secret of Saharan travelling; and there is, after all, not much to observe in this desolate region.

The plateau, we may observe, consists of three principal strata; first a covering of limestone, mingled with red earth and flints, then masses of marl, then ferruginous sandstone. Under the sandstone lies a bed of yellow clay, with an admixture of gypsum. The face of the cliffs bordering this table-land is blackened as with furnace-smoke, and this gave an appearance of greater natural gloom to the scene, as the caravan slowly descended towards the valley of El-Hasee.

### THE HAMADAH.

We glanced back in awe, and yet in some triumph, towards the iron-bound desert we had thus safely traversed; but our eyes soon turned from so bleak a prospect, when we beheld, dotting the sandy wady, clumps of the wild palm, green copes, and the majestic ethel-tree.

It was about two in the afternoon when we reached the camping-ground, all our people shouting, “*Be-Selameh*

*el Hamadah!*” Farewell to the Hamadah! I cried out the same words in a joyful voice; for although, now that the dangers of the plateau were overcome they seemed diminished in my eyes, yet I felt that we had escaped from a most trying march with wonderful good fortune. It is difficult to convey an idea of the horror and desolation of so vast a tract of waterless and uninhabited country. They alone who have breathed the sharp air of its blank nakedness can appreciate it, or understand how any accidental delay, sickness, the bursting of the water-skins, the straying of the camels, might produce incalculable sufferings, and even death. “*Be-Selameh el Hamadah!*” then, with all my heart. “*Be-Selameh! be-Selameh!*” again rings through the caravan, as we reach at length our camping-ground, and throw ourselves at full-length under the pleasing shade. Even the camel-drivers were so fatigued, that they stretched out as soon as the command to halt was given, and let their animals stray at will, without taking the trouble to unload them. I had observed the same supineness during our halts all through this drying district, which seems to oppress their imaginations as well as prostrate their bodies.

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On the 1st of May we had an arduous piece of work to perform. The khafilah was in motion fourteen entire hours, over heavy sand, with the hot wind breathing fiercely upon it. No amateur walking was indulged in. Every one kept sullenly to his camel; and those who were obliged to advance on foot dragged slowly along, seeming every moment as if they were about to abandon all exertion in despair, and lie down to perish. Our course lay mostly south, as usual; but varied occasionally from south-east to south-west. The scene was one of the most singular that could be imagined. Camels and men were scattered along the track, treading slowly but continually forward, and yet not seeming to advance at all. Instead of the cheering cry of “*Isa! Isa!*” which urges on the burdened beasts over rocky deserts, the dull, prolonged sound of “*Thurr! Thurr!*” was substituted. Beyond this there was no noise. The men had no strength to talk or to sing, and the tread of many feet awaken no echo in the sandy waste. Waves of red and yellow, or of dazzling whiteness, swelled round in a circle of ever-varying diameter as we rose and fell. Here and there stretched great stains of black herbage. Every object is magnified and changed to the eye. The heat and the swinging motion of the camel produce a slight dizziness, and the outer world assumes a hazy indistinctness of outline—something like dream-landscapes. There is a desert-intoxication which must be felt to be appreciated.

We must not, however, libel even the Sandy Desert, by producing the impression that it is all barren and comfortless. Though far more difficult to travel over than the Hamadah, it possesses the inestimable advantage of having water every day once at least. A little after noon, indeed, we passed two lakes; one small, and the other of considerable dimensions, containing sweet water, and bordered by a fringe of palm-trees. At times there is very good herbage for the camels. The most frequent shrub on which they browse is the *resou*, which has small ears of grain, eaten also by men as food. Traces of animal life, as I have observed, are few; but we saw this day two broken ostrich-eggs. How they came there it is difficult to say: no traces or footmarks have been remarked.

At length I had begun to find drinking a necessity. During these days of sand I imbibed more than during the whole of the rest of the journey. The eating of dates added to my thirst; and the blacks complained of the same thing. Dates are much better in the winter, and keep the cold out of the stomach; but I should recommend all Saharan travellers to eat as few of them as possible, at any season of the year.

During this last day, beyond the expanse of sandy waves through which we swam, as it were, had risen ahead some very conspicuous mountains. Even at five in the morning we could see detached along the line of



the horizon the highest and most advanced portion of the edge of the plateau of Mourzuk. In three hours the white line of cliffs came in view, looking like a stretch of black-blue sea, contrasting strangely with the sparkling white-sand undulations that stretched to their feet. Some of us thought that an inland sea—never before heard of—had rolled its waters athwart our path, so perfect was the illusion. The heavens, this day particularly, attracted our attention. What a sky! how beautiful! The ground was a soft, light azure; and on its milkily resplendent surface were scattered loosely about some downy, feathery clouds, of the purest white—veils woven in celestial looms!

After many weary hours' march, the cliffs, that early in the day seemed so near, were still far—far ahead, and every mound of sand attained disclosed others precisely similar beyond. Meanwhile the scorching blast rendered every movement irksome; and the act of breathing in this rarefied air was painfully difficult for those who, half dead from the heat, were nodding on their camels. In many instances the eyes became dim, and partial deafness supervened. Nor need we wonder at this state of things, when we learn that the thermometer, plunged into the sand, immediately mounted to 130°!

At length the bright emerald belt of the "wady" rose to view on the southern horizon, and the wearied troop halted at the village of Laghureefah in the valley of El-Wady. The people here are precisely of the colour of the best India-rubber, and some have the ordinary dull, unattractive features of the negro. A good supply of fresh meat and bread was obtained at this hamlet.

#### THE OASIS.

El-Wady is a deep valley, lying like a moat between the elevated sandy desert and the plateau on which Mourzuk is situated. This plateau, at the distance of every few miles, juts out huge buttresses of perpendicular cliffs, which frown over the broken thread of green vegetation in the valley. Thick forests of palms stretch at various points along the low plain, where are springs plentifully furnished by filtration from the high ground on either hand. The various kinds of oasian culture are pursued here with success. Wheat and barley are produced in considerable quantities; and camels, asses, and goats find plentiful nourishment. The villages are numerous; but some contain only few men, and none exceed forty-five. Takarteebah, the largest place, pays four hundred and ninety mahlouls per annum, cultivates four thousand palms, yielding a hundred and fifty kassasses of dates, thirty of wheat, and eight of barley: it feeds eleven asses. I observed that all domestic animals, the goats especially, attain a very diminutive size in these oases, the nourishment for them being but scanty.

In this oasis the palm-groves are much more dense than in any other I have seen. They almost merit the name of forests, both from their size and wild luxuriant appearance. The Fezzanees pay little attention to their culture, and when a tree falls it is frequently suffered to lie for months, even though it block up the public road. In contrast to the burning desert we had just traversed, these dense woods casting their shadows on the white sand produced a most pleasing effect. We eagerly wandered into the cool arcades, and watched with delight the doves and hippos, and other birds, as they fluttered to and fro amidst the drooping leaves.

Moorzuk, the capital of Fezzan, was reached on the thirty-ninth day from Tripoli, the distance

being 500 miles. Mr. Gagliuffi (the British Consul there) and the Pasha shewed all the hospitality in their power to the travellers, and aided them in the recovery of a large portion of their baggage, which, from want of sufficient means of transport, they had been compelled to leave in the oasis.

The entire population of Fezzan does not exceed 20,000, scattered in little fertile patches over a vast extent of country, forming, in fact, a portion of the great Sahara. These valleys are separated by wide ranges of desert, generally barren, or bearing, at most, only a little scanty herbage. Caravans periodically traverse these deserts, covering the country with a perfect *sagene* of tracks. Fezzan is divided into ten districts, of which the principal is El-Hofrah, containing the capital, Moorzuk, and some smaller towns. Besides the date-palm, which here flourishes luxuriantly, figs, grapes, pomegranates, and melons are to be had in profusion; the more delicate fruit-trees being planted under the protecting shade of the palms. The fertile soil yields annually two crops—barley and wheat in the spring, Indian corn, ghaseb, and other grain in the autumn. All culture is carried on by irrigation, directed twice a day over the fields, early and late. Heavy taxation, oppressive customs dues, and other clogs to commerce, greatly oppress this country, which is daily sinking deeper and deeper into squalor and wretchedness. The present rulers keep the people in thorough subjection, but it is the blighting subjection of bondsmen.

#### AN ARAB DIVORCE.

A little story may find its place here, as an apt illustration of the state of society and manners in this out-of-the-way capital. A married woman preferred another man to her husband, and frankly confessed that her affections had strayed. Her lord, instead of flying into a passion, and killing her on the spot, thought a moment, and said—

"I will consent to divorce you, if you will promise one thing."

"What is that?" inquired the delighted wife.

"You must look to me only when I pass on the day of the celebration of your nuptials with the other man."

Now it is the custom for women, under such circumstances, to look (that is, salute with a peculiar cry) any handsome male passer-by. However, the woman promised, the divorce took place, and the lover was soon promoted into a second husband. On the day of the wedding, however, the man who had exacted the promise passed by the camel on which the bride was riding, and saluted her, as is the custom, with the discharge of his firelock. Upon this she remembered, and looked to him. The new bridegroom, enraged at this marked preference, noticing that she had not greeted any one else, and thinking possibly that he was playing the part of a dupe, instantly fell upon his bride and slew her. He had scarcely done so when the brothers of the woman came up and shot him down; so that the first husband compassed ample vengeance without endangering himself in the slightest degree. This is an instance of Arab cunning.

After some weeks' residence at Moorzuk, to study the habits and character of the people, to make arrangements for prosecuting the

objects of the expedition, and to procure a sufficient escort of Tuarick chieftains, the mission proceeded, through a wild and beautiful country, on its way to the independent state of Ghât. From Ghât the line of march traversed the unexplored kingdom of Aheer (called, also, Air or Asben), and Mr. Richardson and his companions were continually harassed by apprehensions, not altogether ill-founded, of danger from marauders of the tribes of Hagher and Azgher. Happily the caravan was able to evade its lawless pursuers, and no collision occurred till it reached the frontier of Aheer. Here, for the sake of future security, some heavy exactions were submitted to, and the travellers at length reached the encampment of Sheikh En-noor, one of the great chiefs of the Kailonee tribes, at Tintalous (or Tin-tellust).

The conduct of En-noor at first gave rise to much vexatious annoyance, but by tact and management he was at length induced to adopt a more friendly demeanour.

The mission learnt with satisfaction that the great salt caravan, which annually performs the journey from Bilma *via* Aheer to the south, was about to start, and that the Christians and the Sheikh were to swell its numbers. After successive disappointments our three travellers reached Damerghou, whence Dr. Barth proceeded to Maradee, Dr. Overweg to Kanou, and Mr. Richardson to Zinder, in the province of Damagram. At this place he met with a satisfactory reception from the sarkée, or governor, a gentleman who rejoices in the affections of 300 wives, 100 sons, and 50 daughters. At the time of Mr. Richardson's arrival, he happened to be pressed for ready money, and accordingly proceeded on a hunting expedition, for the purpose of turning the subjects of his own sovereign into cash, and thus free himself from debt!

#### SLAVE HUNTING.

The mode of supplying the slave-markets of the north and south is truly nefarious, and perhaps surpasses all the wickedness of the Tuaricks. The Sarkée of Zinder wants gour-nuts, and has no money to purchase them; he sends his servants or officers to a neighbouring village, and they steal in open day two or three families of people and bring them to the Sarkée. These poor wretches are immediately exchanged for the gour-nuts. A boy steals some trifling articles—a few needles; he is forthwith sold in the souk; and not only he, but “if the Sarkée wants money,” his father and mother, brothers and sisters: and “if the Sarkée is very much pressed for money,” his familiar search for the brothers of the father, and all their relations. Indeed crime is a lucrative source of supply for the prince, and what his vengeance spares from the executioner is sold into foreign slavery.

In the approaching razzia, the Sarkée is expected to take the common route of Daura, and carry off the villagers subjected to the Sheikh; for, contrary to the opinion of the Sherref Kalla, the Sarkée will not attack the Kollam, who are the subjects of the Füllan, but the *bande* subjects of the Sheikh. He will probably bring back one thousand slaves or captives. He will send two hundred to the Sheikh, with such a message as this:—“I have eaten up the Kafers of Daura; here is your offering

of two hundred Kafers.” Should the Sheikh receive a remonstrance from the Bornou governor of Daura, that the Sarkée of Zinder has come upon him and carried off Muslims, his subjects, he will shut his ears. In all these razzias the lesser chiefs act an important part, and each gets a share. A chief who fights under the Sarkée captures fifty slaves, and gives up to the Sarkée twenty-five or thirty, keeping the rest for himself and people.

If a single undistinguished man captures five, the Sarkée gets two of the five; another captures two, the Sarkée gets one, and the captor one. So all have a common interest in these nefarious razzias, and all start off with the utmost glee to capture their neighbours, their brethren, and to sell them into bondage. The Sarkée of Zinder will take with him about five thousand cavalry and thirty thousand foot (bowmen), drawn from these portions of the provinces against which the razzia is now directed.

After some delay Mr. Richardson proceeded towards Kuka or Kooka, an important town, the capital of Bornou, on the S. W. of Lake Tchad. But his strength, undermined by previous exertions and the burning heat of the climate, gradually gave way, and he died at Ungurutua, six days' journey from Kuka, just eleven months after his departure from Tripoli. Dr. Overweg, we regret to say, has since also unhappily perished, but Dr. Barth, by the latest accounts, is still energetically prosecuting the objects of the mission with zeal and judgment.

The amiable traveller whose simple narrative lies before us appears to have been animated from the outset by a noble ambition, and an eager desire to ameliorate the general condition of the African nations. To this sublime cause all his mental and physical powers were for a long period devoted, and he perished in the attempt to rescue his fellow-men from the direst and most degrading oppression that has ever been practised upon earth.

Great, too, has been the service he has rendered to philology by the formation of voluminous vocabularies of the languages of the various nations with which he came in contact. We may venture to express a hope that those gentlemen who are still similarly engaged, may escape the doom which has befallen so many of their predecessors, and that they may be enabled to accomplish the main objects of their mission.

Dr. Vogel, an astronomer of some reputation, and two volunteers from that admirable corps the sappers and miners, left England on the 20th of last February to reinforce Dr. Barth, who had no longer any European companion.

Dr. Vogel has received instructions to survey, in the fullest manner, Lake Tchad and its environs; to take copious and accurate astronomical observations; to forward to this country all plants and seeds he may be able to obtain; and to continue the collection of the natural and artificial productions of Bornou, commenced by Dr. Overweg.



Among the first-fruits of the enterprise of which we have given a brief sketch, we may mention that British commerce is already beginning to develop itself at Ghât and at other places visited by Mr. Richardson, where previously European trade was scarcely known: and, what will be of far greater interest to the scientific reader, a most comprehensive map of Central Africa has been received, extending from the fourth to the fifteenth degree of northern latitude, and from the eighth to the twenty-third of eastern longitude. This map, therefore, comprises the important countries of Bornou, Adamawa, Begharmi, and Kanem, together with the city of Kanoo, the metropolis of Central Africa; and cannot but be deemed, in every respect, a most important acquisition.

It would have much enhanced the value of Mr. St. John's editorial labours had he appended to Mr. Richardson's narrative a reduced copy of the chart in question: the map he has given is, in several respects, incorrect, and deficient in many places mentioned in the body of the work, besides being upon much too small a scale.

Dr. Overweg, a short time before his death, had successfully accomplished a journey in a south-westerly direction, from Kuka to within 150 miles of Jacoba, the principal town of the Fellatah country, Dr. Barth having, in the mean time, explored in an opposite direction the powerful kingdom of Begharmi; the intention of both gentlemen at the time being to work their way subsequently to the southward and eastward towards the Zanzibar coast. Whether the mission, as at present constituted, will be enabled to carry out this design, remains to be seen: should it be effected, a region of many hundred miles in width will have to be traversed, of which nothing—literally nothing—is as yet known, and which has hitherto been represented in every map as an arid void.

The exploration of the Niger (called, also, the Kawara or Joliba) and of the Tchadda is again under consideration. These two noble rivers unite at a little distance westward of Domah, and about 100 miles from the sea. Little doubt can be entertained but that the Tchadda flows through the most important regions of Central Africa; that in magnitude it equals, if it does not indeed surpass the Niger; and, in the opinion of Dr. Barth, is likely to offer the most natural mode of communicating with, and civilizing, the country it fertilizes in its course.

The Sheikh of Bornou has constantly expressed his desire of entering into amicable arrangements with the British, and to aid them in the abolition of slavery. The province of Adamawa (or Adamana), with a pastoral population, is represented as the most fruitful and

inviting in this region of the globe, and may, consequently, become the key to the whole interior of the continent. At present Kanoo is the great mart for European and American merchandise; and if the great Sahara, with all its toils, privations, and horrors, should—as we think is not improbable—prove a barrier to frequent intercourse and ready access from the north, the Niger, the Tchadda, and their tributaries offer a ready available means for bartering the productions of a trading country like our own for the natural wealth of this portion of the torrid zone. For, disguise the fact as we may, whatever may be the philanthropic views of a few disinterested individuals, *this* is the real incentive to the national eagerness for a more intimate acquaintance with Central Africa, and the main inducement to Government to promote and encourage these expeditions.

Now turn we to

#### THE GOLD COAST.

The Gold Coast of Africa, extending from Asimoe to the River Volta, presents a wide field for curious and varied speculation. Its sunny skies, but seldom disfigured by gloom or tempest; its modulating sweep of hill and dale; its deep, impenetrable thickets; its magnificent forest trees, the ever-verdant freshness of its luxuriant vegetation; the richness of its mineral wealth, still shrouded in the mysterious recesses of its mountains, or in the depths of its dark and muddy streams; its luscious fruits; the gorgeous plumage of its birds; and the endless variety of animal and insect life, which inhabit its wild jungle tracts; invest it with an indescribable charm of vague and wondering curiosity. As the stranger approaches it from the Atlantic, and obtains the first hazy and indistinct view of its distant outline, it appears covered with a misty pall, and presents such a dream-like picture to the imagination, that little effort is required to people its solitudes with beings of his own creation. On a nearer approach, it assumes a sombre monotonous aspect, which leaves upon the mind a disagreeable feeling of gloomy oppressiveness, strengthened by the reflection that we are viewing the haunts of savage life.

A dark impenetrable mystery seems to hang beneath the shade of those gloomy forests, fit abode for idolatry and cruel superstition. Where could rapine, and man-stealing, and murder, be more securely pursued? Where the cries of affliction and despair so easily stifled? Where could the human mind find a scene more calculated to impress it with a superstitious awe, or to prepare it for the bloody rites of pagan worship?

Ideas such as these cannot but occur to one who views this coast for the first time, and who is acquainted with the dark page which it fills in history. But as he draws nearer to the shore, and the different features of the scene begin to stand out in distinct and prominent relief, he naturally recalls his thoughts from the realms of fancy, to fix his attention upon the novel scene. It may be that the gentle sea-breeze, which blows with considerable regularity, has begun to fill the sails of his vessel, and it glides with a gurgling ripple through the tiny wavelets of the sea, glittering in the radiance of a blue and cloudless sky. He is struck with the picturesque appearance of a straggling fleet of fishing canoes steering for the shore, with their ragged sails of matting, and the naked fishermen, lolled listlessly in their frail barks, which appear but ill calculated to brave the perils of the deep. He hears the distant notes of their rude songs, or, more nearly, the wild jabber of an unintelligible tongue. He watches them as they approach the beach, upon which the surf is break-

ing in continual rollers, through which the little skiffs dash fearlessly to land. He observes busy groups meeting them at the landing, and engaged in hauling up their canoes, their naked dingy figures sitting and glancing about, like notes in a sunbeam.

He allows his eye to follow the trend of the coast, and to mark its various bays and headlands. He sees the mighty ocean, over which he has sailed many a weary day, hemmed in by a rim of white glittering sand, which gives it the appearance of a stupendous mirror inlaid with silver, the dark foliage of the trees forming an appropriate background. More near, he can distinguish, in rapid succession, the mud walls and dingy roofs of straggling native villages, for the most part nestling amid groves of the graceful cocoa-nut tree; while scattered farther inland he observes an occasional silk-cotton tree stretching its giant bulk to the sky, like some huge sentinel to guard the land. As the vessel advances, the panorama is ever changing, but always marked with the same verdant tropical features, which have a wild Robinson Crusoe sort of charm for most Europeans, on their first arrival.

Anon he descries a white speck in the distance, which, by aid of the telescope, he discovers to be Cape Coast Castle with the British ensign flying over its battlements. His voyage draws to a close, amidst a tumult of mingled feelings not very easy to describe. There is a lightness and elasticity in the clear transparent atmosphere, a laughing joyousness in the gentle ripple of the sea, an idea of wild romance about the untried land lying in beauty before him, and withal, the happy consciousness of having overcome the perils of the deep, which exhilarate the spirits, and excite a variety of agreeable sensations.

Such is the opening scene which Mr. Cruickshank sketches, as an introduction to his "Eighteen Years on the Gold Coast:" he subsequently proceeds to give a history of the settlement under the English, Dutch, and the Danes, pointing out, at the same time, the demoralizing effects of the slave-trade, and the utter absence of all attempts, on the part of the English, to benefit in any way the aborigines of a country they thought proper to appropriate to themselves.

It is more than 190 years since the first English settlement for the purposes of trade was established at Cape-Coast Castle; and for a long period afterwards the Governors who were sent out thither seem to have been selected solely on account of their excessive stolidity and brutality. To promote the slave-trade, and to gratify their own cupidity, petty dissensions and wars were continually fomented among the neighbouring tribes; and there is but good reason to suppose that they succeeded but too frequently in carrying out their diabolical designs. Mr. Cruickshank has given, at some length, the details of the proceedings anterior to the hostilities between the British and the Ashantees, which ended in the total discomfiture of the former. It is the first time that these annals have been historically recorded: their perusal imparts a wholesome lesson. The cruelty, injustice, and systematic oppression practised by the English settlers on the natives around them have been bitterly avenged, and even at the present day the tenure upon which possession of this frag-

ment of African territory is held is most insecure, as recent accounts unfortunately too convincingly prove.

In their relations with barbarians the English have rarely been actuated by any but the most selfish motives, and the original inhabitants of few countries have ever had reason to congratulate themselves on their subjection to British rule. That the system we have hitherto pursued is a faulty one, abundant evidence exists. The Mahometans, in one instance at least, have proved, to our shame, what may be effected by adopting a different policy.

About 120 years ago a small colony of Mussulmans established themselves in a district a little to the northward of Sierra Leone, known by the name of the Mandingo country. Numerous seminaries of learning have been established by them there, where the laws and doctrines of Mahomet, and the language of Arabia are taught. The practices of the Moslems have been gradually enforced, and, notwithstanding many intestine convulsions, a great comparative idea of civilization, unity, and security has been introduced. The population has increased largely, and the law founded on the Korán, which prohibits the selling of any Mahometan as a slave, is universally recognised. Those who have received their education in these schools have attained to wealth and power in the neighbouring states, and have extended thither alike their religion and their laws. Native chiefs, in numerous instances, have adopted Mahomedan names and titles on account of the respect with which they uniformly observed them to be treated. Gradually and peaceably, therefore, the religion of Islam is diffusing itself over the surrounding districts, and is silently effecting a complete victory over native superstition and barbarism.

Would that we could have said as much of the introduction and extension of our own faith! This, unhappily, we are unable to affirm; nor can we pretend to decide whether the misfortune is attributable to an unhappy selection of teachers—from their inability to impress upon the negro mind the nature and tenets of Christianity—or from the jealousies and bickerings of teachers of rival sects. The morality of the Gospel has made, as yet, but insignificant progress among the masses, and has been hitherto treated with indifference, if not contempt, by the native rulers.

Mr. Cruickshank, speaking with an experience of eighteen years of the Missionaries who came under his notice, says:—

#### MISTAKEN NOTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY.

A gloomy and morose stolidity seems to pervade their ministrations. Languid pictures of man's wretchedness are continually set before their imaginations. The stolidness of youthful levity, and of the gay frivolities

which have so many attractions for the young, meets with the sternest reprobation.

The Christian's pilgrimage appears to them a continued series of dark conflicts, of harsh mortifications, of fiery trials, and of dismal horrors. The world is represented as a vale of tears, where wretched man wanders about a vile outcast, until he sinks with weeping and sorrow into the grave. These pictures have no doubt a brighter side; but such is the predominant character of their harangues. Their rules of discipline enforce frequent services, a strict and inquisitorial scrutiny, not only into the life, but into the thoughts of the heart, a staid solemnity of deportment, an open exposure of error, and a contumacious dismissal from their community of every frail member.

However true such representations of man's character may be, and however efficient such a system of discipline for separating the chaff from the wheat, they certainly do not seem best calculated for enticing the young and the giddy within the fold. They would be more in place among a nation of Christians, who were relapsing into lukewarmness; or where men, satiated with the vain cares and pleasures of the world, longed for a higher degree of spiritual life than could be enjoyed amidst intercourse with the worldly. They would serve admirably the purpose, where they were sought in true singleness of heart, for gleaning the pure from the impure; and for a haven to the humble penitent, buffeted by the storms of the world, and seeking, amid the sympathy of kindred spirits, an outlet for the feelings and emotions of his heart. But to the young African, impatient of restraint, and eager to taste the cup of enjoyment which the effervescent spirit of youth seems to present to him, such dismal pictures and such austere rules serve no other purpose than to hurry him as far as possible from a Missionary; and only when overtaken with disease, or surfeited with excess, will he remember the instruction of his boyhood, and seek for relief in religion.

It is almost impossible, perhaps, to understand the extent to which superstitions of the most absurd and debasing character have taken possession of the African races. A striking instance is afforded in the case of a native, who, after having been educated in England, graduating at Oxford, and officiating creditably for near half a century as chaplain at Cape-Coast Castle, where he led a most exemplary life, unfortunately lapsed into paganism upon his death bed, invoking his "Fetish," and earnestly entreating his attendants to indulge him with a human sacrifice; the only occasion, we sincerely trust, on which any gentleman in holy orders, ever proffered a similar request.

Mr. Cruickshank gives a striking picture of the reverence shewn by the Ashantees to their Fetish and Fetish men, and presents us with the best account we have yet received of their horrible rites.

Loud, deep, but unavailing, have been the complaints advanced for many years past against the suitor-side delays, ruinous charges, and cruel injustice too frequently witnessed in our own country in the administration of the law: matters, however, appear little better, in this respect, at Coomassie than at Westminster; and the simple native of Ashantee, has, it would seem, equal facility to ruin any neighbour against whom he may conceive a grudge, as

the haughtiest denizen of our own favoured land. Take an instance of

#### AFRICAN LITIGATION.

There lived in Abrah country, about fourteen miles distant from our settlement of Anamaboe, a man named Quansah, who resided with his cousin Oboo. The latter was the head of the family, and, according to the practice which obtains here, had entire controul over every member of it, Quansah included, and could, upon an occasion of great emergency which affected the family generally, sell or pawn any of his relatives.

This family, which consisted of several other members beside those mentioned, lived together in ease and contentment under the jurisdiction of Otoo, to whom they owed the allegiance of vassals. The most perfect understanding existed between Oboo and Quansah. They lived together as brothers, worked in the same plantation, and devoted their combined energies to increase the family property.

In the process of time, Quansah informed Oboo that he intended to get married, and mentioned the name of the girl whom he wished to be his wife. Oboo endeavoured to dissuade him from marrying this girl, as he wished to see Quansah united to some of his relations, the natives of the Gold Coast generally being particularly addicted to intermarrying with distant relatives. Quansah, however, could not be persuaded to give up the girl upon whom he had set his affections, and Oboo felt himself reluctantly compelled to give his sanction.

Quansah had not been married longer than a year, when there began to be continual discord between him and his wife, to whom he was nevertheless much attached. He was disappointed at the prospect he had of being childless, which he attributed to the anger of the Fetish, caused by some infidelity on the part of his wife, whom he was continually tormenting with his jealous fears.

He began to suspect Oboo to be more intimate with her than he ought, and the complaints of his harshness, which the woman found it necessary to make to Oboo, only confirmed him in these suspicions. He proceeded from grumbling to more direct accusations, and at length went so far as to summon Oboo to appear before Otoo and his head men upon the charge of adultery. As he was altogether blinded by his passion, and his object in making this accusation was not so much to obtain satisfaction as to gratify his malice, he was not content with the simple process of submitting the case to the quiet and not very expensive arbitration of his chief, but he desired that a full council of the head men should be called, in order that he might unmask before them all the villany of his relative.

On ordinary occasions the chief is assisted simply by his interpreter in the settlement of palavers, and it is always a part of prudence to secure the advocacy of these interpreters, who generally exercise great influence over their masters. But Quansah had removed his case from this court into that of the assembled Pynins, or head men, among whom the chief has only a deliberative voice like the others.

These men are altogether seen in a new light upon such occasions. In their individual capacity they are quiet and submissive, even to cringing; united, they are noisy, imperious, and obstinate. The responsibility which they would shrink from individually, they are bold enough to challenge collectively. Hence acts of tyrannical oppression and extortion are coolly perpetrated, which any single member of the assembly, unsupported by the presence of his coadjutors, would unhesitatingly disavow. The decision of the Pynins conveys to the mind of the Fantee a species of abstract necessity, an irresponsible kind of fatality, which admits neither of resistance nor redress.

When the day arrived for the hearing of Quansah's charge, a large space was cleanly swept in the marketplace for the accommodation of the assembly; for this a charge of ten shillings was made and paid. When the

Pynins had taken their seats, surrounded by their followers, who squatted upon the ground, a consultation took place as to the amount which they ought to charge for the occupation of their valuable time; and after duly considering the plaintiff's means, with the view of extracting from him as much as they could, they valued their intended services at £6. 15s., which he was in like manner called upon to pay. Another charge of £9. 5s. was made in the name of tribute to the chief, and as an acknowledgment of gratitude for his presence upon the occasion. £1. 10s. was then ordered to be paid to purchase rum for the judges, £1 for the gratification of the followers, ten shillings to the man who took the trouble to weigh out these different sums, and five shillings to the court criers. Thus Quansah had to pay £12. 15s. to bring his case before this august court, the members of which, during the trial, carried on a pleasant carouse of rum and palm wine.

The preliminaries having been thus arranged to their satisfaction, the defendant, Oboo, was then brought before them, and, notwithstanding his protestations of innocence, he was compelled to pay £12. 15s. as Quansah had done. An investigation then took place amid the wanton jokes and obscene ribaldry of the crowd, who prolonged the entertainment while the drink lasted.

Quansah had nothing to ground his charge upon but his own suspicions, drawn from several inconclusive circumstances not deserving of consideration. His wife was examined, and declared her innocence, and the charge altogether remained unsupported by a single iota of evidence.

As Quansah, however, insisted that both Oboo and his wife should take the oath of purgation, the Pynins were not allowed to declare their innocence until this ceremony was concluded. But even this oath did not satisfy Quansah: he represented that the Fetish by which they had sworn was not sufficiently powerful to reveal their guilt, and that he would not be satisfied until they had made a journey to the Braffoo Fetish, at Mankassim, and taken the oath of purgation before the priests there. This being considered the principal Fetish of the country, an appeal of this kind is not made without considerable expense; but the Pynins declared themselves satisfied of Oboo's innocence, without the confirmation of the Braffoo Fetish, whom they made it optional for him and the woman to consult or not, as they thought fit.

This finding made Quansah liable for the payment of Oboo's expenses; but there was little compensation to be found in this, for to raise the funds to enable him to begin this prosecution, Quansah had pawned his services to one of the head men who assisted at this mockery of justice; and unless by any extraordinary good fortune he was enabled to repay the loan, he would very probably pass the remainder of his life in servitude.

But the evil consequences of this iniquitous transaction did not stop short here. Oboo and his family were simple tillers of the ground, whose entire riches consist for the most part in their periodical crops of corn, yams, plantain, and cassada, which barely suffice to support the family, and to supply them with funds to purchase a few articles of clothing and a little rum for the performance of their annual customs: upon any sudden demand for money, they have no other resource than that of selling or pawning themselves and their relations. On the occasion which we have been describing, Oboo was obliged to pledge two of his nephews to obtain the £12. 15s. which was shared among the head men and their myrmidons. Thus we have seen, in this brief history, with what a fatal facility the corrupt nature of the native tribunals becomes instrumental in gratifying the passions of vindictive men. The instance here cited is far from being a solitary one, either in its criminality or in the injuriousness of its consequences; and it has been selected as of late occurrence, and as having come under the official notice of the writer, who had the pleasure of being able to restore to freedom the nephews of Oboo, by means of a disgorging, to which he compelled Otto and his to submit.

Mr. Galton's narrative gives a vivid description of a region hitherto entirely unknown to civilized man. It extends about 4° on either side of the 20th parallel of south latitude, and reaches inland eastward as far as Lake Ngami. In all the maps of Africa hitherto published it is an unad waste, unmarked by the name of any tribe or dwelling-place, or even by a single oasis. Our author now furnishes a carefully constructed chart of this district, from which it appears, that although along the line of the Atlantic coast it is bounded by a sterile belt of land from 150 to 200 miles wide, yet stretching far away into the interior is a fertile tract of country, peopled by an intelligent and orderly race, who enjoy a salubrious climate, are addicted to trade, and eschew all dealings in their fellow-men. These people are styled the Ovampo, and certainly appear, in every respect, to be far superior to any of the other aboriginal tribes of Southern Africa.

Southward, and nearer the coast, is the habitat of the Damaras, a race with very different characteristics indeed from the Ovampo, with whom they are continually at war.

Mr. Galton chartered a vessel from the Cape to Walvisch Bay, at the mouth of the river Swakop; and being provided with a sufficiency of articles for barter, and a requisite number of attendants, cattle, &c., he proceeded to Tounobis (lat. 22° S., long. 21° E.) a distance of 517 geographical miles; and he subsequently made another expedition, to Nangoro's Werft, (situate in about lat. 18° S., long. 16° 13' E.) a further journey of 512 miles.

The incidents of travel were such as might be expected to befall the first European who has resolution and daring enough to explore a country where white men have never previously been seen.

At night his mode of camping was as follows:—

#### THE ENCAMPMENT.

As the waggon still moved on, we kept a look-out along the river bed, till some indications were seen of water, such as holes or small wells dug by Damaras, who had been camping about. If the yield of water appeared sufficient, and if there was any show of grass near, the waggons were outspanned. The place chosen was by a tree or at the side of some bush, where the requisites of a smooth ground to sleep upon, shelter from the wind, abundant thorn-bushes to make a sheep's kraal of, and neighbouring firewood, were best combined. The Damaras were then sent with axes to cut thorn-bushes for the kraal; the white men went with spades to dig a couple of wells out, and make them broad and deep, and the cattle watchers were off with the oxen and sheep to grass—two men to each flock or herd. They often fed a couple of miles away from us. Any idle hand fetched enough firewood to start two cooking fires, on one of which the iron pots for the dinners of myself, Anderson, Hana, and John Morta, were placed; on the other, those of the waggon-men. The Damaras had an iron pot between them, but they never had food given them till late, or else they stopped working, in order to eat it at once. Usually we had to slaughter something. The waggon-driving and

the men's cook generally killed the sheep: if an ox was wanted I shot him. Thus a great many different things were going on at the same time: the men were digging wells, slaughtering and cutting up, cooking at two fires; the Damaras were watching cattle, cutting thorn-bushes, and carrying firewood. When the wells were deepened sufficiently, a hollow trough was scooped out in the sand, and a piece of canvas laid on it; the oxen were then sent for; and while Damaras stood in the well with a wooden "bamboose," a sort of bucket, lading out water into the canvas, the oxen were driven up by threes to drink. But unless the ground is very porous the canvas sheet is hardly necessary. In this way one gives drink at the rate of about an ox a minute at each well, and sheep drink very fast indeed: it seldom required an hour to water my herd after the wells were once cleared out.

The thorn-branches for the kraal are laid round a circle, each alongside the other, in the direction of the radii: the cut ends are inwards, and the broad bushy heads, not the sides of the branch, make the outer circumference. Sheep and goats pack into so small a space, that their kraal has never to be more than twenty feet diameter; but they must have one, or else every kind of accident would occur, for they are by no means so domestic as oxen, and very stupid. If it were not for a kraal, the hyenas, who serenade us every night, would be sure to do constant mischief, and scatter the flock over the country. Oxen, unless thirsty, or hungry, or cold, or in a restless, homesick state of mind, never leave the waggons, but lie in a group round the fire, chewing the cud, with their large eyes glaring in the light, and apparently thinking. We made no kraal for them. To continue: as the evening closes in the sheep are driven into their kraal, the door is bushed up, the Damaras get their meat, and make their own sleeping-places, and we get our dinner. Then I make a few observations with my sextant, which occupies an hour or so, and everybody else has some mending or some other employment. Timboo gets out my rug and sleeping-things; the firewood is brought close to the fire; and we lie down in two large groups, Andersson, Hans, John Morta, and myself, round one fire, and the waggon-men and Damaras round the other, and all gradually drop off to sleep, the Damaras invariably being the last awake. It is a great mistake to suppose that "early to bed and early to rise" is the rule among savages. All those that I have seen, whether in the north or south, eat and talk till a very late hour. I grant that they get up early, but then they sleep half the day.

Mr. Galton's attendants were about forty in number, and chiefly Damaras, but they prove—

#### THE DAMARAS.

Bad guides, considering that they are savages, and ought to have the instincts of locality strongly developed. On subsequent occasions, in retracing our routes over wide extents of country, it was a common amusement to try each other's recollection of the road by asking what would be the next object or next turn of the path we should come to. But it is difficult to compare a European's idea of a country with that of these savages, as they look at it in such different ways, and have their attention attracted to such entirely different objects. A Damara never generalises: he has no name for a river, but a different name for nearly every reach of it: thus the Swakop is a Namaqua name; there is no Damara word for it. A Damara, who knew the road perfectly from A to B, and again from B to C, would have no idea of a straight cut from A to C: he has no map of the country in his mind, but an infinity of local details. He recollects every stump or stone, and the more puerile the object the more strongly does he seem to recollect it. Thus, if you say, "I intend to sleep by the side of the great hill where the river-bed runs close under its foot," he would never recognise the place by the description; but if you said, "under the tree, a little way on the other side of the place where the black and white ox lowed when the red ox was in front of him, and Koniati dropped his assegai,"

&c. &c., every savage in the party would understand the exact locality. The Damaras pick out their way, step by step; they never dream of taking a course and keeping to it. All their observations are directed to spots, stones, and stones, and they perpetually look down on the ground, and not round about them.

Damara women have not much to complain of: they are valuable helpmates, and divorce themselves as often as they like. The consequence is, that the marital rule depends not upon violence nor upon interest, but upon affection. A wife costs a Damara nothing, for she "crows" her own pignuts, and she is of positive use, because she builds and plasters his hut, cooks his victuals, and carries his things when he moves from place to place. A Damara seldom beats his wife much: if he does, she decamps. This deference of husband to wife was a great difficulty in the way of discipline; for I often wanted to punish the ladies of my party, and yet I could not make their husbands whip them for me, and of course I was far too gallant to have it done by any other hands. They bored me to death with their everlasting talking; but I must own that there were many good points in their character. They were extremely patient, though not feminine, according to our ideas: they had no strong affections either for spouse or children; in fact, the spouse was changed almost weekly, and I seldom knew, without inquiry, who the *pro tempore* husband of each lady was at any particular time. One great use of women in my party was to find out any plan or secret that the natives I was encamped amongst were desirous of hiding. Experience tells us of two facts: first, that women delight in communicating everybody else's secrets to each other; secondly, that husbands and wives mutually tell one another all they know. Hence the married women of my party, whenever I staid near a werft, had very soon made out all the secrets of the inhabitants, which they retailed directly to their husbands, and they to me. It was a system of espionage which proved most effectual.

The chiefs of tribes have some kind of sacerdotal authority—more so than a military one. They bless the oxen; and their daughters sprinkle the fattest ones with a brush dipped in water every morning as they walk out of the kraal. They have no expectation of a future state: yet they pray over the graves of their parents for oxen and sheep,—fat ones, and of the right colour. There is hardly a particle of romance, or affection, or poetry, in their character or creed; but they are a greedy, heartless, silly set of savages.

The ceremony of blessing their cattle, and of sprinkling them with water, is curious, and gives rise to strange speculations as to its origin amongst these barbarians.

We are favoured with a portrait of Nangoro, the king of Ovampo, who is represented as enormously fat, and wearing no other apparel than a pair of ear-rings and a slight neck-chain.

#### A COURT BALL.

Every night Nangoro gives a Ball, to which the *élite* of Ovampo-land have a free *entrée*. He kindly sent me an invitation by Tippoo, one of his three courtiers under whose protection we had been especially placed. As soon as night sets in, the guests throng together from all sides; and as the country is full of palms, one member of each party generally picks up a dried broken-off branch, and lights it as a torch. It gives a brilliant flame, and the effect of the many lights on every side is particularly pretty. I went, about eight o'clock, down the sanded walk, between quickest hedgerows, that leads to Nangoro's palisading. When we had entered it, we turned to the right, into the dancing-court, which was already filled with people, who talked and flirted just as though they were in an English ball-room.

There was a man and a young fellow or banjo, in one on the tom-tom in front of him. The first dance was remarkable as a display of dexterity, though I hardly think of elegance: it was undertaken by twelve or fourteen gentlemen, all the others looking on. The dancers were ranked in double files, and *dos-a-dos*; they then "*passed*" from side to side with a tripping operative step, but a wary and cautious eye. Every now and then one of the performers spun suddenly round, and gave a most terrific kick right at the seat of honour of the gentleman whom he then found in front of him. This was the dance; there was a great deal of dexterity shewn both in delivering and avoiding the kick which, when successfully planted, hit with the force of a donkey's hoof. I observed that the three courtiers danced very well and very successfully; indeed I would not have found myself *dos-a-dos* with Tippoo for any consideration. The ladies applauded the dance most vociferously.

With respect to the relative character of the Damaras and the Ovampos our traveller makes the following observation:—

#### THE DAMARAS AND THE OVAMPOS.

I should feel but little compassion if I saw all the Damaras under the hand of a slave-owner, for they could hardly become more wretched than they now are, and might be made much less mischievous; but it would be a crying shame to enslave the Ovampo. To me, as a stranger, they did not behave with full cordiality; and it was natural enough that they should not; but among themselves the case was quite different. They are a kind-hearted, cheerful people, and very domestic. I saw no pauperism in the country: everybody seemed well to do; and the few very old people that I saw were treated with particular respect and care. If Africa is to be civilised, I have no doubt that Ovampo-land will be an important point in the civilisation of its southern parts. It is extremely healthy, and most favourably situated for extending its influence. From the sea-coast it must be accessible; and inquiries really should be made at Mossamedes about the river which bounds it. A ship cruising along the sea-shore there can see nothing at all, for the coast is a low sandy desert, which extends quite out of ken of people afloat: it is behind this strip of desert that the habitable country begins, and probably *through* the sand of it that the river percolates. It is very much to be wished that some explorer would make an attempt from Little Fish Bay, or thereabouts. It would be a far easier undertaking than that which I have gone through, because the starting-point is an inhabited place, where every necessary can be bought with money.

The Damaras on the other hand—

#### UNCLE TOM IN HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

These savages *court slavery*. You engage one of them as a servant, and you find that he considers himself your property, and that you are, in fact, become the owner of a slave. They have no independence about them, generally speaking, but follow a master as spaniels would. Their hero-worship is directed to people who have wit and strength enough to ill-use them. Revenge is a very transient passion in their character: it gives way to admiration of the oppressor. The Damaras seem to me to love nothing: the only strong feelings they possess, which are not utterly gross and sensual, are those of admiration and fear. They seem to be made for slavery, and naturally fall into its ways. Their usual phrase with reference to the Missionaries is, "Oh, they are wise, but weak;" but Jonker and the Hottentots are, I could almost say, their delight. They wonder at their success.

All over Africa one hears of "giving" men away: the custom is as follows. A negro has chanced to live a certain time in another's employ; he considers himself his property, and has abandoned the trouble of thinking what

he is to do from day to day; but leaves the ordering of his future entirely to his employer. He becomes too listless to exert without a master. The weight of independence is heavier than he likes, and he will not bear it. He feels unsupported and lost if alone in the world, and absolutely requires somebody to direct him. Now, if the employer happens to have no further need of the man, he "gives" him, that is to say, he makes over his interest in a savage to a friend or acquaintance; the savage passively agrees to the bargain, and changes his place without regret; for, so long as he has a master at all, the primary want of his being is satisfied. A man is "given" either for a term or for ever, and it was on this tenure that I held several of my men. Swarthoy gave me his henchman; Kahikent, a cattle-watcher; Mr. Hahn, a very useful man, Kambanya. As a definition of the phrase "giving a man," I should say it meant "making over to another whatever influence one possessed over a savage; the individual who is given not being compelled, but being passive."

Regarding the "raids" occasionally made for obtaining slaves to supply the demand in other countries, Mr. Galton assures us that he perfectly understands how engrossing must be the excitement of these forays to savage minds. Compared with them, lion and rhinoceros shooting must, he says, be but poor sport.

#### UNCLE TOM, THE AFRICAN WOODCOCK.

The last brings simply into play the faculties of a sportsman, and is an occupation dangerous enough to be disagreeable, but *negroes are the woodcocks of Africa*, the beau ideal of the game tribe; and they are pursued, not with that personal indifference every one must feel towards quadrupeds, but with revenge, hatred, and cupidity. The Hottentot runs to the raid, boiling with passion and hungry for spoil. He is matched with an equal in sight, hearing, speed, and ingenuity: the attack and the pursuit call forth the whole of his intelligence. If the negro has a perfect knowledge of the country on his side to aid his escape, the Hottentot has had time for forethought and preparation in the attack to match that advantage. The struggle is equal, until the closing scene, when the deadly gun confronts the assagai. Then come the tears and supplication and prayers for mercy, which must be music to the ears of the Hottentot, as he revels in his victory, and pauses before he consummates it. I have a pretty fixed idea that if English justice were administered throughout those parts of Africa, a small part only of the population would remain unhung.

The sporting adventures interspersed throughout the volume, though individually exciting will be thought tame and common-place enough by those who remember Gordon Cumming's unexampled wholesale demolition of lions, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, and pythons.

Thus have we epitomized three new, and not altogether unsuccessful attempts to penetrate into this mysterious continent—the first of the quarters of the earth upon which the sun of civilization shone, the last upon which the clouds of barbarism hang. Of these works, that compiled from poor Richardson's papers is by far the most valuable; but there is no book cited at the head of this article from which much pleasure and instruction may not be derived.



*Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox.* Edited by LORD JOHN RUSSELL.  
Vols. I. and II. Bentley. London, 1853.

If any very considerable portion of the British nation were to read all the "*Mémoires pour servir*" which have been published during the last few years, the name of Charles James Fox would become only a family possession, and his memory would be worshipped by about half a score pure Whigs. The Bedford, Chatham, Walpole, Grenville, and Fox Papers have not only stripped every deed of its decent drapery, but they have made the actors appear worse than they really were. We see the bickerings, the resentments, the intrigues; but we see nothing else. We are like men admitted behind the scenes of a theatre: all the vulgar expedients by which effects are produced lie open to us, but we lose the poetry of the drama.

The life of Charles James Fox has still to be written. Nothing has gone before which has the least title to be called a biography: the volumes now produced profess no more than to be materials. Society, idleness, and public business, have combined to leave the great idol of Holland House without an historian. Lord Holland diligently resolved to write a life of Fox, and he ever and anon opened the chest in which the papers lay, and passed hours in docketing, annotating, and arranging. But as Lord Holland liked conversation much better than solitude, and as good biographies are not to be written by fits and starts, year after year passed, and the virtues of Charles James remained unsaid. Lord Holland died, leaving the papers partly arranged and annotated, "to furnish some future biographer with the materials for a more comprehensive work." Allen, whom Sidney Smith used to call Lady Holland's atheist, then took up the task. Now Allen was a physician, who had migrated from Edinburgh with the "*Edinburgh Review*" clique, and who lived in clover for all after years in Holland House. It was the fashion of the Whigs of that time to think Allen a wonderful man, and it is a tradition of the present day that he was so. He wrote one excessively absurd book, and he committed the "*Edinburgh Review*" to a considerable quantity of very shallow nonsense about our Constitutional History. Beyond this he did nothing. He appears to have been one of those might-could-would-or-should sort of men, who have the knack of twaddling to a clique, and who succeed in impressing their intimates with an awful idea of what they could do, if they would only try. But they never do try. Allen went over what Lord Holland had done, made a few memoranda, and supplied the date

and locality of the statesman's birth; but the "*Life*" was still unwritten. Then Allen died, and Lady Holland died, and the papers, and the duty of writing the *Life*, devolved upon Lord John Russell.

But Lord John Russell is involved in public affairs, and certainly has no time—probably has no inclination—to tempt a very doubtful field of fame. Fox's "*Fragment of the History of James the Second*" is confessedly a failure. It is not always those who can *make* history well who can write it well. Lord John Russell has made a very good little heap of history to himself, and he does wisely to stick to it, and to let other people's heaps alone. He is sure to get into a scrape with some wild Irishman, or to provoke the memory of some calculating boy, if he should take to write history in the interval between the adjournment of the House and bed-time.

These memorials are divided into eight books. First, Documents relating to the birth, family, connexions, and education of Mr. Fox—topics in which the Memorials are not very rich, and which occupy only forty-seven pages.

Second, Correspondence relating to his private or public life, from his election for Midhurst in 1768 to his separation from Lord North in 1774.

Third, From 1774, when Mr. Fox went into opposition, to 1782, when Lord North's administration fell. This book is prefaced by a succinct, but very admirable sketch, by Lord John Russell, of the state of Europe at the time Fox commenced his parliamentary career. It is terminated by a review, from the same hand, of the memorable events that marked the early periods of Mr. Fox's political life.

Fourth: This book is divided, by the present editor, into three parts: the first comprising the history of the first Rockingham administration—that great Hejira in Whig traditions; the second and third comprising the years 1782, 1783, and 1784, including the Shelburn and the Coalition administrations.

Fifth: This commences the history of the Pitt administration; and in the accounts of the Indian debates we have an insight into the views of Lord John Russell upon the policy that should guide us in dealing with that mighty population. Here only does Lord John prove faithless to his Whig traditions. He is, perhaps, almost the only man in the kingdom who would now deny that the impeachment of Hastings was a harsh and factious measure; yet, while noticing the arguments by which Mr. Fox shewed that the double government

must be productive of confusion and abuses, he appeals to an experience of seventy years to shew how unfounded these fears were. A reader would be tempted to believe that Lord John had been asleep during the last twelve-month. This book brings us down to the commencement of the war of 1793, and concludes the present instalment.

In future volumes the editor promises to go fully into the policy of the war waged against France at a cost of seven hundred millions of money. The rest of the Correspondence is to be divided into two books.

The value of these materials can scarcely be too highly estimated; but we certainly cannot recommend any person to choose the volumes as the companion of a country trip, if amusement be his only object. Our notice has been limited to an intimation of the contents of what we now have. When the whole series is before us, we hope to deal with its subject-matter, and to present to our readers a sketch of Charles Fox as he now appears in the full light of all that secret history of his time which his family have thought fit to reveal.

## THE CILICIAN POTSHERDS.

IN the last number of the "New Quarterly" we had occasion to notice a book, by Mr. William Burckhardt Barker, called "Lares and Penates." According to the custom adopted by us in all cases wherein the subject-matters of a work under review belong to different departments of knowledge, the volume was submitted to the judgment of eminent proficient in each of these sciences. "Lares and Penates" was examined, therefore, by Oriental scholars and by classical antiquarians. The verdict was, in both instances, against the book, and the article was written from the notes of the examiners.

How far we were justified in our estimate of the pretensions put forward by Mr. Barker on behalf of his terra cottas the following report of the sale by auction of those interesting relics will abundantly shew.

### SALE OF ANTIQUITIES.

A collection of antiquities made principally in Ireland, together with some terra cottas brought from Cilicia by Mr. Burckhardt Barker, the Persian traveller, and a few engraved gems and Persian seals, were sold yesterday by Messrs. Sotheby at their rooms, Wellington Street, Strand. \* \* \* Of the terra cottas, which represent the household gods of the Cilicians, the head of Jupiter Capitolinus sold for *three shillings and sixpence*, and the others sold for similar prices. Among the purchasers there was a gentleman who attended on behalf of the British Museum.—*The Times* Saturday, April 16, 1853.

Five days after the result of this sale was known, we received a letter from Mr. Barker, which we print verbatim.

To the Editor of the "New Quarterly Review."

17 April 1853,

17, Regent's Park Terrace,  
Gloucester Gate.

SIR—As long as reviewers confine themselves to their legitimate office, viz. that of pronouncing on the merits or demerits of publications, authors will best consult their own dignity by taking no notice whatever of the criticisms, even if they be somewhat harsh; but when an

anonymous scribbler chooses to make the pages of a Review a vehicle for personal attack, which, if not disapproved, may tend to injure the author in his other capacities, it becomes necessary to contradict the slander.

In the last Number of the "New Quarterly Review," the writer of an article, headed, "Another Oriental Smatterer," has thought fit, under the guise of a criticism on my work entitled "Lares and Penates," to attack my knowledge of Arabic in the most unjustifiable manner, and to charge me with wilful falsehood!

Now, however ridiculous such accusations may be, *per se*, yet, as I have the honour to be employed by Government to translate Arabic, Persian, and Turkish documents, I cannot well avoid defending myself from the charge of incompetency, especially as I occasionally give instruction in the above languages.

I beg, therefore, to state, that I was taught Arabic from my earliest infancy, and that a subsequent residence of twenty years in the Levant (after that I had been to England for my education), during which time I continually studied the best Arabian authors, has made Arabic as familiar to me as English—I might almost say more so. It is no boast on my part, but a simple matter of fact, that I have learnt a good portion of the Koran by heart, as all Orientalists should do: and because, in my work, I happened incidentally to quote a passage familiar to me from memory, the writer of the review asserts roundly that, *because it is correct*, I must have fished it out of Fleugel's "Concordance," a book which I pledge my honour I never saw in my life!

To review a book is one thing; to charge a man with publishing a deliberate lie is another.

The writer further challenges me to write down the Mahomedan confession of faith, about twenty words, which every one who has been in Turkey must know. If he is really desirous of testing my capabilities, let him favour me with a call, and I will quote Arabic to him to his heart's content; or if, to use sporting parlance, he would like "to make a match of it," I shall be happy to quote against him in the presence of any competent judges.

I trust to your sense of honour and justice to insert this letter in your next Number, and remain,

Sir, your most obedient servant,

WM. BURCKHARDT BARKER.

\* Fleugel!—The modern European languages are evidently not Mr. Barker's forte. *Fleugel* (or *Flügel*) is as well known to orientalists, as *Perron* to our classical scholars: probably Mr. B. would write "*Perron*."



That every writer in a Quarterly Review is "an anonymous scribbler" we at once admit; but as it is a phrase that any smarting smatterer may throw at Brougham, Macaulay, or Hallam, just as well as at our humble selves, we may perhaps be excused from feeling any great humiliation at this confession. Upon every other point of Mr. Barker's charges against us we at once join issue.

It would be affectation to pretend, that when we reviewed this book we were unacquainted with the general opinion of all Orientalists as to the acquirements of Mr. Barker in Eastern literature; but we distinctly deny, that in any word we wrote we travelled for a moment out of the book that lay before us for judgment. If we threw doubt upon Mr. Barker's claims to scholarship, it was because we found in the pages of that book instances of glaring ignorance, which no real scholar could possibly have afforded to the world. How does Mr. Barker attempt to dissipate those doubts? He does not refute—he does not even dare to question a single one of the many instances we adduced. From the misnomer of the Ephesian watch-dog to the utterly disgraceful mistake (oftentimes repeated) in the name of the reigning Sultan—in all the decisive exposures of his erroneous spelling of proper names—in the instanced plagiarisms from D'Herbelot—Mr. Barker finds nothing that he can dispute. From his book, and not from any thing we have either heard or seen of the author, we judged him. Our judgment was—not that Mr. Barker cannot quote Arabic, for we admitted, without reservation, his fluency in the vulgar Arabic of the present day; but that, "beyond this, he has no more claim to the name of an Orientalist, than a courier who can jabber Romaic has to edit a Greek play." We are afraid that we must retain this opinion so long as Mr. Barker produces such books as "Lares and Penates;" and we unhesitatingly appeal to every Oriental scholar in Europe to justify us in that opinion. As to the quotation from the Kurán, we shall not persist, in the face of Mr. Barker's distinct assertion, in any expression of our belief: we shall only remark, that although a resident in the East may well have committed to memory many pages of the sacred writings of the Arabs, there is nothing in the publications of Mr. Barker to shew that

he could *write* Arabic without "a fault in orthography."\*

In parting with this gentleman, we would beg to assure him, so far as we know and believe, there is no one connected with the "New Quarterly Review," or with the article to which he takes exception, who has any feeling whatever against him, or who would not willingly and warmly have acknowledged any merit they could have discovered in his work. We should be exceedingly sorry to occasion him the least injury. We doubt not his capability to prepare boys for Haileybury, and we believe he would be a very efficient teacher of the vernacular Arabic. Seeing that the medium of diplomatic communication with Eastern nations is for the most part the French language, we do not feel called upon to discuss his capacity to translate faithfully Arabic, Persian, and Turkish documents. We have very unwillingly performed a very painful duty. Mr. Barker has published a volume replete with mis-statements on Oriental matters, which cannot be accounted for as the results of carelessness. Had we not already sufficiently proved how little Mr. Barker has profited by having "continually studied the best Arabic authors," we have in our note-book many other errors which are quite at Mr. Barker's service. He has, moreover, displayed the most lamentable ignorance of classical antiquities, and has crowned the whole by an unjustifiable, or, at least, unjustified, assumption of profound learning. To return to our former comparison, we would willingly admit the merit of a man intimately acquainted with the Modern Greek *pro tanto*; but if he were to write a book in which nations and dynasties were confounded, and the names of Themistocles, Pericles, Alexander, and even Otho, were curiously mis-spelt, we might surely be justified in not placing him in the same rank with Thirlwall, Grote, and Muir—*ne sutor ultra crepidam*. We should ill discharge the functions of our office had we allowed such a volume as the "Lares and Penates" to pass without full exposure.

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\* Our readers are not probably aware of the fact that there is as great, if not a greater difference between the vulgar, spoken Arabic, and that of the Kurán and "the best Arabic authors"—Hariri for instance—as is to be found between the Modern Greek and the language employed by Sophocles.

*Poems.* By ALEXANDER SMITH. London: David Bogue, Fleet Street.

WHEN some time since it was communicated to us, that a POET had been born in these latter days, we must confess that a feeling of doubt mingled in our minds with the delight of anticipation. Although there has been as yet but little of what is really excellent in poetry to invite admiration in this latter half of the nineteenth century, yet the appreciation of what is false and bad has been so various and so enthusiastic, that we can own to but little faith, when the shout of Eureka has been raised here or there—rather as the war-cry of a clique, than the genuine note of exultation, in which a true connoisseur may indulge when he has found a vein of gold. When Alexander Smith was borne aloft and followed with Io Pæan cries, instead of joining the procession we rather determined to handle the idol ourselves; to be its loudest trumpeters if it should feel like a live god of Olympus—to shake the sawdust out of it if it should prove to be a stuffed puppet.

It is a fashion with some critics and cliques to "take up" a poet, and whether the poet of the moment turn out to be an *alex imitator* of the Tennysonian *genus*, or an original songster of less pretension, we are immediately summoned to believe in him by the whole coterie in chorus. These people regard matters of poetry and authorship as mere articles of *vertu*, and would fain earn a reputation for cleverness by the eccentricity of their taste. They are for the most part mystery-mongers of literature, who wish to spare their own opinions too searching an analysis, and delight in dealing with subjects transcending sense. The new pet of this class of persons is Mr. Alexander Smith; and they are busy in destroying any germs of genius within him by their indiscriminate praise. They are encouraging his faults, urging him to fresh outrages on sense, taste, grammar, and poetry; and they will, in all probability, cause him to write more and worse, until he will be in danger of becoming a burlesque on Bailey, who wrote *Festus*, and a travesty on Tennyson. A man of genius like Byron can rise superior to the censure of false critics; but he must indeed be great who shall triumph over flattery exhibited in such large doses at an age so young.

Some of the peculiar characteristics of the author before us are bathos, a sort of luminous obscurity and imitative mannerism. A truly great genius, in painting as well as poetry, generally creates a school, and out of that school it is not by any means impossible that a pupil shall surpass the master. But a conventional genius, while perhaps his disciples numerically equal those of the truly original masters, such as Michael Angelo or Shakspeare, Raffaele or Milton, Landseer or Macaulay, is seldom or never the occasion of any thing save sorry imi-

tation. Thus, what are the copiers of Guido worth, or the followers of Waller, or the disciples of Shenstone? What then must we say of the parody on Locksley Hall, page 28 of the "Life Drama," or the other Tennysonian parodies which abound. Is there any hope, moral or metaphysical, chemical or mathematical, esoteric, æsthetical, or comical, that, by continually parodying a parody, a man may simplify himself to sense, and stumble on the sublime? Does Lord Bateman, or Lord Lovel lead back to the "Childe of Elle;" and may one find beauties in "Bon Gualtier" that are denied to his originals? If so, there is still some hope in this reproduction of the faults and blemishes of the most successful poets of this age.

But we must give a taste of the poet's quality.

In the street, the tide of being, how it surges, how it rolls!

God! what base, ignoble faces! God! what bodies wanting souls,

Mid this stream of human being, banked by houses tall and grim,

Pale I stand this shining morrow with a pant for woodlands dim.

The second line is a somewhat irreverent expression of a dyspeptic physiognomist—but "*a pant for woodlands!*" Does the gentleman mean the American diminutive for the inexpressibles of a satyr?

Again, p. 29, for we need not stray wide from our starting-point in this book, wherever that may be, in order to pick up curiosities—

Once I saw a blissful harvest-moon, but not through forest leaves;

'Twas not whitening o'er a country, costly with the piled sheaves;

Rose not o'er the am'rous ocean, trembling round his happy isles;

(What rose? Oh! we beg pardon, *It*.)

It came circling large and queenly o'er you roof of smoky tiles;

that is, the moon came circling. No doubt the moon does turn round, but that is not quite the image it presents, even to the poetic eye.

And I saw it with such feeling, joy in blood, in heart, in brain

I would give, to call the affluence of that moment back again,

Europe, with her cities, rivers, hills of prey (*Qy.*), sheep-sprinkled downs,—

Ay, an hundred sheaves of sceptres! Ay, a planet's gather'd crowns!

This would be hyperbole, were it not utter nonsense! But perhaps it is a proof of poetic genius to be moon-struck.

"Such delicious thoughts as these  
They are fit to line portmanteaus;" "Nay," she whisper'd, "Memories."

We agree with the gentleman.

Here is a choice specimen of the admiration of modern critics—

Soul, alas! is unregarded; Brothers it is closely shut,

Is Mr. Smith continuing to compare his soul to a portmanteau?

*All unknown as royal Alfred in the Saxon neatherd's hut,  
In the dark house of the body, cooking victuals, lighting fires,  
Swelters on the starry stranger, to our nature's base desires.*

A little farther on we are told—

God! our souls are apron'd waiters!

Now "upon our souls," we must protest against this packing-chest, chop-cooking, fire-lighting description of any human soul.

Let us ask then, Can any sane, educated, and unbiassed reader wonder if—to use the expression of the poet himself—the world should think fit to sit "like a *valuator*" on his soul, and to deliver a rational verdict of *et insanit et versus facit*.

But although we are compelled to recommend a little moral head-shaving and blood-letting, we by no means despair of the case—*Naviget Anticyram*. There is the raw material of a very tolerable poet in him; but will he have the patience, the wisdom, the industry, the humility to shape it? There is enough of mutilated thought, of tortured fancy, of distorted beauty in a "Life Drama," to make us regret that it is not a great *Poem*. Let us endeavour to give a sketch of the plot or plan of this rhapsody, so full of thought and feebleness, of hope and disappointment, of success and failure. A certain Walter, whom we may fairly suppose to be a poetical incarnation of the mind of the poet, whose imagination has anticipated the doom of life, loves a damsel who became the bride "of a wrinkled worldling ripe for hell," i.e. a rich husband. She, it would appear, loved Walter. Your poet seldom likes to acknowledge himself rejected by the heart, though he is by circumstances. She dies, and Walter plunges into dissipation; then becomes moody, atheistical, and most Byronically discontented with the world. But savage and impious as he is, he still has an indescribable longing for fame, which he nevertheless of course despises. He talks a little Manfred, a little Cain, and a good deal of Locksley Hall. He is very egotistical, and wonderfully remorseful. His repinings are sublime, and his yearnings profound. He feels indescribably uncomfortable, and attempts to express it. The result is a quantity of remarkable nonsense, dashed with redundant imagery and shallow-deep thought, and conveyed in a reckless silliness of expression which reddens the reader's face with that unpleasant sensation felt on seeing a man make a fool of himself. There are redeeming gems scattered here and there, but wasted. There are beauties degenerating, no, rushing into bathos, and noble aspirations ending in downright blasphemy. The boyish mannerism is, however, redeemed from becoming utterly sickening by a sort of smack of honest ingenuousness.

Thus Walter proceeds in his strain of egotistical raving to describe the strivings and wrappings of a soul above buttons, discontented with its lot, and wishing to be everybody. But, during all this time, we are given to understand that the poet, who is somewhat in a dilemma between spiritual delirium and most sensuous passion, has drained the cup of licentious pleasure down to the bitter lees. Suddenly we find our hero a little humanized by the not very novel expedient of falling in love again, this time more happily. The young lady to whom he has told his story, and who rejoices in the name of Violet, "understands" him, and soothes him. Whether matrimony be the result or not is a question we should like to have resolved, since there is a passage ending in a manner which is at once suggestive of impropriety, and yet innocent by its comicality. Walter and Violet, after having been making love like a metaphysical Romeo and Juliet, yet with very tender and philoprogenitive approaches (Scene IX—A lawn—Sunset) the curtain of eve and our author's fancy falls thus:

WALTER. Oh, I could live  
Unwearied on thy beauty, till the sun  
(Grows (grew?) dim and wrinkled as an old man's face.  
Our cheeks are close, our breaths mix like our souls.  
We have been starv'd hereto; Love's banquet spread,  
Now let us feast our fills.

VIOLET. Walter!—(p. 167.)

So closes the scene; and the famous shake of Lord Burleigh's head could scarcely be more suggestive than the lady's "Walter!" It means, we hope, as follows:—"My dear betrothed! do you know it is getting very late, much too late to be out. What will papa say? Oh, do be quiet. The grass is quite damp: do look at that beautiful star. I declare my feet are quite wet," &c. &c. *Exeunt slowly.* Walter has his arm round Violet's waist. She eagerly points out the singularity of Charles's Wain, and a cockchafer having at this juncture happened to strike her lover in the eye, he is recalled, between the pain thus occasioned him and her astronomical enthusiasm, to a perfect sense of propriety, and a due appreciation of those rules which were laid down by Prospero to Ferdinand in respect of Miranda. Where were we in the story? Little remains to be told. Violet makes Walter happy in every sense. She has the daring to love a poet and reform a rake. She brings him back to religion, evidently by domestic influence, and shapes his erratic passions within the mould of custom. At least we hope so. We dare say she is, or was, a good manager, saw that he had his meals regularly, had dry slippers at the fire whenever he came in from baying the moon, and patiently turned over his rhyming dictionary when he wanted a word, for "sometimes kings are not more imperative than rhymes." One thing is certain, viz. that in Scene XIII.,

which winds up the "Life Drama," they (Walter and Violet) only stay out until the approach of evening, when the lady says, half reproachfully—

You used to love the moon!

To which he replies, after remarking that "Tis so cold," and that the "dews are falling,"

"A star's a cold thing to a human heart,"

And love is better than their radiance. Come!

Let us go in together."

Such is the "Life Drama." The subordinate characters are merely introduced, like the friends of Job, to scoff, reason, and draw out the hero of the piece. We have now only to select some peculiarities of style, and to give a few specimens in order to complete our task. We have alluded to blasphemy.

We are immortals; and must bear such woe,  
That, could it light on God, in agony  
He'd pay down all his stars to buy the death  
He doth deny us.—P. 88.

We have spoken of bathos. *Servant loquitor*—

My heart is in the grave with her,  
The family went abroad;

Again

EDWARD. (*After a pause.*) The garrulous sea is talking  
to the stars,

Let us go down and hear the greybeard's speech.

[*They walk along the beach.*]

I shall go down to Bedfordshire to-morrow.(!)

There is Cockneyism of the Leigh Hunt order in—

Wearily I saw the Dawn's  
Feet shewing o'er the dewy lawns.

There is something like plagiarism in—

Like a young sun-beam in a "gloomy wood,  
Making the darkness smile."

Milton makes *Comus* (also in a wood) say—

At every fall smoothing the raven down  
Of darkness 'till it smil'd!

But this is trivial. Would that Mr. Smith might be inclined to go through a regular course of Milton!

As to repetition; we understand that Mr. Smith has been called the "laureate of the sun, moon, stars, and seas," or some such expression; and certainly, if frequent allusion to them merit the epithet, he has won it amply. In glancing over his little volume, with pen in hand, we have made out the following little bill; and we believe we have cheated ourselves, by leaving out several items:—

Mr. Alexander Smith in account with  
*Messrs. Sun, Moon, Stars, and Seas*, for similes,  
allusions, and poetical imagery—

*Debtor*—

To suns, sun-sets, sun-light, sun-beams, &c., for use  
of Life Drama . . . . . 77

To moon, moon-beams, moon-light, &c., as above . . . 54

To stars, constellations, planets, &c. . . . . 63

To seas, ocean, waves of ditto, &c. &c. . . . . 66

Total . . . . . 260

(N.B. Two or more allusions in the same page charged as one.)

The particulars given below.\*

"An Evening at Home," a little poem of about fourteen pages, which follows, has its due share of meteorology and brine; but larks appear to be the predominant image; at least they are more worthy of comment. In "A Life Drama" we have only perceived nine allusions to larks, pp. 10, 20, 21, 28, 43, 100, 111, 133, 158, and very funny† some of them are; but here, in this little poem, are no less than six, besides one to linnets. Here is a specimen:

Most brilliant star upon the crest of Time  
Is England. England! Oh, I know a tale  
Of those far summers when she lay in the sun,

• *Listening to her own larks.*—P. 209.

"In the sun" is, we believe, a vulgar euphemism for being a little flushed with the rosy god. "England" is represented as just recovering to a doubtful suspicion of her own identity. "Is England, England?" and a companion who was less overcome is recounting to her the achievements of "her own larks." This passage should be illustrated by one of the "Punch" artists. Young England's headache, with the wrenched knockers and policeman's rattle, is a subject worthy of Doyle. It is a shame, however, to fix feminine pronouns upon Young England.

Of rampant absurdities the abundance is so great in this little volume, that we know not where to choose. Most of these have already been italicised as beauties by some one or more of the weekly reviewers. It is curious that lines which have been thrown off as studies of absurdity by men of genius should so resemble, as they do many

\* *Suns*, &c.—Pp. 2, 9, 11, 16, 17, 23, 24(3), 25(2), 28, 32, 35(2), 36(2), 37, 43, 49(2), 50(2), 51(4), 52(3), 57, 59, 62, 63, 64, 68, 70, 74, 75, 76(2), 78, 79, 84, 85, 88, 91(2), 94(2), 95, 96, 97, 98, 101, 113, 117, 118, 122, 125, 126, 127, 129(2), 130(3), 152, 154, 157(2), 180, 181, 146, 151(3), 152, (*very remarkable*) 153, 156, 158, 159, 160, 162, 164, 166, 173, 178, 185, 186, 187, 190, 191, 193, 196, 198, 199.

*Moons*, &c.—Pp. 2, 4(2), 5, 6, 14, 20, 30, 39, 40, 45, 46, 52, 53, 59, 61, 67, 68, 70, 72, 74, 80, 81(2), 82, 89, 92, 97, 100, 106, 117(2), 122, 127, 128(2), 190, 132, 139, 145, 151, 152, 155, 163, 169, 178, 179, 182, 183, 184, 185, 188, 190, 196, 197, 199, 200, 202.

*Stars*, &c.—Pp. 4, 5, 6, 12, 16, 18, 19(2), 23, 24(2), 26, 29, 30, 31, 33, 36, 37, 39, 42, 45, 46, 47, 49, 55, 56, 60(2), 61, 62, 76, 78, 80, 85, 86, 88, 89, 92, 97, 100, 103, 104, 109, 118, 119, 120, 121(2), 131, 136, (3), 138, 141, 144, 147, 149, 154, (*a galaxy*) 155, 156, 157, (*a milky way*) 163, 169, 182, 191, 200, 201, 202.

*Seas*, &c.—Pp. 3, 8, 9(2), 10, 11, 14, 15, 17, 19, 25, 29, 38, 40, 42, 43(3), 45, 47, 52, 56, 60, 62, 67, 71, 72, 73, 77, 80, 83, 90, 92, 95, 100, 107, 110, 111, 113, 115, 116, 119, 120(2), 122, 123, 127, 128, 135(2), 142, 149, 151, 153, 154, 155, 157, 161, 170, 178, 179, (2), 185, 186, 187, 192, 193, 195, 196, 198, 200(2), 202.

† *E. g.*—P. 28. "Skies of larks."—P. 133. "Up goes her voice of larks."—P. 158. "Loud with a thousand larks," &c. &c. &c.

of the beauties of the "poetlings" of the present day, when they are trying all they can. Here is a powerful aspiration which might have been placed in the mouth of Leicester or Sir Walter Raleigh in Sheridan's immortal *Spanish Armada*, or rather of Whiskerandos or the Beef-eater aspiring to the hand of the divine Tilburina.

O may my spirit on hope's ladder climb  
From hungry nothing up to star-pack'd space,  
Thence strain on tip-toe, to thy love beyond  
The only heaven I ask!—P. 74.

The following is delicious :

Her father's veins ran noble blood,  
His hall rose mid the trees ;  
Like a sun-beam she came and went  
Mid the white cottages.

He pour'd his frenzy forth in song,  
Bright heir of tears and praises !  
Now resteth that unquiet heart  
Beneath the quiet daisies.—Pp. 22, 23.

Is it possible to read this and avoid thinking of that pathetic epitaph :

Here I lies, and my spirit at AKE is,  
With the tips of my toes and the end of my nose  
Turn'd up to the roots of the daisies !

Cunning, in ridicule of a poet who crowded his verse with similes wherein there was no similarity, imitated him thus :

As Sampson lost his strength  
By cutting off his hair,  
So I repair my strength  
By breathing Hampstead air.

This would be no burlesque upon Alexander Smith. Take the following :

I am so cursed, and wear within my soul  
A pang as fierce as Dives, drownd with wine,  
Lipping his leman in luxurious dreams.—P. 3.

Does any reader see the similitude? The subject is not one that will bear analysis; but we confess that even if we knew exactly how a "pang" were "worn" we should not have looked for a pattern pang in such a set of circumstances. We have not space, however, to follow out this peculiarity of our author; but although there are many pretty images, there is not one true or happy simile in the whole volume.

Page 11. We read of a startled lover upon whom a "Thought comes streaming."

A terror and a glory! shocked with light,  
His boundless being glares aghast ;  
Then slowly settles down the wouted night, &c. &c.

If this be not nonsense, Bedlam should grant degrees in poetry. \* Again :

"The seeming ills are Loves in *dim* disguise ;"  
Dark moral knots that *pose the seer*,  
If few are lovers, in our wilder eyes  
Shall hang, like dew-drops clear.

The *are* is not italicised by us. We do perceive a meaning *talis qualis*; but in "*dim* disguise" in these lines, which at first completely "posed the seer."

The poet's spirit taking captive the spheres "to wring their riches out," is a bold conception. In the next stanza he says, or sings :

I'll wing me through creation like a bee,  
And taste the gleaming spheres.

This is bolder still. We fear the young gentleman has not yet learned that the moon is *not* made of green cheese, and that he speculates upon it as an edible. But perhaps we come under the following description :—

Most souls are shut  
By *sense* from grandeur, as a man who snores,  
Night-capped and wrapt in blankets to the nose,  
Is shut out from the *night* which, like a sea,  
Breaketh for ever on a strand of stars.—P. 17.

Perhaps so; but the rattle of Mr. Smith's nonsense makes it difficult for any poor soul to sleep.

We shall give a few more specimens of this class of writing. Let them speak for themselves to those who have taste and judgment, or even common perception.

When the dark dumb earth  
Lay on her back and watch'd the shining stars.—P. 19.

A poet sat in his antique room,  
His lamp the valley king'd.—P. 21.

From his heart he unclasp'd his love,  
Amid the trembling trees,  
And sent it to the Lady Blanche  
On wing'd poesies.—*Ibid*.

The trees were gazing up into the sky,  
Their bare arms stretch'd in prayer for the snows.—  
P. 24.

Why should trees pray for snows ?

As a sun-steed wild-eyed, and meteor-maned,  
Neighing the reeling stars, is 'bove a hack  
With sluggish veins of mud.—*Ibid*.

Veins cannot be of mud, blood, no, nor yet lava. They may be filled with wax.

More tremulous  
Than the soft star that in the azure East,  
Trembles with pity, o'er bright bleeding day. (?)—  
*Ibid*.

As a stern swordsman grasps his keenest blade.—P. 25.

If he did he would certainly cut his fingers.  
Were she plain night I'd pack her with my stars.—P. 42.

Assuredly, if he had any he might pack his "stars"—French or Guelphic—and also his garters, in his portmanteau; but packing his lady with stars suggests the idea of a *dindon aux truffes*, which we should decidedly prefer to a *dame aux étoiles*.

Here is a notion for the Peace Society :—

this quiet land of health  
By gentle pagans filled, whose red blood ran  
Healthy and cool as milk—pure, simple men.—  
P. 43.

A lovely youth \* \* strangely, oft,  
A withered smile lay on his noble lips.  
The sunburnt shepherds stared with awful eyes.

"A nice derangement of epitaphs!" as Mrs. Malaprop hath it.

'mid a world of greenery  
Shut-eyed.—P. 44.

Here is a sun-set, rather more in the style of Turner than of Danby—

All shook and trembled in unsteady light,  
And from the centre blazed the angry sun,  
Stern as the unblinded eye of God, a glare  
O'er evening city with its boom of sin.—P. 52.

We have heard of various booms, including the boom of the bittern, and the boomerang; but the "boom of sin" is a new boom, made expressly for the author's Argo.

Here for hours we hang  
O'er the fine pants and trembles of a line.—Pp. 52, 53.

This *must* be a clothes-line. Bard of Moses!  
What is meant, p. 59, by Indian *darkies*?  
Is it, can it be, an abbreviation for "darkies"?  
P. 63—

Mad *spoomings* to the frightened stars  
To fledge with music, wings of heavy noon,  
I'll sing some verses that he sent to me:—*Ibid.*  
Thy faintest smile out-prices the swelled womb  
Of fleets, rich glutted.—Pp. 72, 73.

Here it is evident that Mr. Smith had a quaintly exquisite passage in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* "dim-visaged" in his soul (as he might himself phrase it). It must be remembered that he is babbling of "an Indian morn." Let us see.

*Tita.* His mother was a votress of my order;  
And in the spiced Indian air, by night  
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;  
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,  
Marking the embark'd traders on the flood,  
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,  
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:  
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait  
(Following her womb, then rich with my young squire),  
Would imitate, and sail upon the land  
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.—  
*Mid. Night's Dream*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

But Mr. Smith swells his ships in a different manner. He would burst their holds, not fill their sails; and the result would be the loss of all Messrs. Green's and Lindsay's vessels, and the ruin of many gentlemen at "Lloyds." To stand up in the ruins of a man's own heart must be a difficult process, which we should imagine even Mr. Bunn would scarcely contemplate; yet Mr. Smith shrinks not from such a metaphysical catastrophe:—

If thy rich heart is like a palace shattered,  
Stand up amid the ruins of thy heart.

Surely this was borrowed from one of Castlereagh's vivid catachreses? "To give the hydra-head of rebellion a rap over the knuckles" is nothing to it.

At p. 127 there is a very warm lyric which reminds us of some in Mr. Bailey's "*Festus*." It is extremely intense. There is a pretty line in it:—

Thy large dark eyes are wide upon my brow.  
But we cannot say more of it than that it is

voluptuously second-rate, giving us the idea that the author had read the lines of Shelley to an Indian air, and Phillips' immortal translation of the *φαινεταί μοι κηρὸς ἴσος θεοῖσιν*. But how faint a reflex is contained in Walter's thirty-two lines:—

I clasp thy waist, I feel thy bosom's beat:  
O kiss me into faintness sweet and dim!  
Thou leanest to me as a swelling peach,  
Full-juiced and mellow, *leanest to the taker's reach*.  
Thy hair is loosen'd by that kiss you gave:  
It floods my shoulders o'er;  
Another yet!

I feel thy clasping arms; my cheek is wet  
With thy rich tears. One kiss! sweet, sweet,  
Another yet!"—P. 129.

Mr. Smith's "Another yet!" cannot fail to suggest the

"Da mi'basia mille, deinde centum  
Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum  
Dein usque altera mille——"

Of Catullus. But how poor and diluted is his strain to that which the ancients sang.

Who that remembers the following would give a pin for pages of Mr. Smith's ecstatic weakness—

Qualis nox fuit illa, di disque  
Quam mollis torus. Haussimus calentes  
Et transfudimus hinc et illinc labellis  
Errantes animas.

Let those who like this style of poetry, if Spanish scholars, betake themselves to Garcilasso de la Vega; or, if simply classical, there is Tibullus—

Et dare anhelatim pugnantibus oscula labris,  
Oscula;

or Claudian's *couplet*:

labris animum conciliantibus  
Alternum rapiat morsus anhelitum.

These are true poet-laureates of the kiss—these and others, from Ovid and Johannes Secundus to Hafiz and Anacreon Moore. Mr. Smith cannot afford to enter the lists with them. Do we exaggerate his aim? Let us see.

By the sea-shore and the ships,  
'Neath the masts, I sat with Clari;  
Her silken boddice was unlaced,  
My arm was trembling round her waist;  
I pluck'd the joys upon her lips—  
Joys, though pluck'd, still grow again.

\* A teaspoonful of Cornelius Gallus against an Imperial quart of amatory "*Life Drama*."

Pande, puella, genas romas  
Perfusas rubro purpureas Tyricas;  
Putrige labra, labra corallina;  
Da columbatum mitia basia  
Fugis amentis partem animi.

Which we will endeavour to render thus—

Let thy soft cheek of Tyrian bloom,  
Now deepen in its warm perfume;  
To mine thy lips' wet coral stretch,  
My sobbing breath I scarce can fetch.  
Sweetly repeat the billing bliss,  
You drink my soul in every kiss.

Oh, that death would let me tarry,  
Like a dewdrop on a flower,  
Ever on those lips.—Pp. 60, 61.

We submit that, in reference to classical pruriencies, these lines are as vulgarly suggestive as ordinary Poses plastiques compared to the statues of Praxiteles, or, the idealisations of the divine Titian. As to the "sea-shore and the ships," it must, yes, it must have been at Brighton where the poet "sat with Clari." Our author's love-songs are, however, about equal to one in a foolish novel we reviewed not long since, entitled *Blondelle*, which created some interest in London circles by its licentious impertinence.

It is a poor apology for all this stuff that Mr. Smith can write a great deal better when he confines himself to sense, grammar, and good morals.

WALTER (to his mistress).

Thou noble soul,  
Teach me, if thou art nearer God than I!  
My life was a long dream: when I awoke  
Duty stood like an angel in my path,  
And seem'd so terrible, I could have turned  
Into my yesterdays, and wandered back  
To distant childhood, and gaped out to God  
By the gate of birth, not death. Lift, lift me up  
By thy sweet inspiration, as the tide  
Lifts up a stranded boat upon the beach.  
I will go forth 'mong men, not mailed in scorn,  
But in the armour of a pure intent.  
Great duties and great songs,  
And whether crowned or crownless, when I fall  
It matters not, so as God's work is done.  
I've learn'd to prize the quiet lightning deed,  
Not the applauding thunder at its heels  
Which men call Fame.—P. 201.

Had Mr. Smith written all like this, he would, it is possible, have received less sudden praise, but he would have been more of a poet. He might have remained "crownless;" but is the wreath he has won by the nonsense he has written worth the purchase of a summer-noon?

The length at which we have reviewed this "poet," is not so much out of compliment or blame to him, as reproach to his critics. It is difficult to determine whether he sins through youth and want of discipline, or from poverty of imagination; as one who vainly cuts himself with knives that his god may come. In either case, we may be permitted to remark, since the effect is the same, that if poetry be not precisely the felicitous utterance of common ideas, it does not consist in disguising abstruse thoughts in tortured language. This is the fault and the stumbling-block of the day. Poets fancy it difficult to say any thing new. They do not know that the wondrous power of transposition exhibited by colours, notes of music, and figures, are applicable to words and ideas. They should forget their readers

more, and write less for effect. No one may hope successfully to win the Muse by falling into a fit and frothing at the mouth, though he may for a time impose upon the vulgar. He who would snatch fame from the stars must not be ever on the stretch to avoid mediocrity by artificial extravagance. To praise Alexander Smith as others have done would only be to betray him into further imperfections. It might urge his Pegasus to bolt over plains of blasphemy and bathos, and to plunge into the dirty waters of licentiousness. Let him ponder over the fate of Icarus, who approached "sun, moon, and stars" too nearly, until the first melted all the wax from his wings, and he fell into the very "seas" whose beauties he fancied himself securely admiring. Poor Keats is said to have been killed by a cruel article in a venerable contemporary. We believe that had his constitution been good he would have survived the infliction. Alexander Smith incurs an opposite danger. It is enough to turn the head of any young person aspiring to be a poet. At present, we are hardly prepared to say whether he be likely hereafter to become one or not. He has, it is true, occasionally given by no means ordinary evidences of power. So have others in their generation, who have been meteors rather than stars, and shone like the fireworks of a night rather than those glorious beacons streaming from past to future with a steady light. Above all, let him read books and look on men and nature. Even genius must have knowledge to work with: the kaleidoscope cannot form new images without its bits of glass and coloured beads. It is too painfully apparent, at present that our poet is illiterate—illiterate in books, in nature, and in mankind.

Let us assure Mr. Smith that the persons most likely to attack him ere long are the very same who have so extravagantly lauded his crude Life Drama. Their doing so will be the best sign of his improvement and the earliest symptom of his corrected taste. All we know at present is, that the rubbish part of Shelley was simple obscurity; that Byron, Campbell, Grey, Pope, Milton, Shakspeare, or Spenser, never wrote such trash as that which he has perpetrated, and which may be found heaped through his Life Drama, with but few diamonds, mostly of indifferent water, scattered here and there upon it.

If Alexander Smith become a man and a poet, he may yet live to thank us. We assure him that we heartily wish him well, and shall be the first to greet, with warm admiration, what we still hope to see—a better and nobler effort, worthy of a poetical mind.



## RECENT PROGRESS OF THE INDIAN QUESTION.

- I. *The Administration of Justice in Southern India.* By JOHN BRUCE NORTON, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Madras : Pharos and Co. London : Stevens and Norton. 1853.
- II. *The Land Tax of India, according to the Mohammedan Law; translated from the Fatawa Alungeeree; with explanatory Notes, and an Introductory Essay.* By NEIL B. E. BAILLIE. London : Smith, Elder, and Co. Bombay : Smith, Taylor, and Co. 1853.
- III. *The Theory and Practice of Caste; being an Inquiry into the effects of Caste on the Institutions and probable Destiny of the Anglo-Indian Empire.* London : Smith, Elder, and Co. Bombay : Smith, Taylor, and Co. 1853.
- IV. *Notes on the Affairs of India in connection with the Charter-Act Discussions, 1853.* Bombay : "Times" Press. 1853.
- V. *Baroda and Bombay; their Political Morality; a Narrative, drawn from the Papers laid before Parliament, in relation to the removal of Lieut.-Colonel Outram, C.B., from the Office of Resident at the Court of the Guicowar; with explanatory Notes, and Remarks on the Letter of L. R. Reid, Esq., to the Editor of the "Daily News."* By JOHN CHAPMAN. London : Chapman. 1853.
- VI. *A Memoir of the Public Services, rendered by Lieut.-Colonel Outram, C. B.* London : Printed (for Private Circulation) by Smith, Elder, and Co. 1853.
- VII. *Baroda Intrigues, and Bombay Khutput; being an Exposition of the Fallacies, erroneous Statements, and partial Quotations, recently promulgated by Mr. Lestock Robert Reid, in a "Letter to the Editor of the 'Daily News,'"* By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL OUTRAM, C. B., late Resident at Baroda. London : Printed (for Private Circulation) by Smith, Elder, and Co. 1853.
- VIII. *The Opium Trade; including a sketch of its history, extent, effects, &c., as carried on in India and China.* By NATHAN ALLEN, M.D. (Second Edition). Lowell [United States]: Walker. 1853.
- IX. *The Administration of the East-India Company; a History of Indian Progress.* By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE, Author of "The History of the War in Afghanistan." London : Bentley. 1853.
- X. *Proposal of a Plan for remodelling the Government of India.* London : Smith, Elder, and Co. Bombay : Smith, Taylor, and Co. 1853.
- XI. *A Bill, to Provide for the Government of India, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, June 9, 1853.*

WITH our April Number we brought to a close the series of papers, on the present aspect of the Indian question, which we commenced in October last. We have nothing to add to our statement of that case—nothing to rectify; and, if we now bestow a few passing words upon the subject, it is simply that we may record, for the information of our distant readers, what progress a question has made in the agitation of which we have borne an useful, a moderate, and a leading part.

The appearance—almost simultaneous with our last publication—of the work which stands at the head of our list, set the seal to the evidence which we had previously laid before our readers, of the iniquitous operation of that absurd machinery which the Company had framed for the administration of justice. Mr. Norton's statements have been hitherto undisputed, as they are indisputable. They come forth on high authority, for it is a Company's servant who makes them; and we confess that we share in the curiosity, expressed by the Madras people to know whether Mr. Norton continues to act as "Company's plender" in the Madras Sudder Adawlut.

Equally to the purpose are the two next works upon our list.

Mr. Neil Baillie, the author of the first, was creditably known to the learned world for his able treatises on "the Mohammedan Law of Sale," and "the Mohammedan Law of Inheritance." His present work has considerably enhanced that acquired reputation. It is in every respect "*nostris temporibus accommodatum*," for "the Land Tax (or Khiraj) of India" is the subject. It is a work of the highest authority, for the text is a literal compilation, from the six volumes of the "*Fatawa Alungeeree*," of every thing having a direct bearing on the Land Tax. If the work has been published at the expense of the East-India Company, the fact is only another proof of the luxurious heedlessness and ignorance of the Directors. A severer censure upon the stupid rapacity of those present rulers of India cannot be imagined, than this timely publication of the laws of those who reigned before the Company were strong enough to supplant them. We content ourselves with one extract from the erudite and interesting "Introductory Essay" of the learned author. It will be seen how com-



pletely the statement of the case contained in our October and January Numbers is borne out by the facts. Our readers will remember—we cannot too often impress this truth—that, according to the theory of the Company, they came not as conquerors to India, but as liberators; and that these liberators have taxed the lands of their emancipated people, at rates varying from 50 to 75 per cent. of the net produce. Mr. Baillie shall tell us how it fared with the same people, before their happy deliverance, by the Company, from the power of their Mogul conquerors and tyrants!\*

In the *Ayecn Akbery* it is stated that “in former times the monarchs of Hindustán exacted THE SIXTH of the produce of the lands.” At the same time there was levied a general poll tax. According to the *Institutes of Menu*, Hindu kings were entitled to take, in extreme cases, as much as A SIXTH of the produce of the lands from their subjects. The system afterwards adopted by Akbar was that of *Shere Khan*. . . . The rate fixed by Akbar was A THIRD PART OF THE AVERAGE PRODUCE OF EACH ARTICLE ON LAND OF AVERAGE QUALITY. It is probable that it comprehended some compensation for the poll tax which, with many other vexatious exactions, was remitted by Akbar. The rate being thus fixed, was commuted into money at the average prices of nineteen years; and it was left to the option of the cultivator to pay in kind or in money. The settlement was made for ten years. In the interval between Akbar and Aurungzebe some change must have taken place.

The nature of the change appears from the *firman* of Aurungzebe (more properly *Alumgeer*), which was issued in 1688,—subsequently to the completion of the *Futawa*,—and is contained in the Appendix. The most noticeable difference between Akbar's and Aurungzebe's systems, however, consists in the rate. In case of necessity Aurungzebe ordained that his revenue-collectors might take as much as ONE-HALF the produce, but under no circumstances were they to exceed it, “notwithstanding any particular ability to pay more.” In other respects they were enjoined “to shew the ryots every kind of favour and indulgence, and endeavour, by wholesome regulations and wise administration, to engage them with hearty good will to labour towards the increase of agriculture, so that no lands may be neglected that are capable of cultivation.” Finally, the *firman* contained provisions for the reclaiming of waste land, of a wise, bountiful, and politic nature, and such as should call a blush into the cheek of Halliday, or Melvill himself, if they read it.—(Pp. 71—78).

The other work, although far inferior to the last, and in some respects disfigured by European and Missionary predilections and antipathies, is an eminently useful one, and a most creditable performance. Mr. Irving has examined at great length into “the theory and

practice of caste,” with the view of determining the effects of that marvellous institution upon “the probable destinies of the Anglo-Indian Empire.” The little volume before us (which, by the way, has received the *Le Bas* prize at Cambridge) is the fruit of those labours. We utterly dissent from many of the views incidentally propounded by the author, and more especially from his estimate of the laws of *Menu*, and their obligation. It is therefore with a surprise only the more pleasurable, that we find ourselves able cordially to concur with him, in the generous conclusion to which he has come, and which he enforces with eloquence, ability, and strength, in favour of the perfect capacity of the natives of India for the highest political employments, and in reprobation of the sordid and narrow jealousy of the Company, which has to this day excluded them as much as possible from all employment. We quite agree with Mr. Irving that there is nothing in caste to militate against that capacity. None but the Company ever asserted there was. It is like their pretended jealousy of Crown patronage—a bugbear to scare the curious.

The law of caste was supreme and universal under the Hindú; it had free scope under the Mogul; and under both—to use once more the language of Horace Hayman Wilson, cited in our last Number—“the testimony of travellers and historians assures us that, for centuries prior to the introduction of European agency, India had been populous and flourishing, the people thriving and happy.”† The greatest praise that can be desired by any man, who labours for the good of British India will be, that he has approximated the closest to the gigantic models of a Feroz, a Shah Jehan, and an Akbar; and the faint show of activity, here and there making by the Company, in these last days of their Charter Act of 1853, to restore some of the mighty works of those benefactors, which have been suffered by the present rulers to fall to waste and ruin, would command our acknowledgment, if it were not that the impudent endeavour to appropriate to themselves the glory of the first invention, and to extinguish the records of the past, provokes a smile of contempt for the barefaced imposture.‡

In connection with this part of our subject, we are glad to be able to refer our readers to the following observations of Dr. Buist of Bombay, extracted from his “*Notes on the Affairs of India*”—an able and interesting work, recently published at Bombay, and forwarded to us from India by the author. Dr. Buist vouches official documents—some of them

\* “The Land Tax of India,” Introductory Essay, pp. xxxiii.—xxxvi.

† “History of India.” Vol. I. p. 293.

‡ “The Administration of the East-India Company,” &c. By John William Kaye. Pp. 34—36.

published by Mr. Kaye himself in the days of his patriotism—for every one of his statements. It is hardly necessary to add, that of those statements not one has been noticed, either by Mr. Kaye himself or by Mr. Prinsep, or by any other champion or advocate of the Company's government; for such is the fashion of the India House!

At the close of an elaborate and highly interesting description of the immense internal wealth and resources of India—of her gold, precious stones, copper, steel, iron, salt, nitre, mineral oil, soda, mica, coal, and minerals of all kinds,—her timber, sugar, corn, silk, cotton, rice, spices, dye-stuffs, opium, gums, and drugs of every species,—of “her animal creation, which presents representatives of every living thing moving on the earth or in the waters, from the leviathan and the elephant to the beetle and the ant,”—of her indigenous manufactures, “now fast hastening to decay”—under the restrictions imposed by the jealousy of Leadenhall Street hucksters,—of “her singular monuments of art,”—and particularly of “those wonders of the world, the stone carvings of Central India, Rajpootana, and Gujerat,—the sandal-wood carvings, and filligree of Trichinopoly,—the embossed silver work of Cutch and Agra,—the microscopic paintings of Delhi and Lahore,—the inlaid wood of Multan and Bombay”—and “the damask rifles and sword-blades of Gujerat, which beat any thing Europe can boast of,”—(Preface, pp. xiv.—xviii), Dr. Buist proceeds to say—†

The ruins of our desolate cities point to the greatness of the empire, before Europeans sought its shores as traders, and seized its soil as conquerors. Gour, the former capital of Bengal, covers an area of seventeen square miles, and once boasted of a population of above a million of inhabitants. Bessajoor, while flourishing, contained nearly a million of inhabited houses, occupied by more than three millions of people. Rajmahal, the city of a hundred kings, is now a miserable village inhabited by a few papermakers. Mandoo, the capital of the Patan sovereigns of Malwa, surrounded by a wall twenty-eight miles in circuit, occupies an area of twelve thousand English acres: the Jummah Musjid, built of white marble, is the finest specimen of Afghan architecture in existence: it now supplies the lair of the wolf and the tiger. Bhalibura, in Kattiawar, Behut in the Northern Doab, Lmakassa at the base of the Himalayas, Palibo-

thra near Patna on the Ganges, and Cannonj in the province of Agra, have scarce left sufficient traces behind them to mark their boundaries.

The irrigation of the country, so long neglected by the British Government, and from which such magnificent results have within the last twenty years been derived, was an object of anxiety to the rulers of India five centuries ago. The Emperor Feroze constructed, about the year 1350, a magnificent canal, for the purposes of irrigation, from the base of the mountains to the neighbourhood of Delhi, two hundred miles in length, by means of which a vast tract of country was made fertile as a garden, and above a million of people provided with bread. Two centuries after this, the illustrious Akbar devoted himself to the construction of new canals for the purposes of irrigation, and the clearing out of those formed by his predecessors, and which had fallen into decay. He made the subject a regular part of the system of government, and left a canal act behind him, which has come down to our times, providing for a complete series of arrangements and a large array of officers for their extension and management. The Shah Jehan, seventy years later, took up with enthusiasm the plans of his predecessor, and was nobly seconded in his efforts by Ali Murdan Khan, celebrated over the East for his skill and taste in architecture. The success of their labours was magnificent: tradition still enlarges on the vastness of the returns derived from the canals brought into existence by them, which were such as from a single canal to pay for the maintenance of twelve thousand horsemen. The permanent establishment maintained for police purposes consisted of five hundred horsemen and a thousand footmen, armed. Our first canal operations commenced little more than thirty years ago, and in 1821, the waters which had, five centuries before, been made to visit the city of Delhi, were, after fifty years suspension, re-introduced with their former channels.

From the Jumna canal, now in use, government derives a revenue of 25,000*l.* a-year from a total investment of 90,000*l.*; from the Western Jumna canal an investment of 140,000*l.*, a direct revenue of 44,000*l.* a-year arises. Lands previously comparatively barren are maintained in a state of constant productiveness for a water rent of a shilling an acre. The population maintained in the irrigated districts is very nearly double mile for mile of that of those not irrigated. A careful computation made by authority shews, that, in the famine year of 1837, the gross value saved by the Eastern Jumna canal was half a million sterling; one tenth of this being revenue, or fifty thousand pounds direct gain to the public treasury. The united Jumna canals saved at the same period above two millions sterling to the commonwealth. On the canals in the North-west Provinces, completed between the years 1821 and 1840, government expended 557,000*l.*, and drew in direct canal revenue 546,000*l.* By this an area of nearly 1,300,000 acres of ground—previously sterile—have been made to yield produce worth two and a-half millions annually, and to support upwards of six hundred thousand human beings. The Sutlej canal now in progress is expected to water 624,000 acres, and to yield government a revenue of 55,447*l.*, on an expenditure of a quarter of a million, or nearly twenty per cent. It has been estimated by the Hindgal engineers, that water and land, available for the purpose of irrigation in these neighbourhoods, would, on an expenditure of two millions, afford a permanent return of 578,150*l.* annually, or close on thirty per cent., and that a surface of nearly nine millions of acres, or above ten thousand square miles, might thereby be brought into cultivation. The present Governor-General most strongly recommended the Court of Directors to borrow for such improvements as these, so long as money could be had at five per cent., and made to realize from fifteen to forty. In place of acting on counsel so judicious, the Court have directed the most stringent retrenchments to be made; any surplus that may accrete to be applied to the liquidation of their debts: they have

\* The Company “n’a rien oublié—rien appris.” A few nights ago we were endeavouring to sit out an Indian debate in Parliament. A member spoke on the extinction of the manufactures of India, and reminded the House that the policy of prohibitions and restrictions which had effected it was adopted for the sake of encouraging our own manufactures here at home. A gentleman, recently elected by grace of the Court of Directors to the High Court of Parliament, who was sitting near us, exclaimed—“And a good thing too! The people of India get better clothing now from us, than they could have made for themselves!”

† “Notes on the Affairs of India.” Preface, pp. xviii.—xiv.

not even left the returns on existing canals to be expended on others; and the intervention of private enterprise is out of the question, where nothing can be done without the sanction of government, and government takes five years to answer a letter. The most magnificent of all the works of this sort is the Grand Ganges Canal, navigable for nearly 900 miles, and on which a million and a quarter is proposed to be sunk. It is expected to yield a return of 400,000*l.* a-year, of which 180,000*l.* will be direct revenue; it will fertilize no less than five millions and a-half of acres of land—now in a state of comparative sterility—increase the gross produce by upwards of seven millions sterling annually in value, and relieve a population of above six millions, of all fear of those frightful famines by which the country was wont to be decimated. Yet millions on millions might be expended on irrigation in India, with assurances of profit equal to what they afford.

The principal canal for watering the Baree Doab will cost, it is believed, half a million sterling: it will irrigate about 645,000 acres—at present in a state of complete sterility. It will cost for its maintenance about 20,000*l.* a-year, and yield a free return of 120,000*l.*, or twenty-four per cent. on outlay, after meeting all charges; thus repaying the cost within five years, and leaving us a clear increase of 120,000*l.* on our revenue, from this single department.

The Madras Government has within six years spent thirteen lakhs of rupees (130,000*l.*) on works of irrigation on the Godavery, and have already received twenty lakhs (200,000*l.*) in direct return in shape of land revenue. The average revenue for a period of six years before the work began was nineteen lakhs; it is now thirty lakhs of rupees (300,000*l.*): so that a third more than the entire original outlay having been already refunded to the treasury, Government will hereafter draw from the improved districts ten lakhs a-year, or two-thirds of the whole sum originally expended, of net increase of revenue. The increase of the land-tax is a small fraction of the actual gain: the native goods exported by sea from the irrigated districts sprung up at once from seven (70,000*l.*), their previous average, to thirteen (130,000*l.*) lakhs; and though the tremendous floods of 1849 reduced them, they now promise to maintain themselves at above fourteen lakhs (140,000*l.*). Before this much could be contributed to the public purse, at least five times as much must have been taken out of the soil by the cultivators, all constituting the solid and substantial wealth of the state. We probably do not overrate the fruits of the expenditure of thirteen lakhs (130,000*l.*) at a half million sterling annually in all; representing, at five per cent., a permanent capital of ten millions added to the value of our empire, or a return of four hundred per cent. annually on the adventure! Talk of improving a country by railways!—requiring a guarantee for their construction of five per cent.!—the longest of which will scarcely penetrate so far into the interior as the length of some of our arid river deltas!—where the productive lands, or lands capable of being rendered such, abut on the sea-shore, or are penetrated by navigable streams, and which in either case provide water-carriage, so that the produce may be transported from the fields where it grows to a place of shipment! Talk of California!—with its countless robberies and murders, its weekly conflagrations, its universal rapine and brutality!—yielding wealth such as the diggings of a single delta supply, with twenty deltas on our hands yet unexplored!

\* The *Madras Athenæum* gives the substance of a statistical paper published at the Madras Government press, exhibiting the cost and effects of irrigation. The extract is too long for our columns: we content ourselves with the results. Of forty works of irrigation executed between 1837—1860 in that Presidency, "the annual increase of revenue from the day of the outlay in each case, amounts

This is no case of conquest or of rapine—of dominions ravished, through violence and deluges of blood, from the hands of their original possessors. No question of right can ever be raised—no claim of compensation or groan of grievance emitted. No people have been coerced or enslaved—no native nobility reduced or expatriated. Our grounds of congratulation are genuine, as they are unalloyed. The only thing we have to blush for is, that we should so long have neglected these, and still neglect seizing other sources of wealth so enormous—of good so unalloyed.

Our wants at the outset are most moderate: all we desire is investigation. We have a noble corps of engineers to rely upon—we have scores and scores of other officers capable of acting as surveyors almost as efficiently as engineers; and hundreds on hundreds of European soldiers, willing and able to share in the more laborious and less intellectual parts of the toil. All we want to begin with is a survey of, and report on, every river delta in India: for Madras this has been accomplished; in Bombay it yet requires to be begun. With estimates of the outlay and return once before us, Government has only to select the improvement to be begun with; or, if too timid to attempt to improve the revenues of the country, to place their improvement within the reach of those willing to undertake it. Even in the midst of universal distrust, roguery, and mismanagement, it would not be a very difficult matter to induce capitalists at home to embark in enterprises, assuring them of a twenty per cent. return, and leaving about as much more to be acquired by the rulers of the land, who would in this case have, so kindly and cordially, at least consented to allow their dominions to be improved, but that the interminable delays of correspondence intervene!

Such are a few of the most obvious, if not of the most striking, circumstances connected with, or characteristics belonging to, a country for whose welfare and good government England has made herself responsible, and for the management of which she must yet give an account; and which, judging from what has already occurred regarding it, is likely to meet infinitely less attention at her hands than the discussion of a Militia Bill, or the borrowing of a score of sentences from a French author, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as an eulogium on the memory of the Duke of Wellington. Thirty gentlemen sit for thirty days in committee on our affairs. They examine twenty-five witnesses. Two of these had been Governors-General, and three had been local Governors; eight had been Members of Council, and three had been Secretaries to Government; two were Directors, and two were high officials in the India House; the remainder consisted of a General, two Colonels, and a Captain,—these last being examined on the subject of patronage alone. And, having commenced their labours as a matter of form, and with their minds made up as to results, before hearing a thousandth part of the facts, with which they ought to have been familiar, the committee venture on recommending a renewal of the Act as it stands—as it has, in the main, stood since 1784—though the majority of those examined, few and prejudiced as they were, have recommended the most sweeping alterations. The Bill of Mr. Pitt, framed in 1784, at a period of fierce political excitement, to regulate and control the operations of a commercial company dealing in tea, cotton, and calicoes, and apt to get loose in their notions of morality, is sup-

to seventy per cent. as the share of Government alone," besides the increase in the saleable value, and productiveness of the land itself. "Excluding all the indirect benefits which must accrue to commerce from the general prosperity of those districts, the Government has already had back THE PRINCIPAL SPENT, AND EIGHT HUNDRED PER CENT IN THE SHARE OF PROFIT!" Well may the editor of that journal wonder why the Company, "in the teeth of these figures, continue to begudge money for works of irrigation!" —Editor N. Q. R.

posed suited to the wants of the third quarter of the nineteenth century, and is about to be extended to the year 1874, as if, during the ninety years, during which more political changes had occurred than during the previous five hundred, India alone of all the world had stood still.

The Outram Blue-books are still incomplete; the papers ordered, on the motion of Mr. Otway, are still withheld from Parliament. But the disclosures of 1852 are matter of history; the facts obtained have found universal acceptance; and private information is not wanting to supply the scandalous concealments of the India House. It is now ascertained beyond the possibility of contradiction,—for we have Col. Outram himself coming forward to give the testimony\*—that the fearful charges set forth in the “Bombay Briberies, a Tale of the present Charter,” by Mr. Anstey,—for we violate no confidence in revealing the identity of “Indus,”—are substantially true,—that the conclusions to which that writer has come are those of “an able and clearheaded critic,”—that “the suppressed despatch” of Colonel Outram, which appears in Mr. Anstey’s Fourth Edition, is a genuine document,—that Mr. Reid’s reply to Mr. Anstey is such as “an unscrupulous hired advocate might be supposed willing to hazard,”—and that Col. Outram’s last lingering reliance on the personal purity of that representative of Her Majesty “has been materially modified by the further information which he has derived from the Blue Books, and from his (Mr. Reid’s) own unfortunate pamphlet.” We are also able to state, and upon authority equally respectable, that the documents so long withheld from Parliament, but soon to be produced, establish fully these facts,—that Lord Falkland’s famous “Khutput Circular” of 1850 was sent to the fifty heads of departments, or officers on special services, political, revenue, and judicial, who serve under the Government of Bombay—that those covenanted servants were required to report, each for his own district, whether the belief in the corruptibility of the Bombay Government or its servants was general; whether there were any grounds for the belief; and whether there were any means of eradicating it—that of those FIFTY servants, THIRTY-EIGHT, including Colonel Outram, reported that the belief existed, that it was general, that it was not unfounded, and eradicable only by such means as Colonel Outram himself had vainly recommended; that NINE others (of whom FIVE, being military officers, were liable to be dismissed back to their regiments at the pleasure of Lord Falkland) reported that the belief existed, and was general, but was founded mere-

ly in the depravity of the minds which entertained it; and that those who reported, that no such belief existed to their knowledge, were only THREE, viz. Mr. Andrews, the late Judge of Surat, against whom imputations of the foulest bribery had been for years notoriously pending, down to the day of his death, and two other servants holding commands in the non-British territories of Pahlampoor and the Mahee Kanta! In this state of circumstances the Court of Directors have tardily begun to defer a little to public opinion; and a Commission of Inquiry into the alleged corruptions of Messrs. Bell and Simpson and the Sudder Adawlut at Bombay, and other departments of that Government, is about to issue. The affairs of Baroda are for ever withdrawn from the cognizance of that unworthy Government; and the Governor-General of India is specially appointed by the Board of Control to undertake the office. Colonel Outram is not restored to Baroda, but he is released from his allegiance to Bombay;—the Cabinet have come forward to do him honour in a manner which, in a few days, will be public, but which we in the meanwhile may not reveal;—and the Marquis of Dulhousie himself is charged to complete the reparation. For other matters of detail we refer our readers to Mr. Chapman’s “Baroda and Bombay,” the “Memoir of the Public Services of Lieut. Col. Outram,” and, above all, the crushing exposures now put forth by that gallant officer himself, in his “Baroda Intrigues and Bombay Khutput,”—severally prefixed to this article. Altogether it is a result of which we have reason to be proud, for we have contributed to the accomplishment.

Come we now to the book of Mr. Kaye. Whilst serving in the Bengal Artillery, that officer was a patriot, zealous for the reformation of Indian abuses, and formidable exceedingly to Indian satraps. The *Calcutta Review* was his handiwork,—that Review, which, in times past, did good service to the cause, and made public the most mysterious transactions of East-Indian management, State-papers, and state-secrets of every kind, such as the Honourable Company would willingly have given its long ears to have suppressed,—did somehow or other fall into the hands of the editor of the *Calcutta Review*, and so got known to the public. We need not say how useful the disclosures have proved to ourselves. Our readers are aware that, in our recent papers on the Indian question, we made free and copious use of Mr. Kaye and his *Calcutta Review*, and that we were only too happy to cite their authority.

But a change came over the scene. Mr. Kaye quitted India, came to England, and,

\* “Baroda Intrigues and Bombay Khutput.” By Lieut.-Col. Outram, C.B. pp. 3—7. 33. 65. 150. 173.

for the first time in his life, met, face to face, with his antagonist, Sir James Weir Hogg. A single conversation with that important personage—he was then Chairman at the India House—was quite sufficient to upset all Mr. Kaye's opinions. The experience of years, the convictions founded on that experience, the patriotic ardour for the redress of India's wrongs, and the generous indignation against her rapacious and anile oppressors, all vanished in that one interview; and incontinently Mr. Kaye became the partisan of the Company, and laid him down with the Hogg. His *Calcutta Review* came out strong against "Charters and Patriots;" and, by way of serving its new friends, and demonstrating at the same time its own honesty, proclaimed to its readers the somewhat suspicious fact, that, amongst those writers who had contributed the severest articles against the Company which had theretofore graced its pages, there was not one who could complain that a large share of the Company's bounty had not been subsequently bestowed upon him! Nor has Mr. Kaye himself been idle. His pamphlet—a thick one of 712 pages—called "The Administration of the East-India Company—a History of INDIAN PROGRESS" (!) is here before us. It is at all events a history of the progress of Mr. Kaye's opinions, and his fortunes too, as we may not unfairly judge.

The zeal of a renegade is proverbial. Mr. Kaye launches at once *in medias res*; and writing, as he says, on the "25th of April 1853," respectfully inscribes his volume, "rife with records of their good deeds," to "the two services" of the East-India Company, informing them at the same time, without a single word to qualify the fulsomeness of the panegyric, that Ranke is of opinion that "there are many degrees of heroic renown, but the highest praise is due to those who have opened new scenes for the civilisation of mankind;" and leaving it to "the services" themselves to appropriate the gross compliment.

The scheme of the book itself is singular. It had been announced for the last six months, that Mr. Kaye was coming on as champion of the Indian Government, rice Campbell dismissed. It is believed that, like Mr. Campbell, Mr. Kaye has been largely assisted, out of the coffers of the Directors, with the means of defraying the heavy cost of publication. He offers it to his readers as a repertory of information, desirable "at the present juncture;" and he takes every occasion, as he proceeds, to remind them that the Company are now on their trial, and that he is anxious to secure for them a partial verdict. His purpose was, therefore, decidedly polemical; and surely never had polemic more enemies to deal with, or

more charges to refute, than had this new-found champion of the India House. Horace Hayman Wilson, Butterworth Bayley, Sleeman, Outram, Sullivan,\* Norton, Williamson Ramsay, Briggs, the Napiers, Mountstuart Elphinstone, Lords Metcalfe, Ellenborough, and William Bentinck, and many another Crown or Company's servant, named in our present or former articles on this subject, were surely witnesses of weight enough to warrant some little notice, for themselves and their statements, at the hands even of the great men of Leadenhall Street, or their advocate, Mr. Kaye. Such, however, was not the purpose of his clients, more intent on ingenious evasion than honourable acquittal; and Mr. Kaye appears to have been instructed accordingly. This defence, he says, "is written almost entirely in a narrative form. There is little of the disquisitional and controversial in it." In fact, there is none at all. In not one page of this dreariest of volumes, is there so much as an allusion to any one of those heavy accusations, to which we were the main instruments in awakening the public "at the present juncture," and which are now engaging some attention at the hands of a small but intellectual minority in Parliament.

He has done much more. He has contrived to suggest charges which no one thought of bringing—charges of an import quite contrary to those to which the Company are justly liable; and then he triumphantly appeals to facts inconsistent with the fiction. For instance, he takes great pains to prove that Colonel Sleeman, Butterworth Bayley, Colonel Outram, and other servants of the Company, have been of much service in their generation; and, having done so, he proceeds to argue that none but the ignorant or malevolent will dare to defame public servants of their stamp. *Quis vituperavit?* Certainly not we,—who have used the unanswered and unanswerable evidence of those very men, to demonstrate the miserable imbecility, corruption, and tyranny, fiscal, judicial, and police, against which they gave testimony, and which the East-India Company had set up. Certainly not we,—who have made it our principal charge against the authorities which govern India, that the representations of those very men are to this day unheeded, and their counsels set at nought! Certainly not we,—who have presented to our readers the case of at least one of those very men,—Colonel

\* We continue to cite this gentleman's authority, and the rather that he is now gone over to the enemy. We record, without attempting to explain the fact, that on the 20th ult. "the Friend of India," in the teeth of all that he has said and written for many years past, and more especially of his two able pamphlets of 1850, 1853, which we recently noticed with well-deserved eulogium, moved the India House Vote of Confidence in the Court of Directors!

Outram,—as exhibiting, in the utter ruin of his fortunes, the signal evidence of the official appreciation which in Lendenhall Street waits upon merit such as his, and the rewards with which honourable services, such as are now detailed in the authentic page of one of the works\* prefixed to this paper, are recompensed.

One other instance, and we have done. Mr. Kaye would have us infer that the subjects of the king of Oude, and those of the Nizam, occasionally emigrate into the Company's territories in quest of pure government, prosperity, and repose; and he ventures to suggest that the aversion of the Indian native to foreign travel is the main reason why this emigration does not "largely" take place at present (p. 54.) We never heard that any one dreamed of accounting for the smallness of the supposed emigration; for sure we are that no such emigration has ever taken place. The emigration is all the other way! If "the natives of India are not a migratory people" by nature, those who are thralls of the Company have learned the art with a vengeance! Scarce a mail arrives from India, without additional proof of the extent, to which the disgust, engendered by misrule, is dispeopling the Company's territories for the benefit of those of the Nizam and of Oude. The following is a specimen: we take it from the *Mudras Atho-næum* of the 13th January 1852:—

**MAHULIPATAM.**—This district has of late been attracting a large share of public attention, and sad indeed is the tale of CORRUPTION, OPPRESSION, AND WRETCHEDNESS that has been unfolded by the Commissioners appointed to investigate the affairs of the Collectorate. In the words of an authenticated communication, "The district has been in a terrible state, and inquiry only discloses fresh enormities. Every department seems alike, but the public works, or Marainut department, seems the one most favoured by the delinquents. The Government, the people, the labourers, all, all were plundered!" One fact only we will here mention: SUCH WAS THE ADMINISTRATION OF MAHULIPATAM, THAT THE PEOPLE EMIGRATED BY THOUSANDS INTO THE NIZAM'S DOMINIONS: unable to endure THE TYRANNY OF BRITISH RULE, the wretched inhabitants fled for shelter to the territories of that prince, who will some day be deposed by us for ignorance of the science of government.† Mr. Porter, who has had charge of the district for the past nine years, "remained in blissful ignorance of evil."

If Mr. Kaye is really desirous of meeting the charges against his clients, he will have no difficulty in doing so. They are as plentiful

as blackberries, and he may find them on every hedge. If he prefers the safer course of not meeting them, let him be silent. But to deal after this fashion is neither safe nor creditable. It has not even the grace of originality. That grace belongs to Tom Thumb, "who made his giants first, and then he slew them!"

He who has read Sir Charles Wood's speech on moving for leave to bring in the Indian Government Bill, may spare himself the labour of wading through Mr. Kaye's 712 printed pages. The speech was the epitome of the book: Mr. Kaye had prepared the brief; and from those instructions the President of the Board of Control spake to the Commons. It has been wittily observed by the *Times* newspaper, that to a man quite ignorant of the geography, the chronology, and the history of ancient and modern India, and who never reads the daily papers, the speech may possibly afford much useful information. The same may be said of the book. Three-fourths at least of its contents might have been spared. What was wanted "in the present juncture" we have not: what was not wanted we have. We wanted to know how far the Company were prepared to confess or deny the truth of the highly serious charges, whereof they were inculpated on the testimony of their own servants; for it was only upon the assumption of their truth that the encroachments upon the Court of Directors, proposed by Sir Charles Wood, were to be defended. On this head, we again say, Mr. Kaye is lamentably silent. We did not want to know the history of Tartar, Affghan, Portuguese, and British conquests in Asia. On this head he is lamentably diffuse;—occupying, indeed, with such like school-boy matters, by far the greater part of his ponderous volume. And yet one chapter of Mr. Irving's *Treatise on Caste*—one page of Mr. Neil Baillie's learned translation from the *Futawa of Alunggeer*, contains more real information on the comparative results of those successive conquests, than is to be found in the whole work of Mr. Kaye from cover to cover.

There are one or two papers, however, thrown into his Appendix, which, he says, are partly his own and partly contributed; and the context warrants the presumption that they come from the India House. These papers are the only useful and interesting portions of the work—as containing the India House's own account of the monopolies of opium, salt, and land, and the blessings which follow in their train. Disdaining to appear conscious of having any thing to answer in regard to these things, Mr. Kaye and his directorial associates plunge fearlessly into laboured panegyric. They dilate upon the opium culture as monopolized by Government,—the principle of compelling the

\* "A Memoir of the Public Services of Lieut.-Colonel Outram." Smith, Elder & Co. 1853.

† Prophetic words! The work is at length begun. The last India mail informs us that his Highness has been compelled to cede, by way of first instalment, the richest cotton-district in India, Berar, to the Company. It has yielded hitherto a revenue of 500,000*l.* a-year. It adjoins Ahmednuggur and Khandeish, famous for its formidable agrarian insurrection of 1852—53 against the tax-gatherers of the Company.—*Ed. N. Q. R.*



cultivator to sell to nobody but themselves, and to themselves, at a price fixed by themselves,—the pleasure of forcing the Chinese Government at the cannon's mouth to connive at the contraband trade carried on by the piratical opium-clippers of the Company in the heart of their ports,—and all the other distinguishing points of the system so ably and graphically displayed in the indignant pages of the American author\*, whose work is the eighth upon the list prefixed to this article. Revenue, they say, is the one thing needful; and without this opium monopoly, the always deficient revenue of India would incur a permanent loss to the tune of three millions sterling—a loss not to be supplied under the Company's system of finance. This is very excellent morality, no doubt; and the Company have always been famous for the steadiness and consistency with which they have kept it in view in every department of their policy. But, alas for the mutability of human affairs! Hardly had Mr. Kaye's book seen the light, when the Indian mail brought us a decree of the Emperor of China, legalizing the importation of opium from any part of the world upon payment of a certain duty. A still more recent mail brings us a second edict, by which his Celestial Majesty authorises and empowers his own subjects to grow and sell opium for themselves. The impossibility of prohibiting effectually the pernicious traffic of the Company, without involving his country in a new war with Queen Victoria, is the ground on which the Emperor rests these two decrees. In one of our late articles on the subject, we shewed that the lucrative but precarious revenue, derived by the East-India Company from that iniquitous source, it depended entirely upon his Celestial Majesty to maintain or take away. He *has* taken it away. By a mere scrape of his pen Mr. Kaye has seen realised,—and within a few hours,—his own prophetic apprehension lest Chinese legislation should come to the aid of the British legislator, and “this delicate question consequently find its own solution in a very few YEARS!” (P. 688.) That being the case, it is hardly worth while to pursue the question further. Otherwise it would not be difficult to shew how consistently the same Honourable Company has ever adhered to the great principle, on which Mr. Kaye and the Directors now justify the coerced settlement of the market-price of opium in India, and the prohibition of all enterprise and competition of private capitalists—“interlopers,” as the said capitalists are more orthodoxically called. What they now say of the danger of abandoning the opium monopoly, they said long ago of the perils of a

trade with India—of the mischiefs that would accrue from opening the ports of China to the tea-ships of “interlopers”—of the impolicy of permitting the culture and manufacture of indigo to private enterprise—and, in short, of every other step in the same direction, won by the incessant labour of “interlopers” in Asia and in Europe. In 1853, as in 1813 and 1833, the prognostic is still the same. The India House, using Mr. Kaye for their organ, tell us, in the words of *eld* (p. 687), that, “if the opium monopoly were abandoned to-morrow, many natives and Europeans would immediately set up their factories, clear their vats, give out their advances, and, at the close of a successful season, freight a whole fleet of country boats for transmission to Calcutta; but under such a system it would be unlikely that the drug, fashioned in half-a-dozen different modes, would retain its consistency and purity!” Neither would the growers themselves be benefited by the change! At least “it is very doubtful whether Ryots could derive more benefit from ANY CONCEIVABLE SYSTEM, other than the present;” which allows them none at all!

In the same agreeable and easy style does the author demonstrate the superiority of rack-rents of fifty, sixty, and seventy-five per cent., whether as viewed with reference to the cultivator or to his landlord, the Company (pp. 200, 201); and the inestimable blessings that flow from a salt monopoly, to a population with whom salt is a hundredfold more of a necessary of life than it ever was in England, where, from the beginning of the reign of George IV., thanks to the just clamour of the people, it has remained customs and excise free. Mr. Kaye and his associates, however, argue that, if the salt monopoly were repealed, the Indians would make their own salt, each at his own door, and not resort to the manufacturer, the shipper, or even the shopkeeper, for his supply; and, if so, they exclaim, what will become of “the free import of Liverpool and Manchester salt by sea,” not to speak of “the million of revenue” levied in India at the Company's salt-works? (p. 675.) This strangest of arguments to prove that it is “the result of the salt monopoly to place salt WITHIN REACH OF THE POOREST PEASANT IN INDIA AT A FAIR PRICE” (p. 679), we have anticipated in our remarks of last October on the same subject. We shall not recur to it, until the returns of the comparative prices of labour and food in India for the last sixty years, moved for by Lord Albemarle, are laid upon the table of the Upper House. We are happy in being able to appeal to the high authority of that true friend to the cause of oppressed and impoverished India, in support of our opinion, that,—if the Directors have the honesty to produce that information before the close of the

\* “The Opium Trade,” etc. Lowell. 1853.

present discussion, Parliament will have to consider whether a Government is entitled to a renewal of confidence under which, ever since that confidence was bestowed upon it, the necessities of life have become enhanced to the people, in proportion as their wages have grown

We perceive that Mr. Kaye's Appendix does not attempt to deny the existence of the heavy penal Regulations of 1839 and anterior years, for the repression of illicit salt manufacture, to which, in our October Number, we drew public attention. But then, he says, they were not largely inflicted during the past year;—year of agitation against John Company! And he proves his assertion by referring to the Lower Bengal, where, last year, "the number of cases instituted against individuals" was less than two hundred, out of a population of three millions;—although, he says, "hundreds of Ryots do occasionally (!) scrape together a few handfuls of earth within the precincts of their huts, and manufacture each a pound or so of salt without the cognizance of the preventive officer." The India-House advocates would have us believe, that the penalties do not even operate *in terrorem*, nor that they produce "any want of spirit on the part of the desponding population." And yet, according to themselves, "the localities, in which the salt of Bengal is manufactured, are those in all India, where unscrupulous agents are most adept in practising EXTORTION on a peasantry, feeble by nature, enervated by climate, timorous by example, and vilified by domination. Every person conversant with Lower Bengal," they say, "well knows the amount of dread, which such persons can strike, by working on that unconquerable feeling, which whispers to them that such men are set above the law. The testimony of hundreds of witnesses, and the records of litigation for half a century, present us with one dreary picture, making of Eastern society only two great divisions; those who SUFFER and those who INFLICT!" (p. 675.) We present these passages in context. Contradictory as they are, they occur in the brief space of two pages. There are occasions in which a short memory is proverbially out of place.

For is it true that these fiscal penalties of the Company's Regulations, severe and terrible in the aspect, are so mild and unfrequent in the operation? We give a fearless contradiction to Mr. Kaye and his partners on the head. We do not know whether their statement is true even of the comparatively small district—the Lower Bengal—to which they find it prudent to restrict themselves, when in quest of an illustration of the working of their system for the past year. But we are quite sure that it is an utterly false view of the normal state of the case for India at large: and, since partial illustrations

are, it seems, in fashion, we beg to call Mr. Kaye's attention to the following analysis, which we find in a very recent Number of an Indian journal,\* of the records of crime for Hindustan Proper—

In the selections from the records of the Government of the North-west Provinces, we find a paper under the pen of Mr. St. George Tucker, of the Civil Service, entitled "Notes on the Criminal Statistics of the Upper Provinces for 1844, as compared with the English Criminal Statistics for 1841." From these notes we learn that, while the population of England and Wales amounted to only 15,906,839 souls, and that of Benares, Allahabad, Agra, Rohilkund, Meerut, and Delhi, exceeded 10,000,000 souls, the convictions in the two countries were respectively 67,296 and 31,637.

Mr. Tucker enters into a very elaborate explanation to shew that this general difference in favour of the Indian is attributable more to imperfect administration, unwillingness to prosecute, difficulty in securing the conviction of guilty men, and kindred obstacles in the course of justice, than to any greater disposition on the part of the Indian to peace and good order.

Perhaps our readers would not thank us to follow Mr. Tucker throughout his various comparisons; but there is one subject treated of in his notes which bears upon the most iniquitous of all the iniquitous imposts we find levied in India,—the revenue derived from salt. Mr. Tucker's remarks tally so completely with the general views regarding salt duty, that we have much pleasure in drawing particular attention to them.

In the Crime Tables we find, that while in England and Wales only 852 convictions were for breach of the revenue laws, the convictions in the six districts already named amount to no fewer than 2291. Upon this Mr. Tucker says:—"The results of the CUSTOMS REGULATIONS in India are remarkable. THIRTY MILLIONS STERLING are collected in England by means of the Customs and Excise duties. In the North-western Provinces only HALF A MILLION is collected by the same means; and yet the convictions for offences against the laws made for securing this comparatively small amount are upwards of FOUR TIMES as numerous as in England. *This appears to be almost entirely owing to the duty upon salt, which is very high in proportion to the value of the article outside of the Customs' line.* Salt is a necessary of life in India, and will always find a ready market; and, when large profits can be made, it is not to be wondered at that the revenue laws are generally broken. Salt is illicitly manufactured, especially under the pretext of manufacturing saltpetre; but the greater part of that which succeeds in evading the duty is smuggled from native states, which trade must doubtless be profitable. The only risk incurred is the danger of being apprehended by corruptible and negligent Custom guards, on beats where the smartest men would find it difficult to prevent smuggling by night. *The only wonder is, that smuggling is not so extensive as to drive the legitimate trader from the market; and this can only be accounted for by the extent of the demand.*

"The financial result" of all these questionable doings constitutes after all," says Mr. Kaye, their proper and sufficient justification. Is it so? We make the inquiry in the sense, not of the moralist, but of the India House. A revenue, always deficient, is henceforward to be estimated at something like three millions of pounds *minus*,—now that the opium question has been solved by the Chinese Gov-

\* *Bombay Gazette*, 7 April 1853.



vernment. Next comes the charge of the Burmese war,—considerably depreciated at thirty thousand pounds per month, in the fallacious statement of Sir James Weir Hogg, the late Chairman—a permanent charge; for the war bids fair to be permanent, despite the conquest of Pegu, and the revolution at Ava. In the presence of these facts, what becomes of “the financial result” by such means arrived at? It is not enough to say, with Mr. Hastie of Paisley, that the Indians themselves propose nothing better; and we might insist that the ruinous injustice of the present system being once demonstrated, the choice of a substitute rests with the Government, responsible for the welfare of those they govern. But we have no objection at all to propose the substitute. The waste lands of India constitute a fund of wealth, accessible long ago but for the stupid jealousy of her Government, ever averse to private enterprise. Let Government sell those lands, or lease them at plantation-rents to the highest bidder: there is capital enough—British capital, aye, and Indian capital, too—to make that fund available as a substitute for every one of the existing sources of taxation. Add to these the immense and speedy returns of Government investments on canals, roads, and irrigation (300 per cent. in a year or two upon the capital!) and we see no reason why, with such means at their command, an energetic Government—but such is not that of the Company—should not at once reduce the present land-tax to twenty-five per cent., or even less, of the gross rental; abolish the salt monopoly; abandon the now defunct monopoly of opium; suppress the odious Moturpha and Abkaree duties; repeal all transit and frontier duties; and lower all the rest to a fair standard; and remain, after all, the wealthiest Government that ever reigned in India!

We dismiss Mr. Kaye with only one further observation. Whether Haileybury or Addiscombe had the honour of producing him we cannot say. But sure we are, that, if he be indeed the ablest of the servants whom the Company have selected to defend their side of the present controversy, those costly seats of covenanted-service-instruction are strangely in need of a chair of elementary Christian ethics. We need not to be continually reminded by Mr. Kaye that “Irawaddy and Indus,” mysteriously begin with one letter, and that so do “Pegu and Peshawur,” and that those rivers and provinces are the present limits of English empire in the East. But, if the conquests, which put them into the hands of the Company, were indeed the results of “a chronic state of warfare,—of great and engulfing wars obstructive to domestic improvement,—of exhausting and distracting wars, of which they have been, not authors, but the victims,—of

impolitic wars, forced upon them, in spite of themselves, and in blind obedience to the caprice of a single man [the President of the India Board];—in fine, of unjust wars, perpetrated under the mystery and the mockery of a system [the double Government] WHICH OBSCURES RESPONSIBILITY AND DELUDES PUBLIC OPINION” (pp. 132—138, 158—160); we can only say that, if these things be so, it is hard to understand that they can indeed be well-pleasing to “Almighty God”—that the Company can indeed be His peculiar people—that the Board of Control and the Court of Directors can indeed be His chosen instruments,—or, in fine, that the “miracle” which has converted all India, “from Indus to Irawaddy, and from Peshawur to Pegu,” into a farm of Leadenhall Street, can indeed be one of heavenly race (p. 660). We utterly repudiate these opinions; and we abhor the position, that an end believed to be godly may sanctify whatever means are deemed necessary to its attainment.

Without pausing to notice the very contemptible production which stands tenth in our list, we pass on at once to a consideration of the Government Bill.\*

The first thing that occurs to us on reading this Bill, is the striking truth of the exordium of Sir Charles Wood's speech, wherein he declared that India was a great subject, upon which he was obliged to say a great deal, but was about to do very little.

What is the condition in which India, farmed out for twenty years to a Company of capitalists, comes back to the British Crown? Twenty years is surely long enough to enable us to

\* As it now stands it consists of forty-one clauses; whereof the first continues the territories of British India under the government of the East-India Company until Parliament shall otherwise provide. The next twelve clauses provide, that after April next there shall be but eighteen Directors, whereof the Crown shall appoint (at first three, but eventually as vacancies occur) six, and the others shall be elected in the usual way by the general Court. The Crown nominees, and six of the fifteen Company-chosen Directors, must have served ten years in India, and the general Court is empowered to pass a Byo-law, inflicting a penalty of 100*l.* and disqualification, for the offence of canvassing for the office of Director.

The next eighteen clauses give power to re-appoint Presidencies, regulate the appointment and duties of the Council of India, enable the Queen to appoint an English commission to examine (we presume by a search through the waste-paper basket at the India House) the reports of the Indian Law Commissioners, extend the Company's powers for purposes of war, and settle the salaries of the members of the Council of India.

The remainder of the provisions relate to the patronage. These provisions are, that hereafter any natural-born subject of the Queen may be admitted at Haileybury or Addiscombe; that the Board of Control shall frame the Regulations that shall govern the admissions and examinations; and that the Directors shall appoint to offices in the Civil and Military service only persons who are become eligible under these Regulations.

test a policy by its results. The astonished world awakens to the sight of a population of a hundred millions of human beings, under the absolute rule of a Christian people, yet groaning under a Government so grinding, so rotten, and so corrupt, that the natives flee away to the more endurable tyranny of neighbouring despots,—that exaction has reached its limit, and the public finances, declining from deficit to deficit, are now threatened by one wise act of a Chinese emperor to be precipitated into inextricable insolvency,—that civilized nations are scandalized by charges of corruption against Englishmen in high places, and, for the first time for many generations, English-born judges are publicly removed from positions they are said to have disgraced. So badly has this Government worked for the governed, that, *teste* Mr. Macaulay, “the Hindús are the most heavily taxed people on the face of the earth;” \* even tortures are used, and vainly used, to extract from them the full amount of the impossible imposts. † Salt, the great sanitary necessary of life, is made so scarce, that nine weeks’ labour will not suffice for an annual supply enough to keep off the Asiatic pestilence. ‡ So abject is the slavery of the cultivator of the soil, that after paying his land-tax, of from 50 to 75 per cent. upon his gross produce, he is often forced to grow either opium or tobacco, and sell the yield to his British masters at one-fifth its value. § Should he, relying upon the public faith, borrow money and invest it in improvements upon his land, the public word is broken, the land is seized upon, and he and his creditor are ruined. || Justice for him there is none. From a Company’s judge he may expect only some wild freak of reckless ignorance, such as those instanced by Mr. Norton, ¶ or he may bid for it against his adversary by force of rupees. \*\* He is shut out from the career that is open to the subject of every other despotism. In Turkey the meanest may rise to be a minister; but in the history of British India there is no single example of a native having received a writership or a cadetship. †† Famine and pestilence pass over him periodically, and tens of thou-

sands perish with no other record than a paragraph in an English newspaper. He is so abject, so toilworn, so hopeless, that an apologist of the Company can point to his condition with triumph, and say, “it is not even possible to prepare him in any way for FREEDOM.” ††

Such is the state in which we find the hundred millions of men whom we committed to the tender mercies of this Company. It may sound rhetorical, it may appear to be the language of hyperbole—it is in fact but a very meagre compilation from the evidences put forward by the Company’s servants. §§

Of the country itself, this great peninsula, this land of Ind, every word that was said of it by Burke, on the 1st of December 1783 is true, of it on this 1st of July 1853.

“Our conquest there, after twenty years, is as crude as it was the first day. The natives scarcely know what it is to see the grey head of an Englishman. Young men (boys almost) govern there, without society and without sympathy with the natives. Every rupee of profit made by an Englishman is lost for ever to India. With us are, no tributary superstitions by which a foundation of charity commences through ages to the poor for the rapine and injustice of a day. With us no pride erects stately monuments which repair the mischiefs which pride had produced, and which adorn a country out of its own spoils. England has erected no churches, no hospitals, no palaces, no schools. England has built no bridges made, no high-roads, cut no navigations, dug out no reservoirs. Every other conqueror of every other description has left some monument either of state or beneficence behind him. Were we to be driven out of India this day, nothing would remain to tell that it had been possessed, during the inglorious period of our dominion, by any thing better than the ouran-ontang or the tiger.” ||||

Such has been the effect of our having, to use again the words of Burke, “made a mar-

†† Campbell, cited *N. Q. R.*, Vol. ii. p. 169.

§§ Mr. Mangles (debate 24th June) has no other answer to this case than a question whether Imperial Government has prevented Caffre wars, Canadian rebellion, or discontent in Jamaica? Our answer is, the people of Cape Town are thriving colonists, the citizens of Canada are loyal and prosperous, the discontents in Jamaica are occasioned by the fact, that the black population is too indolent and too happy. In these imperial colonies the population is free, and they are growing into nations. We deny the atrocious conclusion, that the outpoken discontents of freemen are a justification of slavery and oppression. But this sentiment is fully adapted to the cause.

|||| “Speech on Mr. Fox’s East-India Bill.” Even this strong case is now understated. Not only have we, since then, done nothing for the people of India, but we have industriously and purposely destroyed their manufactures, and we insolently rejoice in our success.

\* See *N. Q. R.*, Vol. i. p. 344.

† “Various unauthorised modes of stimulating the body, such as placing him in the sun, obliging him to stand on one leg, or to sit with his head confined between his knees.” Campbell, p. 350. Cited *N. Q. R.*, Vol. i. p. 347.

‡ See *N. Q. R.*, Vol. i. pp. 349, 350.

§ See *N. Q. R.*, Vol. i. p. 351.

|| See *N. Q. R.*, Vol. ii. 44.

¶ See Mr. Norton’s Pamphlet *passim*.

\*\* “Justice is put up to auction, and knocked down to the highest bidder.” Mr. Cantlar Ferguson. Cited *N. Q. R.*, Vol. ii. p. 41.

†† See *N. Q. R.*, Vol. ii. p. 45.

ket of our duties;" such has been the effect upon India and the Hindús. Of the effect of the system upon the rulers we need not enlarge. Criminations and recriminations are so rife among the enriched proconsuls of wasted India, that English society can hardly now tell who among the returned rulers of the East are men of fair character.\* Honest and zealous men are disgraced and recalled by the Court of Directors, and, after much toilsome inquiry, acquitted, eulogized, and honoured with commissions of high confidence by English statesmen. There is a "Leadenhall" atmosphere here, which seems dank with corruption as "an Indian jungle—which is among us, but not of us—and which, thank Heaven, could be breathed by no English gentleman who had never been in the Company's service. The only persons who seem thoroughly and quietly to fatten upon all this tyranny, misery, and corruption, are the twenty-four Directors, who, with their £17,000 a-year each of patronage, wander about *en grand seigneur* among English constituencies, and exercise an influence in the House of Commons which it is not easy to withstand.

To remedy all this, Sir Charles Wood gives us this BILL.

Lord Stanley and the opposition, on the other hand, offer to pledge themselves to do nothing at all.

The Indian reformers, therefore, have this alternative—they must either take a measure which continues the present hybrid abomination scarcely palliated, or they must join with

the Derbyites, whose intention, as stated by Mr. Herries and Lord Derby, is, or was, to renew the Charter Act of 1833. There is a third course, which is, to strive to postpone all legislation until the Charter Act shall have expired, and India shall return, as a foreign possession, under the royal prerogative. To this third course there is but one objection—success in such a strife is obviously impossible.

What, then, is the course to be pursued by India reformers? Clearly it is, to oppose themselves to the attempt to make India the mere field for faction-fights—to avoid the folly of lifting Lord Derby into power, in order that he may re-enact the Act of 1833—to accept the present Bill, but to strive heartily to engraft upon it amendments that may improve it.† As a finite measure it is weak, foolish, absurd. It retains the double Government, it continues that Parliament of breeches-pockets—the Court of Proprietors; it depends for all its important operation upon the whim of the President of the Board of Control, upon whom devolves the office of making regulations as to the patronage; it lies under evident suspicion of some underhand agreement between Sir Charles Wood and the present Board of Directors;‡ and it looks altogether like either a sham or a snare. But it may be amended in *so many* particulars. It will be hard for a Minister to resist a demand in Parliament that the *principle* of the distribution of patronage shall be declared in the Bill.§ It will be scarcely possible for the authors of a Bill, which professes only to provide a

\* We have hitherto avoided all special notice of the "Bombay Briberies" in the NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW, because we could not commit ourselves to any discussion of matters of personal character upon anonymous authority. The case, however, is now in a very altered position. Mr. Anstey has avowed his identity with "Indus," and Colonel Outram has borne testimony to the general accuracy of the statements contained in that very celebrated Pamphlet. Moreover, Colonel Outram says: "I would that, with this contingent apology, I could couple such expressions of respect for Mr. Reid as are to be found scattered with no niggard hand throughout my official Reports. But it were false and hypocritical to pretend that my estimate of that gentleman's character has not been materially modified by the further information relative to his connection with Nurusoo Punt, which I have derived from the Blue Book and his own Pamphlet; and no one who honours me by perusing the foregoing pages, will, I believe, hesitate to admit, that, whether or not Mr. Reid's character stood in need of vindication prior to his appearance as an author, a farther and very different style of defence has been rendered necessary by his unfortunate Pamphlet. Mr. Reid, it is said, &c. and for a long time has been, ransacking the records of the India House, with a view to the preparation of a series of special pleas on behalf of that criminal, at whose merry the natives of Baroda believe him to be," &c. &c. These statements of "Indus" and of Colonel Outram, seem to us to throw very serious aspersions upon Mr. Reid's character. They are aspersions which must be removed by a much better defence than he has yet put forward. It is hinted that Mr. Reid has been making attempts to be appointed one of the Crown

Directors under the new Bill. He may take our word, however, that, even were Nurusoo Punt himself minister of Great Britain, that worthy would not, with a British Parliament and press to watch him, dare to appoint Mr. Reid while the case stands as it now does.

† It is believed by many persons who are usually well informed, that the Cabinet is by no means unanimous upon this Bill. There are rumours of resignations having been tendered, and it is even said that the Cabinet approved it by only a majority of one. It is quite comprehensible that men like Molesworth and Robert Lowe cannot be satisfied to be the authors of such a measure.

‡ The Chairman's speech in the debate at the India House prompts many suspicions that Sir C. Wood has entered into some secret treaty with the Directors. This Bill must not become law until Sir C. Wood has made a clean breast of it, and Parliament is fully informed who the new Crown-appointed Directors are to be. There is a rumour that some of the present proprietor-chosen Directors are to be nominated by the Crown. This would indeed be too bad.

§ The Bill as now drawn is little more than a ratification in blank of all that Sir C. Wood and the Directors have already secretly, or shall hereafter, either secretly or openly, agree upon. All the practical operation of the measure must depend upon the "Regulations" of the Board of Control. The Board of Control may, if it shall so please, make such Regulations as shall leave the patronage just where it now is. Such things have been done before. In 1833 it was proposed that the general prohibition to trade should be carried out by appropriate clauses. Charles Grant replied, that the first act of the

provisional Government "until Parliament shall otherwise direct," to oppose the expunctions of all such provisions as tend to render the free interference of Parliament impracticable. Moreover, let this Bill once pass, and the normal agitation of Indian grievances commences. Let Mr. Macaulay rhetorize as he may. *It never can work.* There will be agitation within the Court of Directors, there will be agitation out of doors. The Crown Directors will be outvoted, and will appeal to the country through the House of Commons; buried iniquities will be brought to light; John Bull's drowsy eyelids will be gradually pulled open, and he will be forced to look the spectre of Indian misery full in the face. The new Board will explode like sulphur and saltpetre; and meanwhile India reformers can work—they can hammer facts into the heads of reasonable men—they can enlist the sympathy of merciful men—they can inform the masses, whose instincts are always generous,—they can gather together all the elements of public opinion, and bring it forward at the right moment in full array against this strong-fenced temple of mammon. •

Court of Directors should be to abolish the monopolies of salt and opium, and to make a new and equitable adjustment of the rack-rent. Parliament indolently acquiesced, and was fooled. The Directors prompted the Minister to give the pledge, and then refused him the means of redeeming it. See *N. Q. R.*, Vol. ii. p. 42, and the authorities there cited.

Therefore we say it is the duty of every India reformer to avoid all association with the Derbyite opposition and to aid them in none of the insidious attempts that will be oftentimes repeated to get rid of the bill altogether. Lord Stanley was but the stalking-horse of his party. Under cover of his, we believe honest, declaration for reform, *they* advance to renew the old Charter Act. With the present bill, bad as it is, we see our way clear: with a renewal for a term we should despair.

One word before we conclude. If the people of India hope to rise from the dust they must exert an energy they have never yet shewn. They must agitate, and they must agitate here in England. They must trust apathetically to no European aid; still less must they throw themselves blindly into the hands of that little knot of sciolists, snatterers, and plagiarists who have pretended to take them under their patronage. These men have views of their own. A very large portion of the names they advertise are the names of men who utterly condemn both them and their proceedings. Mr. Bright, their chief leader, sees only in this Indian question an opportunity of indulging his pique against the present Government: he votes with the advocates of a renewal of the Charter. Mr. Sullivan, their second in command, moves resolutions of unbounded confidence in the present Court of Directors.

*A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece.* By WILLIAM MURE, of Caldwell. Vols. I. to IV. Longmans.

COLONEL MURE is a scholar, a gentleman, and a man of common sense. These two last qualities are by no means general characteristics of the learned in classical lore. The last in particular—the quality of common sense, is almost wholly unknown among German scholars, and is often found to be painfully deficient in English ones. There is no such defect in Colonel Mure. He is not addicted to myths; he has no depraved appetite for paradoxes, and no unhealthy distaste for old opinions merely because they are old. In dealing with other critics he is equally free from supercilious dogmatism, and from servile obsequiousness. He has a keen perception and a warm appreciation of poetic beauty and artistic skill. His travels in Greece,\* and his admiration of her scenery, have evidently made him investigate with peculiar zeal the marvellous literature which that fair land produced in her happier days.

We have from time to time briefly alluded to the progress of this author's labours, and he has now achieved a sufficient portion of his work to justify us in calling the special attention of our readers to the plan of the scheme, and the nature of the execution. He unrolls an enormous sheet of canvas, greater, perhaps, than an individual can reasonably hope to fill; larger, perhaps, than the busy age will patiently scrutinize. We do not fear that the scholar will tire, but we doubt whether the multitude will throng. We feel some alarm at observing the slow rate of progress. Four large volumes are filled, and the work has not yet got beyond Herodotus. There are still to come Thucydides, Xenophon, Plato, Aristotle, the Dramatists, and the Orators, even before Colonel Mure completes the third of the six periods into which he, at the outset of his first volume, has classified his subject. But he promises also to treat of the fourth or Alexandrian period, which must embrace Callimachus, Theocritus, Apollonius Rhodius, Lycophron, Euclid, the translators of the Hebrew Scriptures, and many more. Polybius, also, must be hitched in somewhere. Then is to come the Roman period with Strabo, Diodorus, Dionysius, Appian, Plutarch, Dion Cassius, Ptolemy, Plotinus, Proclus, Philo Judæus, Josephus, and others, whose names are Legion; and even then there remains the Colonel's sixth period—the Byzantine, which, beginning at the date of the foundation of Constantinople, is to comprise "the remaining ages of the decay and corruption of ancient civilisation, until the final extinction of the Greek as a living language." (Vol. i. p. 6.)

\* See his "Tour in Greece," 1842.

Why, here is matter enough, in this single sixth division, to occupy a whole lifetime, and to fill a library, if dealt with on the same ample scale which Colonel Mure has hitherto adopted. We shrink from even a list of the names. But we well remember the bulk of the *Corpus Scriptorum Historiæ Byzantinæ* as Niebuhr began to edit it, and as Bekker continued the task. Then there is the whole wilderness of the Ecclesiastical literature of the Greek Fathers. Colonel Mure must, we opine, both limit his scheme and contract the scale on which he treats it, if he wishes to bequeath a complete work, and not mere massive fragments to posterity. He will indeed have been blessed with a far ampler share of health and leisure than falls to the lot of most literary men, if he should be able to reach and accomplish the Alexandrian part of his project.

Colonel Mure, in the volume just published, commences the literary history of what he terms the Attic period, that is to say, the period from 500 B.C. which is the date of the usurpation of supreme power at Athens by Pisistratus, to 323, B.C., the year of the death of Alexander the Great. He subdivides this period into three epochs; the first of which ends with the re-establishment of the Commonwealth by Cleisthenes in 510; the second ends with the overthrow of the Athenian power, and close of the Peloponnesian war in 404; the last ushers in the time from the ascendancy of Sparta, as then established, to Alexander's death. Such is the formal classification. But the present volume is principally occupied with the origin and early history of Greek prose composition, with a very full and able account of the historians prior to Herodotus, and the surviving fragments of their works; and, finally, with an elaborate memoir of Herodotus himself, his life and times, his work and its materials, his treatment of his materials, his composition and style.

At the commencement of the fourth volume there are some important remarks on the characteristics of the Attic period of literature, and on the comparatively late age in which Athens distinguished herself as the great literary state of Greece. Colonel Mure explains this by a supposed inferiority of the Athenians to their Ionian and Æolian kinsmen in the imaginative element of the Greek character, though they were pre-eminent in the intellectual. Colonel Mure says—

This peculiarity naturally rendered the full development of their equally peculiar order of talent for literature dependent on a corresponding advancement of their social condition. The circumstances are here parallel

to those formerly noticed as having tended during the Poetical period, first to retard, and then to stimulate, the cultivation of lyric art. As in the Hellenic nation at large a certain advance of civilisation was required to bring that more intellectual order of poetry to maturity; so the peculiar genius of the Attic Hellenæ required a still further advance of social life to bring his peculiar order of literary talents into activity. Those talents accordingly, though enlivened in the vigour of their cultivation by a share of the brilliant fancy common to the rest of the Greek race, will yet be found, as compared with those of rival tribes, to be far more dependent, for their full development and successful exercise, on the resources of the intellect than on those of the imagination.

Hence may be explained, not only why Attica was barren of men of genius during the Poetical age, but the no less striking fact, that, while admitted to have carried to perfection all the higher branches of composition which flourished during the present more enlightened period, the drama, history, oratory, and didactic prose, she did not initiate a single one of them. Original invention in elegant pursuit is the special province of the Imagination; to mature and perfect the inventions of others is that of the Intellect. Prose composition in all its departments had reached an advanced stage of maturity before Athens produced a prose writer. Oratory was first raised to the rank of a written order of composition by Sicilians. Didactic prose, comprising grammar and criticism, also took its rise in the colonial states of Greece; to whom the Athenians owed their first instruction in those departments. If there be any branch of literature in which Athens might seem to possess a legitimate claim to priority, it is the drama. Yet even here her title is defective. The germ of all scenic entertainment is confessedly traceable to the Dorians. And even admitting the merit, which cannot be denied to Athens, of having formed the classical drama out of the rude elements supplied by the dithyramb of Arion, or the comedy of Susarion, to be equivalent to invention, this single exception would tend in some sense to confirm the rule. The Attic drama is of all orders of poetical composition the most artificial; being, in fact, an ingenious compound of the same epic and lyric elements which had already, in their separate form, reached their highest excellence in the works of Homer, Archilochus, and Stesichorus: it is consequently, of all, the one least dependent on the spontaneous working of the imagination, and the most dependent on the exercise of the intellect.

This exception of the Attic drama seems to us an exception of so large a character as to nullify and not to confirm the supposed rule. To say that the Athenians were unimaginative, except in their drama, is like saying that a man is honest in all things except money matters, or that he is a Whig on all questions except Church ones. We do not, however, agree with Colonel Mure in considering the Attic writers in the other departments of literature unimaginative. For example, Plato was pre-eminently an imaginative genius, though in him the most fervent imagination was disciplined by the sublimest intellect. It is surely a fallacy to suppose that the presence of high intellectual powers excludes the companionship of ardent imaginative feelings. Colonel Mure writes as if he thought that the human soul has only room for one of these sets of faculties in full perfection. But they never are so energetic as when they coexist. Sophocles (who, as

Colonel Mure confesses, might have rivalled Homer, had he lived in Homer's age), Plato, and our own Milton, are three of the most illustrious examples of this great truth.

The Athenians do not seem to be general favourites with Colonel Mure. He devotes an appendix to prove their intolerance in religious matters, and maintains, upon this point, an open controversy with Mr. Grote. As we have seen, he denies them the praise of originality, and he repeatedly censures their deficiency in lyric genius. He certainly admits that the choral songs in their dramas *may* have absorbed their lyrical efforts; but he does not point out how pre-eminently beautiful many of those choruses are, when viewed simply as pieces of lyric poetry, and without reference to the action of the drama in which they are inserted. Take, for example, the address to Love, the *Ἔπος ἀνικατέ μυχάρ* in the *Antigone*, or the exquisite stanzas on the Fall of Troy, the *Σὺ μὲν ὦ πατρίς* *Ἰλίας*, in the *Hecuba*, and try to match them among the odes of professed lyrical writers. Many, also, of the Athenian *Σκόλια*, or drinking songs, are eminently beautiful; for instance, the celebrated *Ἐν μύπτρου κλάδι τὸ ξίφος φορήσω*, which told that Harmodius was not dead, but that the martyr of liberty gained eternal life in the Islands of the Blest.

We fear that Colonel Mure's coming volumes will exhibit somewhat of the spirit of an intellectual Brasidas against Athens. Thucydides is evidently to be put below Herodotus. (See p. 243 of the fourth volume.) In another passage of the same volume (p. 500), he specially censures the speeches in Thucydides, and says that his characters, "when allowed to speak for themselves, speak solely in the capacity of orators or dialecticians." We beg of Colonel Mure to reconsider this opinion; and to read again the addresses of Phormio to his men before the sea-fights in the Corinthian gulf, which are given in the second book of Thucydides. Above all, we appeal to him in behalf of the marvellous description, in the third book, of the attack on Pylos, and the pithy and soldierlike address of the Athenian general, Demosthenes, to his scanty garrison before the assault begins. Colonel Mure cannot surely call this an harangue which, "by its length and rhetorical subtlety, forms a defect of the work in regard to its historical truth and its narrative style."

We have not sought to disguise our points of difference with our gallant author, but we gladly draw our readers' attention to a sample of his merit, by laying before them his pleasing and instructive sketch of the state of education in Greece during her best times, of her schools and schoolmasters, her libraries and her book-trade.

Elementary education appears to have been universal among the free citizens of the Greek states during the entire Attic period. Scarcely an allusion occurs, if indeed an authentic one can be found, to an illiterate Hellenic. Even the Spartans, proverbially the least learned people of Greece, were constrained by the spirit, if not by the letter of their state discipline, to acquire at least the art of reading and writing. It is also probable that the slave population of the large towns was in great part similarly qualified, especially in Athens, where much of the practical economy of trade and manufacture, with the details of expenditure and bookkeeping, was in the hands of that class. Schools and schoolmasters, accordingly, are represented as in every part of Greece an essential element of the social system; and the instruction, even of the upper classes, was carried on much more generally in those schools than in the mode of private tuition. The office of the pedagogue, or private tutor, frequently mentioned as superintending the education of young men of rank, was subordinate to the system of public instruction. His duties were, to conduct his pupil to and from the academy, to superintend his moral conduct and manners, and keep him out of danger or mischief. Few of them appear to have been men of a high standard of acquirement, or qualified to assist their pupils effectively in their prescribed course of study; and, in Plato's time, those entrusted even with youths of highest rank appear to have been commonly slaves.

The most distinct account of an elementary course of education is given by Plato. "As soon," he informs us, "as a boy has acquired, under the care of his parents, his nursemaid, or his pedagogue, a sense of the distinction between right and wrong, he is sent to school to be instructed in reading, writing, music, and orderly habits. After he has learnt his alphabet, and is practised in reading a continuous text, the schoolmaster selects, as his task, from the works of the best poets, such passages as inculcate the most approved rules of life, and hold up the best examples of virtuous conduct; which lessons he is also made to learn by heart. He is then taught music and the use of the lyre, as the next most effectual source of mental refinement; and his voice is exercised in singing some of the finest odes of the lyric poets, to instil into his mind that sense of harmony so important in after life both to the orator and the man of the world. Upon this should follow a course of athletic exercises in the gymnasium, which finishes the education of the boy, and fits him for the higher training of the citizen." The only part of this higher training here specified by Plato is the study of the law: but, from other sources, we learn that in his time the elementary education of the ephebus, or youth of the upper classes, was followed up in the Lyceum, the Academy, or other similar public institutions, by a more enlarged course of instruction, comprised under the heads of rhetoric and philosophy; a course analogous to the university education of our own age. It comprehended mathematics, astronomy, dialectics, oratory, criticism, and the elements of moral science. The masters by whom it was conducted were commonly called sophists, or rhetors, up to about the time of Plato, when the more honourable title of philosophers was generally preferred.

It is remarkable that the frequent notices which occur of schoolmasters and their schools supply so little clear information as to the habits or social position of this important part of the community; nor does it appear whether they were a distinct class, or merely a lower grade of sophists, or rhetors. They seem, however, to have belonged to the upper rank of citizens in some of the states, and to have been received in the best circles. Such as they were, the lessons they taught were limited to the Greek tongue. Instruction in foreign languages was never esteemed in Greece either a necessary or an important branch of general education. This is a peculiarity which forms also a signal defect of Greek culture as compared with that of modern times. The explanation of its cause, in so far as capable of being explained, has been offered in other parts of this work.

In Athens, and probably in other Greek republics, every citizen was under at least a moral obligation to provide his sons with a competent knowledge of letters. The discipline of the schools was under state control. Yet the government nowhere seems to have provided or maintained them, or to have appointed or paid the schoolmasters, whose livelihood depended on the fees of their pupils. The amount of those fees has not been recorded. But more distinct notices have been transmitted of the charges made by literary professors of the higher class. The fees said to have been paid for a course of instruction to some of the earlier and more distinguished sophists and philosophers are so extravagant as to be scarcely credible, even when attested, as they are in some instances, by the best contemporaneous authority. Protagoras is taunted by Plato as the first professor of the higher branches of learning who taught for hire. If this imputation be well founded, his older contemporaries, Zeno and Gorgias, must have been speedily led by his example to adopt a similar course; for Zeno is said by Plato himself to have been paid 100 minæ, or upwards of 400*l.*, by each disciple, for a course of lectures; and Gorgias also to have been richly remunerated by his pupils. The fees of both Protagoras and Gorgias are rated by other authorities at the same amount as those of Zeno. This sum, taking into account the high value of the precious metals in ancient times, would be equal to about 2000*l.* of our money. But prices were afterwards greatly reduced, as the number of professors increased, and the former blind veneration for their magic powers of communicating knowledge, or for the value of the knowledge communicated, declined. Isocrates, the younger contemporary of Protagoras, and probably the better master of the two, was satisfied with ten minæ, or forty pounds, for a course: which sum seems afterwards to have remained the ordinary rate of payment.

No distinct notice occurs of the existence, during the Attic period, either at Athens or elsewhere, of a public library, in the familiar sense of a miscellaneous collection of books for the use of the citizens; although, in the time of Pisistratus, standard editions of the popular works recited in the public solemnities, and more especially of the dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, were preserved at Athens under the charge of the city clerk. Private libraries had, however, already become sufficiently voluminous or curious to merit being specially recorded. Such were those of Euripides the poet, and of Plato, part of whose collection was purchased at Tarentum in Italy from the heirs of its former proprietor Philolaus, and another part at Syracuse; those of Euthydemus mentioned by Xenophon, of Aristotle, of Nicocrates of Cyprus, and of the Athenian archon Euclides. The varied character of the works stored in the library of a literary professor, towards the close of this period, is illustrated by a scene in a comedy of Alexis, the humour of which turns on the gluttony of Hercules, a hero habitually burlesqued for that failing in the Greek satirical literature. The youthful demigod, when directed by his master, the poet Linus, to select the book he preferred from his preceptor's collection, described as containing the poems of Homer, Orpheus, Hesiod, Chærilus, Epicharmus, the tragedians, and the popular prose classics, makes choice of a cookery book. That books of all kinds abounded during the greater part of the Attic period, appears, not only from the general familiarity which the educated ranks possessed with the text of the national classics, but still more from the absence of all allusion to a scarcity of copies as interposing any serious obstacle to the attainment of such knowledge. The book trade, however, as a distinct branch of commerce, seems to have been still but limited, as in truth it was comparatively in every age prior to the invention of printing; and remained probably in a great measure in the hands of professional copyists. Booksellers, however, and a book mart at Athens, are mentioned by authors flourishing during the Peloponnesian war; and occasional notices occur of book scribes or copyists, and of bookbinding. A trade in books or paper was also carried on between



Greece and the distant coasts of the Euxine in the time of Xenophon. Yet a considerable time appears to have been required to bring the writings even of the most popular authors into general circulation; and the disciples of distinguished philosophers—Hermodorus, for example, a scholar of Plato—are described as making profit by being the first to transport copies of their masters' lectures into distant localities.

For the present, we take our leave of the

Colonel, with special thanks for the abundant and agreeable intelligence respecting Herodotus and his historical predecessors which chapters 3, 4, 5, and 6 of this volume contain. He has done ample justice to the Herodotean muses; we hope that he will not shatter his quill by an unavailing tilt against the *κρημὴ ἐς* *ἀκὴ* of the son of Olorus.

*The Orations of Hyperides for Lycophron and Euxenippus; now first printed in fac simile, with a Short Account of the discovery of the original M.S. at Western Thebes in 1847.* By JOSEPH ARDEN, Esq., F.S.A. The text edited, with notes and illustrations, by the Rev. Churchill Babington, M.A., F.L.S., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Printed at the University Press.\* 1853.

THE interest awakened by the article in our last Number upon the "Notes and Emendations" on the text of Shakspeare, though great, can hardly be said to have exceeded our expectations. The evidence on that occasion adduced, incontestably proved that for 200 years an invaluable collection of genuine annotations on the works of the great dramatist, from the pen, too, of one "having authority," had been lying unknown and unheeded till accident had brought them to light. Though the startling assertion was, at the time, received, as it naturally might, with distrust, no one, whose opinion on such a subject is of the slightest value, now hesitates to admit that the majority of the MS. emendations in the old folio edition of 1632 must be considered as restorations to the purity of the original text.

In the work now under consideration we have a revelation of a still more astounding character to make—one that probably, in the estimation of our classical readers, will be deemed more interesting than any that has been made for ages past.

Before us, as we write, lies, not merely the transcript, but an actual *fac-simile* of the original papyrus leaves on which, in characters as legible as when they were penned, are recorded the principal portions of the orations of Hyperides in defence of Lycophron and Euxenippus, as they were written by the orator himself some two-and-twenty centuries ago! Enclosed in one of the wooden sepulchral boxes frequently met with in ancient tombs, this precious papyrus roll had slumbered in a cave at Gournou, probably from the days when Alexander, wresting Egypt from the Persians,

marked out the foundations of the metropolis which still bears his name. In its dark receptacle, the grave, possibly, of its last possessor, this production of a Grecian scribe remained untouched during the disastrous reign of Cleopatra. The conquests of Octavius—the spoliation of the Saracens—and all the strange vicissitudes that Egypt has undergone under the Caliphs and subsequent dynasties, have taken place since human hands entombed this memorial of the eloquence of the great rival of Demosthenes. It now serves, like the treasures buried at the destruction of Pompeii, to reveal incidents and facts that could never have been deduced from other sources.

In the month of January 1847 Mr. Arden, travelling with his family up the valley of the Nile, arrived at Luxor, and there engaged the services of some Arabs to search for antiquities amid the ruins, during his further progress to Western Thebes. The proceeds of these investigations were some mummies, two ancient funeral boats, several scarabæi, and various papyrus MSS. At Gournou, however, this gentleman first heard of his greatest prize. The Arabs who had discovered it, shrewdly set a high price upon the relic, and Mr. Arden finally purchased it for the sum of 350 piastres. The appearance of the roll was almost perfect, it was evidently genuine, and in its original state, the beautiful character of the handwriting being perceptible in consequence of a few portions of the outer folds having been broken off. The scroll has been carefully unfolded, the separate leaves (sixteen in number) have been mounted on a frame, and *fac-similes* of each lithographed. These *fac-similes*, marvellously executed, are presented side by side with the decyphered text;—an admirable plan, since it enables us to form our own opinion as to the probable accuracy of the restorations where these have been found indispensable. For the very careful manner in which Mr. Babington has acquitted

\* Copies of this work (price one Guinea) may be obtained, by application to Mr. ARDEN, 27, Cavendish Square, London. It was originally published by subscription: we believe, a few copies are yet procurable, but the lithographic stones upon which the *fac-similes* were engraved, have been destroyed.



of the difficult task assigned to him, and for which no one could be more highly qualified, he is entitled to the gratitude of every true scholar. He had previously proved his competence for such a task by editing, in a similar manner, a fragment of the "Oration of Hyperides against Demosthenes respecting the treasure of Harpalus:" this had been also discovered in 1847 at Thebes, and was published in *fide-simile* by Mr. Harris of Alexandria, having been printed at the Pitt Press, in a Greek type approximating as closely as possible to the character of the MS., the whole being accompanied by the text in ordinary Greek, for the advantage of those who are not sufficiently proficient in the former. The letters, we may parenthetically observe, bear a striking resemblance to those in which the celebrated MS. of Homer, discovered in Upper Egypt, is written. As regards the internal evidence of authenticity, we find in this fragment, besides other corroborative circumstances, a passage actually quoted by the lexicographer Harpocration, who lived during the fourth century of the Christian era, and who moreover cites no less than forty of the orations of Hyperides as extant in his time.

The MS. more immediately under consideration unquestionably formed, at one time, a portion of the Harrisian roll. The orthography, the mode of division into columns, the width of the columns themselves, and the appearance of the material on which it is inscribed, all indicate this fact. They are certainly the oldest specimens of Greek palaeography that have reached our times. It is, of course, impossible to fix precisely their age: we see no reason, however, to doubt that they are the work of a transcriber of the time of Hyperides:\* they are undoubtedly not *later* than the age of the Ptolemies.

Of Hyperides himself, singularly enough, we know little, further than that he was a member of the township Collytus, which appertained to the tribe Ægeis; was the rival of Demosthenes, to whom, according to Plutarch, he was, by some of his contemporaries, even preferred; that he was put to death, and had his tongue cut out, by Antipater, the successor of Alexander, B.C. 322; that he ever manifested the strongest opposition to the Macedonian interests at Athens; and attained the high honour of being classed among the ten great orators of the Alexandrian canon. Cicero† takes occasion, while lauding the suavity of Isocrates, the subtlety of Lysias, the sonorous

voice of Æschines, and the overwhelming power of Demosthenes, to praise the "acumen" of Hyperides; and, in another passage, alludes to his excessive tact or shrewdness. Quintilian styles him "the acute Hyperides," while Longinus observes of him:—Τὸ ἠθικὸν ἔχει μετὰ γλυκύτητος ἢ δὲ λιτῶς ἐφηνδυνόμενον ἄφατοι τε περὶ αὐτὸν εἰσιν ἀστεῖσμοι, μυκτὴρ πολιτικώτατος, γιγνέμενα, τὸ κατὰ τὰς εἰρωνείας εἰπάλαιστρον, σκώματα οὐκ ἄμουσα, οὐδ' ἀνάγωγα, κατὰ τοὺς Ἀττικὸνς ἰκέινους, ἀλλ' ἐπικείμενα, διασυρμός τε ἐπιδέξις, καὶ πολὺ τὸ κωμικὸν καὶ μετὰ παιδιᾶς εὐστόχου κέντρον, ἀμίμητον δέ, εἰπεῖν, τὸ ἐν πᾶσι τοῖσι ἐπαφρόδιτον.

Our readers have at last an opportunity of forming their own opinion upon the judgment here expressed.

Singularly enough, Kiessling, the celebrated German scholar, some years since almost prophetically wrote, that all hope ought not to be abandoned that "Hyperidis orationes, aliquando ex situ et tenebris in lucem protrahantur." How strangely has this conjecture been confirmed in these our days!

Historically, these orations, thus almost miraculously recovered, are in many respects interesting. They afford many details not previously known of customs, both public and private, prevalent among the Athenians. We learn many curious particulars respecting their *εἰσαγγελία*, which seem, in some respects, to have corresponded to an impeachment or criminal information, as distinguished from the more ordinary form of prosecution by *γραφὴ* or indictment; the laws which were passed for regulating silver mines; and the rules observed in marshalling marriage-processions, &c.

The first oration (like the second, indeed,) is written in the first person, for delivery by Lycophron, who was defended by Theophilus as well as Hyperides; Lycurgus, and some one or two juniors, having been retained for the prosecution.

Lycophron was a citizen of Athens, originally occupying a subordinate rank in the army, but subsequently discharging the functions of a general at Lemnos for two or three years, during which period he seems to have given universal satisfaction, and received testimonials to that effect from the cities of Hephæstia and Myrina. He was about fifty years of age when the proceedings in question were instituted against him.

The indictment contained a variety of counts, the principal one charging the commission of adultery with a widow, the betrothed wife of one Charippus. The minor accusations appear to be somewhat irrelevant, and Hyperides complains with warmth, and, perhaps, not altogether without justice, that the indictment was filled with calumnies incapable of

\* The trial of Lycophron took place about the time of Alexander's accession, and that of Euxenippus can be shown to have occurred almost contemporaneously.

† De Oratore, lib. iii. 7.

proof, merely to prejudice his client. He proceeds to argue the extreme improbability of the main accusation, by insisting that Lycophron could not by any possibility have made the alleged overtures to the wife of Charippus, as she was proceeding in the marriage-procession; because, had he done so, the husband, and the company in attendance, must have heard them, and, in that case, would infallibly have chastised the delinquent. "Καὶ γὰρ οὗτος ἠκολούθει διὰ τὸ χήραν ἐκδίδοσθαι αὐτήν· εἴτ' ἐγὼ εἰς τοῦτο ἀπονοίας ἦλθον ὥστε ἄλλων τὲ τοσούτων ἀνθρώπων συνακολουθοῦντων καὶ Διωξίππου καὶ Εὐφραίου τοῦ προσγυμναστοῦ αὐτοῦ, οἱ τῶν Ἑλλήνων ὁμολογουμένως πχυρότατοὶ εἰσιν, οὐκ ἤσκυνόμην τοιούτους λόγον· λέγων περὶ γυναικὸς ἐλευθέρης πάντων ἀκουόντων, οὐδ' ἐδιδίειν μὴ παραχρήμα ὑπολῶμαι ἀπαγομένος; τίς γὰρ ἂν ἠρέσχετο τοῖα ἅπαντα περὶ τῆς αὐτοῦ ἀδελφῆς ἀκούων ὅλα μέ οὗτοι αἰτιῶνται εἰρηκέναι; ἀρ' οὐκ ἂν ὑπέκτεινε τὸν λέγοντα;" and it cannot be denied that there is considerable plausibility in the observation.

Hyperides insists upon the absurdity of the whole charge, when the unquestionably high reputation of Lycophron is taken into account; and, in conclusion, calls Theophilus as a witness to character.

The oration in favour of Euxenippus is, with the exception of a few letters, perfect: it is comprised in thirty-two beautifully written columns, and is entitled, in uncials, both at the commencement and end, Ὑπὲρ Εὐξεινίππου εἰσαγγελίας ἀπολογία πρὸς Πολύεκτον. There are in existence a few fragments of two speeches delivered against Polyectus, and also portions of a third, entitled περὶ τοῦ Πολέεκτου στρατηγείν, but the one before us, is wholly distinct from these three.

Euxenippus was a wealthy citizen of Athens, and, at the period of this trial, had probably passed the meridian of life. A daughter of his had married one Philocles, of whom history has preserved nothing but what is contained in this oration.

The charge against him is that of having falsely reported an oracular dream, which he had been commissioned by the state to wait for in the temple of Amphiaraus, the subject on which the divine opinion was sought being the legality of the occupation of certain lands, alleged to have been dedicated to the hero Amphiaraus, and, at the time, in the possession of the tribes Hippothoontis and Acamantis.

The following is a brief sketch of the history of this affair:—After the battle of Chæroneia (B.C. 338), amongst the territory restored to the Athenians by Philip were certain lands in

Oropus. These were divided by lot among the ten tribes; after which, doubts were expressed as to the legality of the occupation by the two tribes above named, of a certain mountain that had fallen to their share. To decide this weighty point, Euxenippus and two others were deputed to sleep in the temple of Amphiaraus at Oropus, and there to await an oracular solution to the difficulty. Euxenippus reported that the ground was sacred, and should be restored. Polyectus thereupon proposed a decree in accordance with this dream, and further suggested that the other eight tribes should make up the loss.

According to Hyperides, this proposition was both inconsistent and absurd; for "if the mountain really belonged to the two tribes, it ought never to have been alienated, as Polyectus had proposed: if, on the other hand, it did not appertain to them, then he should not have proposed that the other eight tribes should make up the loss, for they should have been only too glad to have restored the land without being amerced in a heavy fine as a punishment for their sacrilege." However illogical this reasoning, it was nevertheless adopted by the dicasts, who condemned Polyectus to pay a fine of twenty-five drachms, without any reference to Euxenippus. Polyectus, thereupon enraged, and concluding that he had been wilfully misled by the report of Euxenippus, now charges him with having been in collusion with certain Athenians, and expresses more than a suspicion that a handsome sum had been to him in hand paid, in order to enable him to see the vision in the temple at Oropus, besides alleging many other minor matters of accusation.

Hyperides dwells much on the informality of the indictment:—"Ὁὐ ψήφισμα," says he, "ἐχρῆν σε πρὸς τὸ ἐνέπνιον γράφειν, ἀλλ' (ὅπερ ὁ πρότερος ἐμοῦ λόγος εἶπεν) εἰς Δελφοὺς πέμψαντά πινθέσθαι παρὰ τοῦ θεοῦ τὴν ἀλήθειαν· σὺ δὲ τοῦτο μὲν οὐκ ἐποίησας, ψήφισμα δὲ αὐτοτελὲς ἔγραψας κατὰ δυοῖν φυλάειν οὐ μόνον ἀδικώτατον ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐναντίον αὐτοῦ ἐαυτῷ δι' ὅπερ ἤλως παρανόμων, οὐδ' ἢ Εὐξεινίππου ἐξετάσωμεν δὲ περὶ αὐτοῦ τούτων τὸν τρόπον." The orator further proceeds, towards the close of his address, to argue against the extreme inconsistency of the allegations. "The truth," he adds, "is clear enough. Polyectus was actuated by a spirit of revenge. He had, upon a former occasion, brought forward an ill-advised motion for the restoration of the lands to Amphiaraus. This was so loosely drawn up, that it was at once rejected, and the mover fined, the veracity of Euxenippus not having been questioned by that decision. But was it a reason because the business had been mismanaged by Polyectus, that Euxenippus forsooth was to be

\* Probably his fellow-wrestler. The word does not occur in any other writer.

condemned for it? Then, with regard to Olympias, it was utterly untrue that Euxenippus, as had been contended, was connected in any way, either with her or with her party in Athens.

Hyperides subsequently takes occasion to shew that the Athenians had no right to complain of Olympias, for at Dodona, in the Molossian dominions of Olympias, they had themselves decorated the shrine of Dione.

He treats with contempt the charges affecting the private life of Euxenippus; maintains, moreover, that, not being an orator (*ρήτωρ*, but simply *ιδιώτης*), he is not amenable to a law exclusively framed against orators; strongly exhorts the dicasts to pay particular regard to the precise enactments relating to *εἰσαγγελίαι*, and, above all, not to be influenced by any of the exaggerated reports concerning the wealth of Euxenippus; reminding them, by citing several recent instances, how prone the Athenian courts were, and ought on all occasions to be, to protect the property of the citizens. It is more than probable, from several expressions made use of in the course of this address, that the bulk of the property of Euxenippus consisted of silver mines.

From the names of persons and events cited in this oration, we have no difficulty in fixing its date at about the 333d or 332d year before the Christian era.

Many curious facts, as we have already observed, are deducible from these orations, which throw considerable light upon subjects connected with Athenian history, ceremonies, and rites, previously obscure. They prove, among other matters, the power, influence, and confidence of the Macedonian party at this time existing in Athens; and we also learn some new details respecting the laws regulating the management of the mines belonging to the state.

The critical reader will note, probably with some surprise, the occurrence in these speeches of several words and expressions not similarly employed in any other Attic writer. For instance, in the exordium of the oration for Lycophron, we have this remarkable expression:—*τοιοῦτο γὰρ ἔστι τὸ ἀριστὸν ἔργον πρᾶγμα* (*This, indeed, is the best part of the business*), or, to use the ironical but more colloquial phrase, "The best of the joke is."

The word *προσγυμνάστης*, which is most probably correctly rendered by  *fellow-wrestler*, is not to be found in any lexicon; nor is the word *προσκατέμενειν*, both of which occur in the oration for Lycophron. Again, the following expressions:—*ὥς ἐξ ἀναπογράφων μετᾶλλον πεπλουτήκασιν—ψήφισμα αὐτοτελὲς ἔγραψας—τίνας οὖν κέκρικα καὶ εἰς ἀγῶνα καθέστακα—αἱ καινοτομίαι πρότερον ἐκλελειμμέναι—ὥς πρότερον τοὺς ὀριστὰς τοὺς πεντήκοντα ἐξελόντας αὐτὸ τῷ θεῷ καὶ ἀφορισαντας*—are singular, and are hardly to be met with in any other writer.

We must, in conclusion, express the warmest eulogium upon the acumen and industry displayed by Mr. Babington in editing this invaluable papyrus; a labour which, by its result, unquestionably proves him to be entitled to take the highest rank among the classic scholars of the day.

It so happened that MM. Böckh and Sauppe had, unknown to Mr. Babington, already edited, in Germany, the Harrisian MS. discovered at Thebes, previously to its being printed at Cambridge: Mr. Babington's researches and observations thereupon are, consequently, in every respect independent of those of the German commentators. The light that has been thrown upon this interesting subject is due entirely to him, and to the patient manner in which his researches have been instituted. Of the forty-nine columns comprising the two orations brought home by Mr. Arden, the majority are more or less mutilated: from many of these several entire consecutive words are frequently missing. These defects have been supplied with wonderful felicity and ingenuity; so much so, indeed, that, on perusing the passages in question, we cannot hesitate to admit that the readings suggested by Mr. Babington restore the original version.

To the honour of the University of Cambridge be it known that the Syndics of the Pitt Press liberally determined to defray the expenses of that portion of the work executed at that institution. It is almost needless to add, that the typography is perfect, and that the *fac-similes* of the several pages of the ancient MS. are executed with a fidelity that leaves nothing to be desired.

*Australia Visited and Revisited. A Narrative of Recent Travels and Old Experiences in Victoria and New South Wales.* By SAMUEL MOSSMAN, Author of "The Gold Regions of Australia," and THOMAS BANISTER, Author of "Britain and its Dependencies," with Maps, &c. London: Adley and Co. 1853.

It is not often that two authors successfully unite in detailing their travels, their reflections, and their deductions on the things seen during

their peregrinations, but Messrs. Mossman and Banister seem to concur on every subject. Although the subject of Australia, with its gold

and its wool, and with its host of immigrants, has had innumerable commentators, the present work is no exception. It commences with a sketch of the geography of the country of Australia, the interior of which "is a desert, a second Sahara; by geologists considered the recently upheaved bed of a portion of the Indian Archipelago, with scarcely an oasis upon it to furnish nourishment for the subsistence of its aboriginal inhabitants." We soon come, however, to the discovery of the precious metal, that "great fact" having been proclaimed seven months before our travellers arrived, and the pilot-boat pushed off for them from Shortland Bluff.

#### THE NEWS OF THE GOLD FINDINGS.

Next, she covered it from the sight of the free emigrants until they had grown sufficient food upon the land, where, in a state of nature, there was so little for the support of civilised man; and until they had established laws, and were ruled by an efficient government, to prevent the crime and anarchy which have invariably accompanied the gold-seekers in other lands. The few brief chapters which compose the history of these colonies thus inform us how the shackled felon has become the instrument of human progress, in clearing the way for the corn grower and sheep-feeder; how, in their turn, they have furnished food for the gold-digger, who now travels comfortably along the convict-made roads in New South Wales, and partakes of the lavish abundance provided by the free settler, and amongst the mountains and valleys which yield the spontaneous treasure. These providential circumstances, and this succession of events, had shed their benign influence over the doings of the gold-seekers. Well fed and well clad, with the gold easily attainable, they had nothing to grumble at; for the greater part of them were men who respected a constitutional government with a potent executive. And although the arm of the latter was weak, yet it was sufficient to preserve order amongst them, in a community whose moral strength was its greatest protection. Hence, instead of bloodshed and anarchy disturbing the labours of these gold-diggers, a spirit of unanimity and confidence reigned amongst them. Instead of robbery and murder being frequent, as in California, their persons and property at the mines were as safe as in the well-disciplined towns.

As to "the shield of Minerva," the authors give her greater power than was attributed to her of old, for they consign to her a vast island, a fifth continent, of but recent discovery. Throughout the book there are occasional touches of the grandiloquent style.

#### THE EFFECTS OF THE EARLIEST DISCOVERY OF GOLD.

This plethora of riches threatened the destruction of the former staple products of the colony, wool and tallow. Like some concealed stream of lava bursting from its volcanic caverns through the mountain-crater, and devastating the plains below, this production of the sterile crags was consuming the labour which had been employed in working out the pastoral wealth of the colony, and would seriously check the sources of two valuable exports. The flocks and herds which had hitherto furnished the colonists with abundance of food and clothing, and whose surplus yield of wool and tallow had paid for their foreign luxuries and necessities, were upon the eve of being deserted for this new source of gain. The fleece, which materially assisted every man, woman, and child in the colony to purchase annually from seven to eight pounds' value of British manufactures, was growing to waste for want of hands to

clip it from the sheep's back. The shearing sheds were threatened with desertion, and the boiling-pots were standing empty and fireless; whilst the crops of grain were reaped at the enormous sacrifice of one acre being given for securing another. The consequence of this unexpected revolution in the labour-market of the colony was a rise in the wages of every description of servant and workman, which threatened to ruin the employers, especially the wool-growers and graziers, who were offering fifty and sixty pounds a-year to their shepherds and stockmen, if they would remain with them. Mechanics and day-labourers were not to be had in the towns to proceed with building, and like operations. In many instances, where the master's "occupation was gone," where his workmen took their departure for the gold-fields, he was obliged to follow himself. Men from all classes of the community had been smitten with the fever; doctors, lawyers, and even clergymen were among the throng who had gone off to the diggings; so that the towns were almost deserted by their male adult population.

It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the impressions this astounding intelligence had upon our ship's company, crew and passengers. A kind of hysterical affection seized every man and woman on board. Some almost cried with delight; and every one gave way to the most unbounded enthusiasm at their good luck upon arriving in the colony at such an opportune period for the advancement of their fortunes. The only serious man amongst us was the captain, who had been informed by the pilot that the sailors were running away from the ships in harbour, so that one-half of them had been deserted by their crews; and those ships that could manage to proceed to sea sailed without their full complement of men; while the sailors were refusing twenty pounds a-month for the run to England in the wool-ships, which now left the harbours with freights of gold equal in value to their usual cargoes of tallow and wool.

The workers in the gold land are not flattered. Australia, our authors affirm, is the El Dorado, the *real* El Dorado, and California must admit that her mines are surpassed by those of Australia; that Britain's sun is not set, but still "possesses within her dominions an inexhaustible store of the coveted metal; that which makes man mad, by inducing him to abandon the basis of his true interest, viz. *industry*, for that which fevers him." There is then a philippic against the prevalent avarice of the day among "our boasted Saxon race," but nothing is advanced that has much claim to novelty.

The united authors give the following explanation of a word certainly not well understood in England.

#### THE BUSH.

The term "*bush*," it is used in Australia, is indiscriminately applied to all descriptions of uncleared land, or to any spot away from a settlement, as a person in England would speak of the country when they are out of town. The general character of the bush we were at this time journeying through was typical of a great portion of the pastoral lands of Victoria. It consisted of undulating open forest-land, which has often been compared, without exaggeration, to the ordinary park-scenery of an English domain; the only difference which strikes the eye forcibly being the dead half-burnt trees lying about. To bring it home to the comprehension of a Londoner, these open forest-lands have very much the appearance of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, presenting natural open glades like the east end of the former, and frequently gladdening the eyes of the thirsty traveller with a glimpse of such small sheets of water as the Serpentine, to which the colonists

the homely term of "water-hole." At the same time it should be supposed that the foliage of the trees in Australia is that luxuriant appearance presented by the elm, the ash, or the sycamore, which shade the sun's rays from the traveller like a canopy on passing below them. On the contrary, although the Australian gum-trees are not to be surpassed in height by the noblest giants of the northern woods, yet their leaves are few and scanty, while they hang from the branches with their edges upwards, both sides of the leaf being the same, like the mistletoe-leaf; hence the sun's rays are but slightly screened from above, imparting a peculiar light to Australian forest-scenery, which artists have found difficult to copy. Of course it is known to the most superficial observer that the European trees just named have their leaves fixed horizontally on the branches, and that the upper side of each leaf is different from the under. When light therefore enters a forest with this description of foliage, it comes sideways, as it were, like that from an ordinary window into a room; whereas in the other it descends from above, like the light from a cupola. Besides this peculiar structure of the foliage, these trees are perennial evergreens, there is no fall of the leaf in autumn, no denudation of the branches in winter, and no budding in spring; throughout all seasons their foliage is the same. But as if nature must have a renewal and decay annually, the old bark peels off as a new one grows, the former hanging in long dry shreds from the trunks of the trees. When it is considered that nine out of every ten acres of bush-land in Australia is more or less covered with this description of timber, you can imagine the interminable region of the bush, its monotonous scenery, its confined views of the surrounding country. From the deepest ravine to the highest mountain-top these gum-trees rear unscathed their iron arms. Over thousands of miles of hill and dale have these everlasting trees met our wearied gaze.

In describing the Major's Creek, we meet with the following description of

#### A "NUGGET" OF A WIFE.

At this spot "the diggings" are upon private property; and the profit to the proprietor of the land is half the monthly license of 30s. from each person at work. We have mentioned that the fortunate possessor of this estate is Mr. Badgery; who, besides receiving this ample income from his land, realises large profits by supplying the diggers with butchers' meat and all sorts of necessaries from his store. In this he is assisted by Mrs. Badgery; a tidy, clever, bustling little woman, who, though probably never before accustomed to such an occupation, was, under the circumstances, quite equal to the task; in fact, what a wife should be, particularly in this young community—a helpmate to her husband. We heard an opinion of her, expressed loudly to himself, from a huge fellow who was leaning his heavy shoulders against the door-post, and watching her. "Ah!" said he, "that's what I call a nugget of a wife." Now, such of our readers as do not know what a "nugget" is, we beg to inform them that it is a smooth water-worn piece of shining gold, varying from the size of a pea to a large turnip, and what the Californian and Australian gold-diggers consider the most satisfactory thing imaginable to possess. To liken Mrs. Badgery to a "nugget," therefore, was in his mind the greatest compliment he could possibly pay her.

Great changes are daily taking place in Australia. Not far from the house of a Mr. Culen, in the bush-ranging days, some limestone caves served as the hiding-places of a band of daring villains, known as the "Jewboys' Gang;"

but there are no remains of such gangs now, and instead of describing their villainies our authors speculate upon

#### THE GOLD OF THE RIVERS.

The rivers, in forming their channels, or breaking their way through the hills, have come in collision with the quartz containing the gold veins; and by constant attrition have abraded the decomposed part of the quartz, or gravel, from the gold, whether in nuggets or flakes, or in dust, taking away the rubbish reduced to mud, leaving the heavy metal at the bottom. Likewise, in some of those places where the velocity and strength of the water in a flood was great, some gold may have been, and probably was, hurried down the streams, through narrow ravines and gullies, with the rubbish, and distributed over banks, where a wider margin is found on each side, over which the water rushes now, during the wet seasons, with great force: the same process, no doubt, has been going on for ages.

If so heavy a metal as gold has been swept down the streams into the beds of the larger rivers, they must be very rich. As the velocity of some of the creeks is greater than others, so is the gold found in fine or coarse particles, apparently corresponding to the degree of attrition to which it has been exposed. The water from the hills and upper valleys, in finding its way to the rivers, has cut deep ravines; and whenever it came in contact with the quartz, trappean, or granite matrix, it has dissolved or crumbled them, and left the particles of gold free. In the dry seasons these channels are generally without water, even in holes; and during the wet season they do not always run. Gold is found in the beds and on the margin of many of them in large quantities, but in a much coarser state than on the banks of rivers.

Members of the legal profession, our authors report, do not get "many fat fees" when they venture to Australia, though the attorney there, as elsewhere, fares in most cases better than the barrister. As to the ministers of the Gospel here is a hint which may encourage a class of female emigrants.

#### A CHANCE FOR NEW COMERS.

Ministers of the gospel, of course, almost never think of proceeding to these distant regions without being invited by particular congregations requiring their services, or appointed to churches by their superiors. The governments of New South Wales and Victoria assist the clergy, ministry, and chiefs of all creeds and persuasions; so that there is no state church in Australia. Until lately, properly-qualified teachers, both public and private, were much in request; but the exodus from Britain during the past year has provided amply for the wants of the colonists, if we are not mistaken; for they had heard that the rising generation there were but ill provided in their scholastic institutions, amateurs and novices filling the highest situations; consequently there has been a rush to the antipodes from among our dominions. The female portion of this ill-requited class in the mother country have better chances than their male compeers, for they soon get married off, leaving vacancies for new-comers.

Some complaints appear in these pages of "badly-paid officials," remarkable only for incompetency, "from the governor of a colony down to a tide-waiter in the customs department;" and we fear that these strictures are, for the most part, but too well founded.

Here is an episode, which was probably not unknown to Moore, for its incidents are all to be found in "Lalla Rookh." The author strangely enough calls the heroine

#### THE MOLDAVIAN HEROINE.

The Moldavian Helen was Roxandra, the daughter of Radu Lupu, prince of Moldavia, about the middle of the seventeenth century, and of a Mahometan slave of Circassia, whose marvellous beauty had captivated the Christian prince. As in most cases when breeds are crossed, the offspring was still more beautiful than the parents, and Roxandra seems to have been the fashionable belle of the season, for five kings and sovereign princes of Eastern Europe disputed her hand. Amongst these suitors was the young Prince Coributh of Poland, whose fame as a warrior was great. The father preferred him, and the daughter also; but it would appear that she was as circumspect as she was lovely, and she declared that she would not engage herself without having first seen and spoken to her betrothed. Soon after this she was at the Church of the Three Saints on Palm Sunday, when it is the practice for every one to carry a branch of a tree. A youth of noble blood, though dressed as a humble merchant, approached her, and gave her the branch he held, while he told her that the fatigues of his long journey were amply repaid by one glance of her bright eyes. She took the branch, and, on looking at it, she found on it a piece of paper, bearing these words:—"He who burns to win thee, swears to succeed or to die." This could be no one but Prince Coributh; and Princess Roxandra, on coming to so satisfactory a conclusion, smiled upon him. The stranger smiled in his turn, and then disappeared, no one having been able to ascertain who he was, whence he had come, or whether he had gone.

Poland was then at war with the Cossacks, whose celebrated Hetman, Bogdan Shmielniki, displayed so much energy of character that they were generally successful in the struggle. Prince Coributh was the champion on the other side, and he had frequently gained important advantages, although on the whole his cause was ill-supported. On one occasion, the Cossacks held the Polish army with the king, John Casimir, entirely in their power, and the latter endeavoured to negotiate. Shmielniki would listen to no terms, unless Prince Coributh should be delivered over to him. The Poles were unwilling to do so. The young prince, however, resolved to cut his way through the enemy's ranks, and, in the attempt, rather than continue to embarrass by his presence the negotiations. He mounted his horse at night, and left the Polish camp. Some believed that he had been killed by the Cossacks, and others, that he had been taken prisoner and was kept concealed, for nothing more was heard of him. The fact was, that he had succeeded in escaping, and had gained the Moldavian territory, where he assumed the name of Argyrius. He became known to the Prince Lupu, who took him into great favour, and he saw the Princess Roxandra, whom he declared his love, but without disclosing his real name. She rejected his suit on the grounds of a prior engagement, and he announced that she would never marry any one but Prince Coributh. The lover was thus his own successful rival. He kept his secret, however, supposing that the Princess had become enamoured of his renown, and determined on not making himself known until he could claim his bride as Prince of Poland. She offered him her friendship, which he accepted; and he had the advantage of hearing daily the

expression of her attachment to himself, and of her grief at his being in so mysterious a manner. The Hetman, meanwhile, after humbling the pride of Poland, had returned to the Ukraine to consolidate his power, and he demanded of Prince Lupu the hand of Roxandra for his son Timush. The young lady would not hear of a Mahometan husband; Shmielniki became furious, and invaded Moldavia; Lupu yielded, and concluded a treaty, which was dictated in Latin by the Hetman himself, and which is still preserved in the archives of Moldavia. Its laconic purport was the following:—

"Principes Moldaviae, Moldaviam pleno jure obtinere.  
Filius Shmielniki Principis Moldaviae gener esse.  
Tataria et Cossacique nunc secesserunt milia talorum  
numerato.  
Polonia nequaquam faveto."

The marriage was thus settled, the dowry fixed, and the possession of Moldavia secured to Lupu on these conditions, together with that of not assisting the Poles. The war broke out again: Coributh returned to his country, and by his presence gave new courage to his troops. Fortune was unfavourable to the Cossacks, who were driven back to the Ukraine, and in that campaign two well-known names were covered with glory, that of Mascepa, then a young page of the Polish queen, and fighting against his future subjects the Cossacks; and that of John Sobieski, a youth of the greatest valour, and destined to reign over his fellow-countrymen, and to play a prominent part at the siege of Vienna by the Turks. The Prince of Moldavia then considered himself at liberty to retract his promise to marry his daughter to the Hetman's son Timush, which she implored him to do; and he offered her hand to the now victorious Coributh, whom she professed to love. The Polish suitor advanced with a numerous and warlike retinue to claim his bride: Timush armed his Cossacks to avenge the breach of faith of the Moldavian prince. The rivals met on their way to Jassy, a bloody battle was fought, and Coributh was killed. Bitter were the tears that Roxandra shed for her lover, and more bitter still when Timush summoned Lupu to keep his word and give him his daughter. She besought him, on her knees to resist; the Boyars, fearing the Cossacks, called on him to save his country by sacrificing his child; and he agreed to do so.

It was again Palm Sunday. Roxandra went in procession to the church of the Three Saints, and prayed for a miracle to come to her assistance. A hundred Cossacks, bearing branches, surrounded the church. Timush advanced from amongst them, and, presenting the branch he held to the princess, who was considered a patriotic victim, and who did not dare to raise her eyes from the ground, he said—

"I have won thee, and I claim thy hand."

It was the voice of Coributh. She looked up, and saw, instead of a fierce and savage Cossack, the handsome youth on whom she had bestowed her heart a year ago.

"You are Coributh!" she exclaimed.

"I am Timush," he replied.

Timush or Coributh, she married him; and when the remains of the Polish prince lay in state before interment, and the features of Argyrius were recognised, she wept for her friend, but less bitterly than she had done for her lover. She was happy, after all, as the wife of a Cossack husband.

This story is as much like the story of Helen as a christening is like a divorce.



*Las Alforjas.* By GEORGE JOHN CAYLEY, Author of "Sir Reginald Mohun."  
London: Bentley. 1853.

THE opening page announces Mr. Cayley's opinion that

—foolish lovers fondly trace  
The name they love in any place,

and therefore he addresses his two handsome volumes to "Mabel." "Ephemeral leaves" he styles them "from scented coppice-wolds of Spain." They are, indeed, nearly all of Spain, but there is a twinkling of Paris, where the author's first step was to take the "bearing of his street by the heavens." The route is rapid. Marseilles, "an omnigenous, cosmopolitan, picturesque seaport, which smells of every thing in the world, but especially garlic," is soon reached; while there is no delay in obtaining a sight of the Pyrennees, "very pretty mountains," at La Junquera. On leaving Malaga, Mr. Cayley slept on deck, and, awaking in the night, found they were approaching what he terms a small rocky island; but, as he says,

THIS WAS GIBRALTAR.

Charles's Wain stood with its foremost horse below the horizon of the famous rock; so that the constellation looked like a huge flag planted there. Of course, a patriotic imagination filled it up with the intricately crossed stripes of the Union Jack.

I re-arranged myself among some sails, one of which I half unfurled and crept into. When I woke we were lying off Algeiras. Seen from this point across the bay, Gibraltar looks like an old man lying on his back upon a couch nearly level with the sea—some huge giant of the prime who had gone to sleep there, and proved a Rip van Winkle on a large and permanent scale. The face, with a round bald head resting on its pillow to the north, and the articulation of the knee, are very distinct. There is a ruckle in the bed-clothes over his breast as if his arms were crossed.

Mr. Cayley has two styles—the serious and the humorous; but the humorous is frequently out of place. He, moreover, intersperses his observations occasionally with indifferent puns: for instance, when weary, after ascending the rock of Gibraltar, he tells us that he gave many palpitating maledictions "on the oppressive sultriness of foreign climbs." The serious style is after this fashion, the author having suddenly met a German whom he had lost in Paris; hence the "we."

THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE.

Together, we explored the city, discovered the cathedral, and wandered through its dim, vast, echoing aisles, where innumerable gilded statues and painted virgins stood and shrouded several huge constellations of candles; and here and there some diving picture by Murillo or Alonso Cano looks graciously down from its dark recess, through massive gates of gilded iron. We stood before the famous Guardian Angel. New lighted from the clouds, and looking down with serious eyes of love upon his charge, he leads the baby soul with one hand, and with the other points to a brightening heaven. We stood and gazed; while murmuring far away in mellow cadence rose and fell the chanted prayer of many voices;

and faintly wafted from the swinging censers came sweet odours.

Then all the senses smote the heart at ~~the sight~~. See what a mighty monument is here! What a shape, ancient, but still breathing evidence of the spirit of devotion which God has given to mankind. And all the voices of the dead in ages past seemed to cry from beneath the sepulchral marbles of the floor, much worn by pious knees—they seemed to cry with the voice of sympathy and example, as it were the united clamour of a great multitude—"Here have we knelt! Do thou bow down and worship also."

Here is a specimen of the other style.

OIL AND BUTTER.

The English have a strange unfounded prejudice against oil, and in favour of butter, which is as near as possible the same thing, only that oil is a clean, pure, vegetable fat, which keeps better, and is infinitely easier to have good than butter; while butter is the result of a greasy animal secretion, milked out of unpleasant udders by a dirty-hated wench. Butter is not good after three days' keeping, and accordingly is much oftener eaten bad than good. Nevertheless, good butter is a good thing; and we eat it because we know it to be so, in spite of all the disagreeable ideas which are connected with its origin. But of oil, from unfamiliarity, we have an abhorrence. Our first acquaintance with it in childhood is through that unencouraging sample called after the elder of the constellated twins; our next is in the smell of the lamp. When subsequently we see oil in a salad, it shocks our prejudices. On tasting it with a candid determination, we find it good; but still there are few Englishmen who, in tasting a sample of oil, would swallow a spoonful, which a Spaniard would do as unconcernedly as we should a spoonful of cream. I have the national horror of oil, but I cannot say that, on honest experiment, I find that in good cookery it is a bit worse than the best butter, and in some cases it is better.

An individual, with the initial H—, joins the author in Seville; and Mr. Cayley, in a letter to Mabel, narrates the following incident of Spanish travel. A stranger, who had been seen lurking about, suddenly announces himself to H— as Pedro Paredes, a notable bandit, at whose name the civil guards trembled. H—, who was alone at the time, tells his friend soon afterwards of the robber dismounting to take steady aim with his Spanish gun, when he finds his claims to the foreigner's property contemptuously rejected.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S AIM.

Instead of getting up, I pulled the saddle-bags and cloaks into a heap, and, lying on my stomach, presented the muzzle of my pistol over the battery. "Now then, you impudent rascal," I said, "lay down your gun and go away, or I'll shoot you before you can touch your rusty old piece to go off. And I should advise you never again to try your hand on Englishmen with English pistols!"

He hesitated and turned pale, and was stopping back, when I said, "If you move without leaving your gun, I fire. Here, I have the advantage; at a distance, you might."

"No English dog shall make a jest of the Andalus," he said, a sudden fury flushing his face. He presented his gun as quickly as he could, and we both fired at the same moment, but my pistol had been on his heart during

the discussion, and through his heart it went; but I had a nearish escape: look at the rim of my hat."

Sure enough, there was a round hole in the broad up-turned brim of the Calanías.

They left the dead man, arrayed as he was in all his major bravery, where he fell; while the two tourists luckily escaped any unpleasant consequences, although the ghastly corpse was soon discovered. They hear it reported, however, that the English "are a dangerous people, who habitually season their ollas with gunpowder instead of salt."

Every traveller in La Mancha, or even in Spain, has of course something to say, in MS. or print, of Cervantes; and Mr. Cayley thinks that if Dickens had lost an arm at Lepanto, been a prisoner at Algiers, and had led twenty years of a soldiering life, he might have written as good a book as *Don Quixote*. Indeed, he absurdly enough pronounces *Pickwick* a modern English *Quixote*; a most fulsome and inappropriate eulogy, in which he will find no one of the slightest literary pretension to agree with him.

#### A TRIBUTE TO GENIUS.

While our hostess of the Posada de la Mina was preparing our supper, we inquired if she had ever heard of Miguel Cervantes, who had lived in the *carcel*?

"No, Señores. I think I have heard of one Cervantes, but he does not live here at present."

"Do you know any thing of *Don Quixote*?"

"Oh, yes. He was a great *cabellero*, who lived in the *pueblo* (township) some years ago. His house is over the way, on the other side of the *plaza*, with the arms over the door. The father of the *alcalde* is the oldest man in the place, and perhaps he may remember him."

This was encouraging. The author, indeed, was forgotten; but the hero of his novel had become a real man, whose house remained to testify of him to this day.

There is also, again we may say of course, a narrative of bull-fights, and

#### A SKETCH OF ALHAMBRA.

And here, sitting after sunset among the slender marble shafts of the breezy galleries, it is to a certain degree a realization of romance to watch the stars peeping out of the darkening sky, and the lamps peeping out of the blackening town below, and to say to one's self, "This is the (!) Alhambra. This is the palace of dreams which Washington Irving set up in our imaginations, sculptured with more graceful forms, and painted with richer colours, and enamelled with brighter *azulejos* and tar-

keashes, than even the cunning man could accomplish, or the lavish Ibnulabmar could pay for." For truly, when we compare the reality (by daylight) with the description, Washington Irving appears the cunninger man of the

Las Alforjas," or "the Saddle-bags," seems written merely for the author's amusement, and cast upon the waters without much regard to its subsequent fate.

Mr. Cayley, on one occasion, introduces, somewhat unnecessarily, a conversation he and his companion H—— had, respecting the plagiarisms of Wordsworth, Sterne, Pope, Young, &c. Our readers may judge of the qualifications of the author and his friend for such a discussion, when we inform them the said H—— imagines the lines,

"Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."

to be in Pope's "Universal Prayer," and to have been stolen from Young. Hereupon Mr. Cayley expresses surprise, thinking that "Young had come after Pope. But H—— assured me Pope was later by seventy or eighty years. He had had a discussion some years ago, and *looked it up* (?)". Mr. Cayley, however, offered to take three to one that the "Night Thoughts" were not published before the "Universal Prayer."

Now, as Young died in 1765, if Pope had been "later by seventy or eighty years," the period of his death would, according to H——, have been about 1835—1845! An assertion we think sufficient of itself to prove that our friend H——, in spite of his "looking up," is a good deal "out" in his chronology!

But we will not be too severe on the author and his friend, since they modestly enough style themselves "rash and illiterate young men," and evidently stand in wholesome fear of the censor. Of ourselves, Mr. Cayley observes, that "Critics are usually men that have the education of authors, without sufficient genius to write good books, or rashness to write bad." Premising that we have not the smallest intention of retorting upon him, we devoutly wish that more writers of the present day would imitate our prudence!

*Memorandums made in Ireland in the Autumn of 1852.* By JOHN FORBES, M.D. F.R.S., Physician to Her Majesty's Household. With a Map and Illustrations. 2 Vols. Smith, Elder, & Co., Cornhill.

Of the various rambles and travels in Ireland that have lately appeared, the one before us is, in point of information, quite as good as any of its predecessors. We had almost thought that enough had been said and written on this seemingly inexhaustible topic; but it appears that it was reserved for the summer of 1853 to give birth to a complete hand-

book of the sister island. To those who have kept themselves au courant with respect to the principal events connected with that strange land, these volumes can afford little additional information; but if there be any who, knowing nothing of its social and political condition, meditate a tour in Ireland, the pleasure and profit to be derived from the journey will be



much enhanced by a careful study of Dr. Forbes' very sensible observations.

Starting from Dublin, in the month of August last year, this gentleman proceeded through Wicklow, Arklow, Carlow, Maryborough, Tipperary, Cork, Bantry, Killarney, Limerick, Athlone, Galway, Clifden, Westport, Castlebar, Sligo, Enniskillen, Londonderry, Coleraine, Antrim, Belfast, Newry, and Drogheda; thus completing, in a few weeks, the entire circuit of the country.

Our author sketches vividly the scenery through which he passed, and touches upon all the usual topics that are to be found in books descriptive of Ireland, from the round towers of ancient times to the Maynooth of our own days. The inquirer will moreover find, in these two volumes, an extraordinary mass of carefully compiled information on minor topics, the diffusion of which cannot but be desirable in every point of view.

From what Dr. Forbes observed of teetotalism, we infer that it is rapidly on the wane: nevertheless, the following theory as to the origin of the absurd term intended to designate its votaries is curious, and probably correct.

#### TEETOTALISMS.

The designation has manifestly originated from a mode of expression which I find to be common among the lower class in this country. This consists in the reduplication of the sound of the first syllable, or rather of the first letter in the word *totally*, as a means of intensifying the meaning usually conveyed by it; just as we repeat whole words for the same purpose—as when we say “very very bad,” “sad sad,” “cruel cruel man.” Often, when conversing with the common people, have I heard them, when wishing to be emphatic—as it is their nature to be—use the word “t-totally” (“Teetotally”) for the simple trisyllable, and with manifest good effect too. “He was t-totally ruined, sir.” “It is now t-totally gone.” “The poor old country is destroyed t-totally.” No doubt, at some public meeting of the friends of temperance, and probably when discussing the relative merits of the temperate use of strong drinks with complete abstinence from them, some zealous Irishman advocated “t-total abstinence” as the only means of success, and enforced his arguments so energetically, that his emphatic “T” was never forgotten, and came at last to be permanently incorporated with the adjective that expressed the quality of the sect, and with the new substantives derived from the same root. (T-Totaller,” “T-Totalism,”) which the necessities of language obliged them to form.

If, however, the use of water internally is declining, we may infer, from the following passage, that it is largely employed externally, if not for purposes of cleanliness.

#### THE HOLY WATER SYSTEM.

At one of these chapels there was a large open cask placed outside in the middle of the court, and another in one of the corners of the chapel itself, filled with holy water, out of which a great many persons, (chiefly women and children) before leaving, filled small jugs and bottles to take home with them. The fountain in the interior was presided over by a gaunt-looking genius, a very ragged cripple on crutches, whose voluntary office seemed

to be, like that of the priests of old, to give an additional sprinkle and blessing to all that approached it:

“Idem ter socios pura circumtulit unda,  
Spargens rore levi et ramo felicitis olivæ;  
Lustravitque viros, dixitque novissima verba.”

He was so profuse of his lustration in my own case, that he almost blinded me, probably wishing thus to repay the small bounty I had bestowed upon him.

I asked some of the women who were carrying off the bottles of water what was their object in doing so, and was told that the precious drops were to be sprinkled over their houses and furniture, and such members of their household as had not attended chapel themselves. I presume these reservoirs had been sanctified by the Redemptorists at their recent visit, as I do not think it is customary to provide such a wholesale stock of the material on ordinary occasions. In the country chapels, casks or tubs of holy water are provided at the festivals of Easter and Christmas, and the contents are carried off by the congregation as in the present instance. The following are the more common uses to which the water is applied in private houses:—1. during prayer, in the ordinary ceremony of making the sign of the Cross; 2. sprinkling it over the members of the family, by the head of the house, before going to bed; 3. sprinkling the beds before lying down; 4. it is also occasionally employed in sprinkling cows and pigs when sick, and (it is said) in sprinkling potato-gardens with the hope of averting the rot. On questioning some of the poor people making use of such lustrations on sick animals as to the design and purpose of the practice, I could get no more definite reply than “that it was supposed to be very good in such cases.” It never came to my own knowledge that the sprinkling was extended to the potatoes, but I see it publicly so stated as a well-known fact.

In a preceding page I have said that, in this work, I profess myself to be a mere observer in things religious, unless the things observed should appear to have some influence on the social position of those concerned with them. Now, I think some of the proceedings above mentioned come into this exceptional category, and are therefore fair subjects for remark.

No one, I suppose, need object to the simple ceremony of sprinkling the face or breast while making the sign of the Cross, any more than to numerous small forms and ceremonies used in Protestant churches, which are purely symbolical, and involve no irreverent or degrading convictions. But the case seems different when the water is employed to lustrate extraneous things, inanimate or animate; more especially as the act would seem to be accompanied by the belief that there is in the water itself, or in the act of sprinkling, some conservative or restorative virtue against the common accidents or incidents to which such objects are liable in the ordinary course of nature or time.

These people devoutly and implicitly believe that such an operation can protect from injury themselves, their chattels, and their potatoes!

Of the rate at which emigration is proceeding, and the extent to which it has already spread, the daily papers afford evidence enough; we need hardly, therefore, quote Dr. Forbes on this head; contenting ourselves in the hope, that, as the Celts pass away to other lands, where they either thrive better or become beneficially amalgamated with other races, they may be succeeded by a more industrious and energetic population. That some landed proprietors, at least, are looking forward to an improved state of things in this respect, the

following account of the estates of Lord Lucan, and of the means he is adopting to improve them, affords some proof.

#### WHAT IRISH LANDLORDS OUGHT TO DO.

Lord Lucan's Lodge, it hardly deserves the name of a mansion, adjoins the town of Castlebar, and his farm-buildings are at no great distance. This farm-homestead is a complete model establishment, with steam-engine-power, and every thing in the most perfect order. His Lordship is said to be the most extensive farmer in the three kingdoms, having, it is stated, not fewer than 15,000 acres in his own hands. This extraordinary circumstance is explained by the fact that Lord Lucan has been for years devoting all his energies to convert his estates into large farms, on the English or rather Scotch system. His bailiff is a Scotsman, and all his farming operations are conducted on the Scottish model. The only part of his improvements that we saw was this home-farm, conspicuous by its large and regular fields, and presenting the due proportion of turnips, grain, and grass, which this system requires. It reminded me of Lord Fitzwilliam's farm at Coolattin, and, like it, exhibited a striking contrast with the wild country around it. Lord Lucan retains such a vast quantity of land in his own hands simply because part of it is in process of consolidation, and because he has not been able to get tenants for much that is consolidated.

The outlay of money in these gigantic improvements has been enormous, amounting, it is said, to some hundred thousand pounds. We were told that in some of his improvements he has expended as much as 15l. per acre. Whether or not he himself, even if he lives to be an old man, will ever receive any adequate return for his expenditure, most people seem to doubt; but that the property will eventually be an immense gainer by his labours is clear enough.

Lord Lucan seems to have set about his great work with such determination, that he has been as little daunted by the moral and social difficulties involved in it, as by the physical obstacles presented to him. The number of cottages that have been pulled down, and the number of people evicted from them, and compelled to go into towns and into workhouses, or to emigrate from the country altogether, have been literally enormous. Although a very soft nature could scarcely be brought to front at all such a trial as this must have been to the heart and mind of its institutor, and although the name of Lord Lucan is certainly very unpopular among the people of the district, yet I nowhere heard that he had betrayed, in the operations which were necessary to the completion of his plans, any undue severity, much less any cruelty that could be avoided.

Neither must we suppose that all the persons deprived of their potatoe-gardens were disposed of as above mentioned. Some, no doubt, have remained in their old haunts, working at his improvements, and will probably be fixed there eventually as labourers on the new farms.

Still it cannot be doubted, that hardship and distress, in the highest degree, must have often been the necessary consequence of Lord Lucan's proceedings; but whether he was wrong in doing what he has done, or whether he may not, in reality, rather claim from the large-thoughted and far-seeing patriot and philanthropist the merit of conferring on his country the greatest of boons, is a question which will be answered very differently by different individuals, according to the strength and extent of their mental grasp, their economical and political views, and their personal temperament. I will venture to say this much—that though there are many good and wise men who would have shrunk from doing, or even from witnessing, such things, there is no patriotic Irishman who must not rejoice that they have been done. The thunder-storm and the hurricane are felt and deplored as terrible

inflictions, but we are told by philosophers that they are wise and benevolent provisions in the economy of nature.

We may here cite the remark of a shrewd and intelligent American, who, after having visited every part of Ireland, and made himself acquainted with the characteristics and capabilities of the lowest classes there, expressed it as his opinion that there were no hopes of doing any thing with the existing population, and that the only course to be adopted was, "to improve them off the face of the earth!" This process, it would seem, is at length gradually in operation.

One of the most important epochs in the history of Ireland was the establishment, in 1831-32, of the system of National Schools, unquestionably the basis of all future progress in education, comparable only to "that noble act of the Scottish Parliament, which established the system of parochial schools in that country, at the commencement of the seventeenth century."

Strangely enough, however, the Commissioners have had to encounter, for the last twenty years, the most absurd prejudices, and the most contemptible opposition from the different sects and conflicting creeds existing throughout Ireland. Respecting the statistics of education, Dr. Forbes has collected a large amount of useful and valuable facts. His work, indeed, upon that subject, as well as in many others, will become a standard book of reference, on account of the great care and pains bestowed in the compilation. We conclude our notice of this valuable production, by calling attention to the admirable remarks with which Dr. Forbes prefaces his proposition for

#### CURING THE ILLS OF IRELAND.

In regarding the generally depressed, disturbed, and disordered state of Ireland, in the light of a social or national malady to be relieved or cured, I earnestly and confidently submit that (speaking analogically) it is on the principles of the NATURAL, RATIONAL, OR REGIMINAL SYSTEM OF CURE alone, that any attempt likely to lead to satisfactory results can be founded. It is only by looking carefully at all the individual disorders that together constitute her disease,—by tracing them to their respective sources, and following their progress to their present state of development, that any thing like a just knowledge of the nature of the evils to be removed can be obtained; and it is only by employing some comprehensive system of treatment—a system comprising many individual modes, applicable respectively to the many individual disorders constituting the great general disease—that they can be relieved or cured.

The short-sighted empirical politician may select some individual evil, and magnifying it, in his imagination, into the whole disease, may apply his nostrum accordingly, and look with confidence for a speedy cure. And a cure he may possibly obtain—at least a temporary one—of the particular disorder attacked; but it will soon be found that even although the particular disorder should not return, the patient's state is very little improved, the great constitutional malady still existing as before.

*Traits of American-Indian Life and Character.* By a FUR TRADER. 8vo. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. Bombay: Smith, Taylor, and Co.

THIS book is a plain-spoken account of the American Indian, and of the English or Colonial Trappers, who are spread, however sparsely in some parts, from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific. The author was an agent of the great Fur Company, and his labours were chiefly in Oregon, upon the many branches of the great Columbia river.

His account presents a strange picture of toil, danger, energy, and perseverance on the part of the Europeans, who made long journeys over barren lands, when provisions failed them, and water was not to be procured, their horses frequently dying from want of fodder, and from intolerable fatigue; yet, even amidst these calamities, many have displayed indomitable perseverance, and have attained to marvellous success. The strangest part of the narrative, however, relates to the aborigines, among whom are a sprinkling of half-castes. The "Flatheads" were never known to shed the blood of a white man; and the "Blackfeet" and "Crows" rarely spared one when they had the opportunity. The wars among these tribes and their allied clans are mostly of an hereditary character. Their conferences, when they meet upon the Buffalo grounds, end in unmeaning compliment, hollow peace, increased hatred, and new feuds. All of them steal horses as freely as ever our Gaelic Highlanders lifted cattle, and display in that occupation the greatest impartiality. The Scotchman, indeed, did not "harry" the lands, nor meddle with the cattle of a friendly sept; but these Indians steal horses from any party, furtively tracking even the agents of the powerful Hudson's-Bay Company, in order to rob them during the night.

In 1823—there are no recent dates—the "Flatheads," under the guidance of their great chief, "Red Feather," worsted the "Blackfeet," whose vengeance, atoning even for the bitterness of defeat, was terrible, and characteristic of the wildman's brutality. "Red Feather," after many a bootless effort, had at last possessed himself of the finest horse of the "Blackfeet" in all that wide district: this steed was simply called "The Black." The animal was nearly spent one day, when ridden by "Red Feather," who had been sore beset; but "Black" still gallantly advanced to a haven where his rider would have been safe. Within a quarter of a mile of this haven some skulking "Blackfeet" fired the long dry grass in several places at once; the wind spread

the flames with awful rapidity: "A few moments and all was over. The 'Red Feather' lay a blackened corpse among the smoking ashes, his gallant steed beside him! Such was the melancholy end of the boldest warrior of the 'Flathead' tribe."

There is even a stranger tale of another chief, "The Eagle." It happened in 1825, near the confluence of the northern and southern branches of the Columbia. "The Eagle," a powerful chieftain, and rich in horses, had lost two sons by some slow disease, and cared nothing for his two surviving daughters. With the son who last died, the stricken father, who was growing old, but was still vigorous, determined to be buried alive. Wailings and remonstrances were of no avail. "I will die thus," he kept repeating: "no one shall prevent it." He leapt into the pit prepared for his son. The author tells us that he himself advanced to the edge of the grave, and watched "The Eagle;" he could perceive no weakness or vacillation in him, and the self-immolated victim looked calmly and sternly on, till the clay thrown in upon him concealed him for ever from human gaze.

A "bloody tragedy" is also narrated, sadly characteristic of the feelings of savages. Measles and dysentery had been fatal among the Cayoux Indians, and the survivors attributed the dire calamity to the poisonous arts of the missionaries, who were labouring among them in all the earnest self-devotion of Christian charity. These Indians suddenly rose, and murdered Dr. Whitman, the principal person of the mission, Mrs. Whitman, together with all the European and American members of the Wai-let-pu mission. A Spanish Creole, one Joseph Louis, is said to have encouraged the Indians in their fell design. Twelve persons were thus suddenly cut off—the Indians, mad with rage, using both their guns and axes. Dr. Whitman was shot as he sat at his desk, and his wife perished as she was hastening to his succour.

Stories like these, and of horrid feasts given by the Indians, where the most painful but convincing evidence left no doubt on the minds of the Europeans that at these banquets, to which they were occasionally invited, human as well as buffalo-flesh was consumed, fill the book, along with some spirited sketches of buffalo-hunting, and descriptions of rugged, desolate, but often striking and sublime scenery

*Travels in Southern Russia and the Crimea, through Hungary, Wallachia, and Moldavia.*  
By M. ANATOLE DE DEMIDOFF. Illustrated by RAFFET. Dedicated to H. I. M.  
NICHOLAS I., Emperor of all the Russias. 2 Vols. London: John Mitchell, 33 Old  
Bond Street. 1853.

MR. MITCHELL may justly claim the merit of having produced one of the very few works of the past half year at all deserving the title of library books. It is, moreover, in every respect an *édition de luxe*; and for the statistical facts and revelations it exhibits, the illustrations with which it abounds, the accurate maps annexed, and the careful manner in which it has been brought out, it may be regarded as the only complete compendium of information in existence relating to those vast regions known under the comprehensive denomination of Southern Russia.

The volumes themselves are a condensed compilation of the observations, investigations, and researches made during a protracted journey, not only by the author, but by several naturalists and *savans* who accompanied him for the purpose, and had been specially selected on account of their literary and scientific attainments. These constituted, in fact, an exploring expedition, conducted mainly with a view to ascertain the capabilities, the mineral riches, and the general resources of a region greater in extent than that of half of the rest of Europe.

It is only by comparison that we can form any idea of the magnitude or power of the Russian empire, or of that portion of it known as European Russia. For this purpose, let it be borne in mind that its superficial area is about *thirty times* that of England; that it comprises every variety of climate, from that which prevails on the inhospitable Arctic shores to the more genial temperature of Northern Italy; that its resources, imperfectly developed though they may now be, are almost inexhaustible; and that its sovereign has at present under his control an efficient standing army of eight hundred thousand men, a fourth of which number could at any time be brought at once into the field. Little surprise need then be felt at the consternation with which the whole of Europe was lately filled, when a probability first appeared that the Emperor was about to depart from that pacific policy by which he had uniformly been actuated during the preceding quarter of a century. The will of a man who has at his absolute command a disciplined host of such magnitude is indeed entitled to a very special respect: although doubtless the rest of Europe united, could strike him down like an ox, and if necessary divide his kingdom.

Early in the summer of 1837 Prince Demidoff, and his artistic and scientific companions, proceeded on their mission from Paris

to Vienna, thence, after a brief delay, to Bukharest, and from Bukharest they made excursions through Wallachia, Moldavia, and Bessarabia.

A number of experienced mining overseers had been previously sent from Havre to St. Petersburg, with nine complete sets of boring instruments, and all other appliances requisite for carrying on a mineralogical survey—the main object of the expedition. This detachment, under M. Ayraud and four overseers, with its equipments, exceeding 80,000 lb. in weight, was to disembark at Cronstadt, to traverse the whole empire from North to South, a distance of more than a thousand miles, and to rendezvous on the shores of the sea of Azof, near the mouth of the Don. This tedious and difficult enterprise was successfully accomplished.

It was at Skovlani, a little village partly Moldavian and partly Russian, that M. Demidoff and his party, on entering the territory of the Czar, performed a quarantine of fourteen days in the most melancholy of lazarettos. During this dull period they inhabited nine small thatched buildings of clay, ranged round a spacious court-yard. Each house had a separate enclosure, and the entrance was secured by a gate, the carriages and horses standing altogether uncovered night and day! The houses consist of one floor, very damp and sandy, scarcely above the level of the Pruth, which constantly inundates these wretched abodes.

It was during his imprisonment here that our author threw together his interesting notes on the history and condition of Moldavia, so called from the Moldau, which fertilizes its plains. The sketch he has given of that country, its invasions, rebellions, and oppressions, deserves careful and studious perusal.

The Moldavians are a robust, temperate, and laborious race, wearing their hair and beards long, usually attaining a considerable stature, and frequently displaying much physical beauty. Assembled in large caravans, they often lead a nomadic life, traversing immense distances, and carrying, even to the remote confines of Asia, the commodities of other climes with which the towns and villages in that direction are supplied. On these journeys they are sometimes many weeks without entering a dwelling. The caravan halts at night: its numerous wains are formed into a square, their white oxen pasturing around, guarded by mastiffs of peculiar breed and gigantic form. A

fire is kindled in the centre of the quadrangle, and, after a simple repast, the drivers, wrapped in coarse rugs, dispose themselves to sleep. These people are excellent horsemen, and possess steeds remarkable for their speed and great powers of endurance.

The mountaineers of Moldavia, like those of other countries, evince still more remarkable characteristics than those inhabiting the valleys. The highlands abound in magnificent scenery, resembling in many particulars the picturesque beauties of the Alps.

Early in August, Prince Demidoff and his companions were released from their irksome quarantine. Count Woronzoff, Governor-general of New Russia, came from Odessa to meet them, and to serve as their guide.

Four large horses, harnessed abreast to each carriage, carried the impatient travellers rapidly over the soil of Bessarabia. They traversed at first, for about five leagues, a barren region, intersected with valleys lying between ranges of rounded hillocks, and stretching in a line parallel with the Pruth. Ere long a tremendous storm converted the arid plain into a vast pool of black mud, extending almost to the walls of Kicheneff, whence a guard of Cossacks, bearing lanterns at the end of their spears, appeared as an escort.

This town, like Rome, is built on a number of hills, and, from the breadth of its streets, occupies a very considerable space. The new quarters abound in elegant dwellings, and the public edifices display elaborate architecture. The domes and roofs present a singular appearance from being painted of an emerald green. Brilliant colours, indeed, adorn almost every edifice, giving a singular and pleasing aspect to this city. A few vineyards are to be seen in the vicinity, but at no great distance the country is wild and uncultivated enough. The swampy plains abound in all the varieties of ornithological life, from the grave and stalwart crane to the plaintive plover and still more diminutive snipe.

The travellers passed under, but did not enter, Bender, with its frowning citadel and its garrison of 600 artillerymen, formerly a Turkish frontier town of considerable importance from its position on the Dniester, which it perfectly commands.

Tiraspol, its citadel, and an encampment of artillery, next passed rapidly before their view. Then came Koutcherban, a German agricultural colony (one of eight), whose community have introduced on to the soil of Bessarabia the methods of culture, the patient manners, and even the very names of the towns of their native land. They appear content with their lot and with the rich return for their labours yielded by the virgin steppes. Already abound-

ing in grain far beyond its wants, this province is now seeking in manufactures a new channel for its resources. The government fosters this tendency by special immunities. After many delays and annoyances *en route*, Odessa is at length reached.

#### ODESSA.

The first aspect of Odessa is worthy the reputation of this great city: the young and flourishing capital of New Russia could not be more fitly heralded. Surrounded to a remote distance by immense steppes and endless deserts, Odessa appears before one like a land of promise, a long-desired oasis; and its walls are entered with the same feelings of joy as are experienced on reaching port at the end of a long sea voyage.

The various quarters of this vast city, still daily increasing, cover a broad plateau, whose perpendicular sides plunge into the Black Sea. From its steep eminence, Odessa commands a large bay, the dark blue waters of which contrast with the pale and arid appearance of the surrounding coast, invariably enveloped throughout the summer in whirling clouds of dust. Sheltered from the southern gales, but ill protected against the parching winds of the east, the port of Odessa is formed by three moles, which divide it into as many basins. One of these, for the reception of vessels in quarantine, is overlooked by the walls of the lazaretto and the batteries of a fort: the two others admit the ships of the Imperial navy, and trading vessels not coming from a quarantine port. The bottom of this bay offers good anchorage for ships of large burthen, but they are much exposed during gales from the east, and especially from the south-east. These terrible winds drive the impetuous waves into the bay of Odessa with a fury which nothing can withstand: a succession of these storms continually sweep across the Black Sea in the direction of its longest diagonal.

The city of Odessa is planned with regularity, as are the generality of Russian cities: it is carefully built, but the finest buildings occur in those quarters nearest the sea. All that part which faces the shores wears an appearance of grandeur and opulence. The long and majestic terrace overlooking the sea is lined with public edifices, hotels, and stately mansions; but to seize the full effect of this rich assemblage of buildings, Odessa should be entered from its port. It is as though this queen of the Black Sea had reserved all her splendours for that shore, breathing with intelligent souls, whereon the waves flowing from Asia incessantly dash their foaming heads. The cliff we have spoken of is not less than eighty feet in height: on its summit, along its whole extent, is planted an avenue of young trees, with their branches arching together: in the centre of this promenade, and in the midst of a crescent of fine mansions, stands a bronze statue of the Duc de Richelieu, a monument of the gratitude of the city which owes so much to his creative genius. From the foot of the statue descends a gigantic flight of steps, already far advanced towards completion: when finished, it will connect, by steps one hundred feet wide, the grand terrace with the lower quay; and beneath these steps, which are to be supported by a series of open arches, gradually rising in height, the various carts and conveyances going to and from the port will freely pass.

After contemplating this magnificent spot, if you explore the rest of the city you will find but a very few buildings, and those scattered at distant intervals, likely to remind you of the grandeur of this favoured quarter. Broad streets, carefully paved, and planted with rows of acacia trees, traverse the length and breadth of the city, crossing each other at right angles. A theatre, a number of fine churches, spacious squares, bazaars, and a few rich-looking shops, attract the attention, in the midst of

a number of houses too humble in character for such splendid streets.

That portion of the road reserved for pedestrians is broad enough to render the traffic easy at all times, even in the quarters most frequented, morning and evening, by the busy and the idle. The more crowded portion of the city is that adjoining Richelieu Street, the finest and most populous street in Odessa. In numerous shops along this street are spread out for sale the varied produce of every country in Europe, assembled thither under the fostering protection of the free port of Odessa. Showy sign-boards, with inscriptions representing every language of Europe, bear witness to that unrestricted freedom of trade which has made the fortune of this new city. The streets are filled with numerous droschki: these kind of equipage, as useful as they are light, perform immensely long distances. At Odessa, the same customs prevail as are observed in all the southern countries of Europe; the morning is devoted to business, and the middle of the day to repose. This habit, which the heat of the climate seems to dictate, gives a melancholy and deserted appearance to the city during a great part of the day: in the evening, however, outward signs of animation again break forth; the theatre is much frequented, and the cafés and clubs are crowded. There the nobles assemble, further off the merchants,—Turks, Armenians, Jews even: every class has its place of meeting, and in each of these resorts,

open to quiet conversation, the long pipe of the East spreads its perfumed clouds over the assembly.

Odessa, exposed as it is without the least shelter to the sea winds, without one cool or green spot visible after the commencement of summer, inspires an insatiable longing for rural shades.

These are to be found in luxuriant profusion amid the dense foliage, the crystal streams, and the magnificent prospects of the southern portion of ancient Taurida, now known as the Crimea.

We must refer our readers to Prince Demidoff's own description of the delicious climate and other attractions to be found in this distant peninsula; and our limits counsel us, though most unwillingly, to close somewhat abruptly our notice of these admirable volumes. Suffice it to say that they supply the most ample information upon the various important subjects the author proposed at the outset to investigate.

*Hypatia; or, New Foes with an Old Face.* By CHARLES KINGSLEY, jun. 2 Vols. London: Parker and Son, West Strand. 1853.

THE struggles, crimes, virtues, and discord which raged during the fifth century, and extended from the Baltic to the Mediterranean—when Christian, Jew, and Pagan waged deadly war, each for their several faith, and when the wave of discord and bigotry surged over the fairest portion of God's fair world—these are the events, and this is the period selected by the author of "*Hypatia*" as the foundation and materials of a story of strange interest, as remarkable for the peculiarity of its style as for the force and vigour of its composition.

That Mr. Kingsley has taken every pains to saturate his mind with the occurrences of the time he describes, no one who reads a chapter of his work can fail to perceive; and although the despotic and harsh character of Cyril is perhaps unduly toned down, and albeit there is evidently, in many instances, a shaping of character to suit the exigencies of certain principles, yet the chief features of the period are preserved with crisp and bold outlines, while, like a true artist, the writer never forgets the minor matters of detail.

We scarcely need pause to designate the school to which the social and political views of Mr. Kingsley belong. In the deadly war which he wages against conventionalities, he often sins from excess of zeal, and startles the reader by some strange and fantastic philosophy, the source of which may be attributable to that perpetual aim at originality, the cause at once of the beauties and blemishes of his works.

We can imagine a quiet, rural member of Mr. Kingsley's own profession—orthodox, homely, and not particularly *au courant* with the literary events of the day—opening his eyes very wide indeed at some of the dazzling sketches, by no means uncommon, in Mr. Kingsley's works, the figures and grouping whereof might, perhaps, be deemed fitter for the pencils of Etty or of Brockey than for the pen of a Church-of-England divine. In his preface, *à propos* of this difficulty, Mr. Kingsley with good reason remarks upon the impediments that present themselves to an author in representing an age wherein the crimes were so frequent and enormous. "He dare not tell how evil people were," nor will he "be believed if he tells how good they were;" "and," he proceeds, "in the present case that disadvantage is doubled; for while the sins of the Church, however heinous, were still such as admit of being expressed in words, the sins of the heathen world against which she fought were utterly indescribable: and the Christian apologist is thus compelled, for the sake of decency, to state the Church's case far more weakly than the facts deserve." This is unquestionably the case; but, nevertheless, we think some of the author's rural friends may breathe somewhat heavily, while, during the perusal of "*Hypatia*," the unveiled form of Pelagia is summoned to appear before his gaze, like the Anadyomene herself. But to the plot.

Philammon is a young monk, educated in a monastery "some three hundred miles above



Alexandria," and the story opens by a very graphic description of the feelings and longings awakened in his breast by his having entered certain caverns in the vicinity of his dwelling, wherein he views that strange agglomeration of hieroglyphics and antiques in which an age long ago passed away had graven its history. In fact, a longing to see the world takes possession of the young man's ardent imagination; and after some difficulty he obtains the consent of his superior, and starts in his boat down the Nile for Alexandria. When next we hear of him he is performing a feat in aiding a party of Goths to harpoon a hippopotamus, not voluntarily, but owing to the necessities of a very peculiar position; and here we are first introduced to a select party of northern barbarians, and to the lovely Pelagia herself.

#### THE HIPPOPOTAMUS AND PELAGIA.

At last, a sudden turn of the bank brought him in sight of a gaudily-painted barge, on board of which armed men, in uncouth and foreign dresses, were chasing with barbaric shouts some large object in the water. In the bows stood a man of gigantic stature, brandishing a harpoon in his right, and in his left holding the line of a second, the head of which was fixed in the huge purple sides of a hippopotamus, who foamed and wallowed a few yards down the stream. An old grizzled warrior at the stern, with a rudder in either hand, kept the boat's head continually towards the monster, in spite of its sudden and frantic wheelings; and when it dashed madly across the stream some twenty oars flashed through the water in pursuit. All was activity and excitement; and it was no wonder if Philammon's curiosity had tempted him to drift down almost abreast of the barge, ere he descried, peeping from under a decorated awning in the after-part, some dozen pair of languishing black eyes, turned alternately to the game and to himself. The serpents!—chattering and smiling, with pretty little shrieks and shaking of glossy curls and gold necklaces, and fluttering of muslin dresses, within a dozen yards of him! Blushing scarlet, he knew not why, he seized his paddle, and tried to back out of the snare . . . but somehow, his very efforts to escape those sparkling eyes diverted his attention from every thing else: the hippopotamus had caught sight of him, and, furious with pain, rushed straight at the unoffending canoe; the harpoon line became entangled round his body, and in a moment he and his frail bark were overturned, and the monster, with his huge white tusks gaping wide, close on him as he struggled in the stream.

Luckily, Philammon, contrary to the wont of monks, was a bather, and swam like a water-fowl: fear he had never known: death from childhood had been to him, as to the other inmates of the Laura, a contemplation too perpetual to have any paralyzing terror in it, even then, when life seemed just about to open on him anew. But the monk was a man, and a young one, and had no intention of dying tamely or unavenged. In an instant he had freed himself from the line; drawn the short knife which was his only weapon; and, diving suddenly, avoided the monster's rush, and attacked him from behind with stabs, which, though not deep, still dyed the waters with gore at every stroke. The barbarians shouted with delight. The hippopotamus turned furiously against his new assailant, crushing, alas! the empty canoe to fragments with a single snap of his enormous jaws; but the turn was fatal to him; the barge was close upon him, and as he presented his broad side to the blow, the sinewy arm of the giant drove a har-

poon through his heart, and with one convulsive shudder the huge blue mass turned over on its side and floated dead.

Poor Philammon! He alone was silent, amid the yells of triumph; sorrowfully he swam round and round his little paper wreck . . . it would not have floated a mouse. Wistfully he eyed the distant banks, half minded to strike out for them and escape, . . . and thought of the crocodiles, . . . and paddled round again, . . . and thought of the basilisk eyes; . . . he might escape the crocodiles, but who could escape women? . . . and he struck out valiantly for shore . . . when he was brought to a sudden stop by finding the stem of the barge close on him, a noose thrown over him by some friendly barbarian, and himself hauled on board, amid the laughter, praise, astonishment, and grumbling of the good-natured crew, who had expected him, as a matter of course, to avail himself at once of their help, and could not conceive the cause of his reluctance.

Philammon gazed with wonder on his strange hosts, their pale complexions, globular heads and faces, high cheek-bones, tall and sturdy figures; their red beards, and yellow hair knotted fantastically above the head; their awkward dresses, half Roman or Egyptian, and half of foreign fur, soiled and stained in many a storm and fight, but tastelessly bedizened with classic jewels, brooches, and Roman coins, strung like necklaces. Only the steersman, who had come forward to render aid at the hippopotamus, and to help in dragging the unwieldy brute on board, seemed to keep genuine and unornamented the costume of his race, the white linen leggings, strapped with thongs of deerskin, the quilted leather cuirass, the bear's fur cloak, the only ornaments of which were the fangs and claws of the beast itself, and a fringe of grizzled tufts, which looked but too like human hair. The language which they spoke was utterly unintelligible to Philammon, though it need not be so to us.

"A well-grown lad and a brave one, Wulf the son of Ovida," said the giant to the old hero of the bearskin cloak; "and understands wearing skins, in this furnace-mouth of a climate, rather better than you do."

"I keep to the dress of my forefathers, Amalric the Amal. What did to sack Rome in, may do to find Asgard in."

The giant, who was decked out with helmet, cuirass, and senatorial boots, in a sort of mongrel mixture of the Roman military and civil dress, his neck wreathed with a dozen gold chains, and every finger sparkling with jewels, turned away with an impatient sneer.

"Asgard—Asgard? If you are in such a hurry to get to Asgard up this ditch in the sand, you had better ask the fellow how far it is thither."

Wulf took him quietly at his word, and addressed a question to the young monk, which he could only answer by a shake of the head.

"Ask him in Greek, man."

"Greek is a slave's tongue. Make a slave talk to him in it, not me."

"Here—some of you girls! Pelagia! you understand this fellow's talk. Ask him how far it is to Asgard."

"You must ask me more civilly, my rough hero," replied a soft voice from underneath the awning, "Beauty must be sued, and not commanded."

"Come, then, my olive-tree, my gazelle, my lotus-flower, my—what was the last nonsense you taught me?—and ask this wild man of the sands how far it is from these accursed endless rabbit-burrows to Asgard."

The awning was raised, and lying luxuriously on a soft mattress, fanned with peacocks' feathers, and glittering with rubies and topazes, appeared such a vision as Philammon had never seen before.

A woman of some two-and-twenty summers, formed in the most voluptuous mould of Grecian beauty, whose complexion shewed every violet vein through its vein

of luscious brown. Her little bare feet, as they dimpled the cushions, were more perfect than Aphrodite's, softer than a swan's bosom. Every swell of her bust and arms shewed through the thin gauze robe, while her lower limbs were wrapt in a shawl of orange silk, embroidered with wreaths of shells and roses. Her dark hair lay carefully spread out upon the pillow, in a thousand ringlets entwined with gold and jewels; her languishing eyes blazed like diamonds from a cavern, under eyelids darkened and deepened with black antimony; her lips pouted of themselves, by habit or by nature, into a perpetual kiss; slowly she raised one little lazy hand; slowly the ripe lips opened; and in most pure and melodious Attic she lisped her huge lover's question to the monk, and repeated it before the boy could shake off the spell, and answer . . .

After this little adventure our hero was safely in Alexandria, and is of course bewildered by all he beholds in the teeming city; still more is he astonished at the new class of sensations which flood his young ideas, like a sudden broad glow of sunshine, or perhaps still more like—the glare from Hades.

#### THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF ALEXANDRIA.

At last they reached the quay at the opposite end of the street; and there burst on Philammon's astonished eyes a vast semicircle of blue sea, ringed with palaces and towers. . . . He stopped involuntarily; and his little guide stopped also, and looked askance at the young monk, to watch the effect which that grand panorama should produce on him.

"There!—Behold our works! Us Greeks!—us benighted heathens! Look at it and feel yourself what you are, a very small, conceited, ignorant young person, who fancies that your new religion gives you a right to despise every one else. Did Christians make all this? Did Christians build that Pharos there on the left horn—wonder of the world? Did Christians raise that mile-long mole which runs towards the land, with its two drawbridges, connecting the two ports? Did Christians build this esplanade, or this gate of the sun above our heads? Or that Casereum on our right here? Look at those obelisks before it!" And he pointed upwards to those two world-famous ones, one of which still lies on its ancient site, as Cleopatra's needle. "Look up! look up, I say, and feel small—very small indeed! Did Christians raise them, or engrave them from base to point with the wisdom of the ancients? Did Christians build that Museum next to it, or design its statues and its frescoes—now, alas! re-echoing no more to the hummings of the Attic bee? Did they pile up out of the waves that palace beyond it, or that Exchange? or fill that Temple of Neptune with breathing brass and blushing marble? Did they build that Timonium on the point, where Antony, worsted at Actium, forgot his shame in Cleopatra's arms? Did they quarry out that island of Antirrhodus into a nest of docks, or cover those waters with the sails of every nation under heaven? Speak! Thou son of bats and moles—thou six feet of sand—thou mummy out of the cliff caverns! Can monks do works like these?"

"Other men have laboured, and we have entered into their labours," answered Philammon, trying to seem as unconcerned as he could. He was, indeed, too utterly astonished to be angry at any thing. The overwhelming vastness, multiplicity, and magnificence of the whole scene; the range of buildings, such as mother earth never, perhaps, carried on her lap before or since; the extraordinary variety of form—the pure Doric and Ionic of the earlier Ptolemies, the barbaric and confused gorgeousness of the later Roman, and here and there an imitation of the grand elephantine style of old Egypt, its gaudy colours relieving, while they deepened, the

effect of its massive and simple outlines; the eternal repose of that great belt of stone contrasting with the restless ripple of the glittering harbour, and the busy sails which crowded out into the sea beyond, like white doves taking their flight into boundless space—all dazzled, overpowered, saddened him. . . . This was the world. . . . Was it not beautiful? . . . Must not the men who made all this have been—if not great . . . yet . . . he knew not what? Surely they had great souls and noble thoughts in them! Surely there was something godlike in being able to create such things! Not for themselves alone, too; but for a nation—for generations yet unborn. . . . And there was the sea . . . and beyond it, nations of men innumerable. . . . His imagination was dizzy with thinking of them. . . . Were they all doomed—lost? . . . Had God no love for them?

Philammon is speedily introduced to Cyril the bishop; to Peter the reader, at whose door the fearful atrocity which ultimately occurred is usually laid; and to the all-accomplished and lovely Hypatia, whom, with the ambition of youth, and in the flush of religious zeal, he seeks to reform. The fair one, however, unwittingly enchants him, and the poor boy, who went forth to conquer, remained to be a bondsman. To enable the reader to judge whether our young monk was justified in his admiration, here is the portrait of

#### HYPATIA.

In the upper story of a house in the Museum-street of Alexandria, built and fitted up on the old Athenian model, was a small room. It had been chosen by its occupant not merely on account of its quiet; for though it was tolerably out of hearing of the female slaves who worked, and chattered, and quarrelled under the cloisters of the women's court on the south side, yet it was exposed to the rattle of carriages and the voices of passengers in the fashionable street below, and to strange bursts of roaring, squealing, and trumpeting from the Menagerie, a short way off, on the opposite side of the street. The attraction of the situation lay, perhaps, in the view which it commanded over the wall of the Museum gardens, of flower-beds, shrubberies, fountains, statues, walks, and alcoves, which had echoed for nearly seven hundred years to the wisdom of the Alexandrian sages and poets. School after school, they had all walked, and taught, and sung there, beneath the spreading planes and chesnuts, figs and palm-trees. The place seemed fragrant with all the riches of Greek thought and song, since the days when Ptolemy Philadelphus walked there with Euclid and Theocritus, Callimachus and Lycophron.

On the left of the garden stretched the lofty eastern front of the Museum itself, with its picture galleries, halls of statuary, dining-halls, and lecture-rooms; one huge wing containing that famous library, founded by the father of Philadelphus, which held in the time of Seneca, even after the destruction of a great part of it in Cesar's siege, four hundred thousand manuscripts. There it towered up, the wonder of the world, its white roof bright against the rainless blue; and beyond it, among the ridges and pediments of noble buildings, a broad glimpse of the bright blue sea.

The room was fitted up in the purest Greek style, not without an affectation of archaism, in the severe forms and subdued half-tints of the frescoes which ornamented the walls with scenes from the old myths of Athens. Yet the general effect, even under the blazing sun which poured in through the mosquito nets of the court-yard windows, was one of exquisite coolness, and cleanliness, and repose. The room had neither carpet nor fire-place; and the only moveables in it were a



sofa-bed, a table, and an arm-chair, all of such delicate and graceful forms, as may be seen on ancient vases of a far earlier period than that whereof we write. But most probably, had any of us entered that room that morning, we should not have been able to spare a look either for the furniture, or the general effect, or the Museum gardens, or the sparkling Mediterranean beyond; but we should have agreed that the room was quite rich enough for human eyes, for the sake of one treasure which it possessed, and, beside which, nothing was worth a moment's glance. For in the light arm-chair, reading a manuscript which lay on the table, sat a woman, of some five-and-twenty years, evidently the tutelary goddess of that little shrine, dressed, in perfect keeping with the archaism of the chamber, in a simple old snow-white tunic robe, falling to the feet and reaching to the throat, and of that peculiarly severe and graceful fashion in which the upper part of the dress falls downward again from the neck to the waist in a sort of cape, entirely hiding the outline of the bust, while it leaves the arms and the point of the shoulders bare. Her dress was entirely without ornament, except the two narrow purple stripes down the front, which marked her rank as a Roman citizen, the gold-embroidered shoes upon her feet, and the gold net, which looped back from her forehead to her neck, hair the colour and gloss of which were hardly distinguishable from that of the metal itself, such as Athene herself might have envied for tint, and mass, and ripple. Her features, arms, and hands were of the severest and grandest type of old Greek beauty, at once shewing everywhere the high development of the bones, and covering them with that firm, round, ripe outline, and waxy morbidez of skin, which the old Greeks owed to their continual use, not only of the bath and muscular exercise, but also of daily unguents. There might have seemed to us too much sadness in that clear grey eye; too much self-conscious restraint in those sharp-curved lips; too much affectation in the studied severity of her posture as she read, copied, as it seemed, from some old vase or bas-relief. But the glorious grace and beauty of every line of face and figure would have excused, even hidden, those defects, and we should have only recognised the marked resemblance to the ideal portraits of Athene, which adorned every panel of the walls.

Philammon soon plunges into all the fierce excitement which reigns throughout the city; assists at the sacking of the property of the Jews; saves the life of Orestes the Governor, the deepest-dyed old sinner in the book; and ends, for the present, in becoming a thorough convert to Hypatia and to her Platonic teachings.

True religious divine affection, however, is far from shedding its balm upon the wanderer: after a while, therefore, he casts himself at the feet of Cyril, and is re-admitted within the pale of Christianity: still he is dissatisfied with the false doctrines and bigotry which cling to the distracted Church, and is utterly miserable, and a confirmed vagabond.

In the interim other characters are crowding the canvas, amongst whom is one Mariam, a sort of sorceress, and Raphael Aben-Ezra a Jew. In the whole range of romance we scarcely call to remembrance a sketch so perfect in its way as the delineation of this young Hebrew. His phlegmatic wit; the pure Christian feeling that

pervades his sentiments, ere even he becomes a convert; his chivalric bearing, and humorous bursts of didactic philosophy, and strange speculations, make his absence regretted in every portion of the story where he temporarily disappears. His sly and hard hits, too, at the vices of the period (and here Mr. Kingsley by no means spares the errors of the Church of that day) are redolent of the most delicate and polished satire. We confess, also, to a weakness for his dog Bran; and the sort of monologue carried on in the presence of this British mastiff is of too dainty a relish to be omitted.

RAFAEL ABEN-EZRA AND HIS DOG.

Bran seized him by the skirt, and pulled him down towards the puppies; took up one of the puppies and lifted it towards him; and then repeated the action with another.

"You unconsceivable old brute; you don't actually dare to expect me to carry your puppies for you?" and he turned to go.

Bran sat down on her tail, and began howling.

"Farewell, old dog! you have been a pleasant dream after all. . . . But if you will go the way of all phantasms, . . . And he walked away.

Bran ran with him, leaping and barking; then recollected her family and ran back; tried to bring them, one by one, in her mouth, and then to bring them all at once, and, failing, sat down and howled.

"Come, Bran! Come, old girl!"

She raced halfway up to him; then halfway back again to the puppies; then towards him again; and then suddenly gave it up, and dropping her tail, walked slowly back to the blind suppliants, with a deep reproachful growl.

" . . . . .!" said Raphael, with a mighty oath; "you are right after all! Here are nine things come into the world; phantasms or not, there it is; I can't deny it. They are something, and you are something, old dog; or at least like enough to something to do instead of it; and you are not I, and as good as I, and they too, for aught I know, and have as good a right to live as I; and by the seven planets and all the rest of it, I'll carry them.

And he went back, tied up the puppies in his blanket, and set forth, Bran barking, squeaking, wagging, leaping, running between his legs and upsetting him, in her agonies of joy.

"Forward! Whither you will, old lady! The world is wide. You shall be my guide, tutor, queen of philosophy, for the sake of this mere common sense of yours. Forward, you new Hypatia! I promise you I will attend no lectures but yours this day!"

He toiled on, every now and then stepping across a dead body, or clambering a wall out of the road, to avoid some plunging, shrieking horse, or obscene knot of prowling camp followers, who were already stripping and plundering the slain. . . . At last, in front of a large villa, now a black and smoking skeleton, he leaped a wall, and found himself landed on a heap of corpses. . . . They were piled up against the garden fence for many yards. The struggle had been fierce there some three hours before.

"Put me out of my misery! In mercy kill me!" moaned a voice beneath his feet.

Raphael looked down; the poor wretch was slashed and mutilated beyond all hope.

"Certainly, friend, if you wish it," said he, drawing his dagger. The poor fellow stretched out his throat, and awaited the stroke with a ghastly smile. Raphael caught his eye; his heart failed him, and he rose.

"What do you advise, Bran?" But the dog was far ahead, leaping and barking impatiently.

"I obey," said Raphael; and he followed her, while the wounded man called piteously and upbraidingly after him.

"He will not have long to wait. Those pleasures will not be as squamish as I. . . . Strange, now! From Armenian reminiscences I should have fancied myself as free from such tender weakness as any of my Cossack-alaying ancestors. . . . And yet by some more spirit of contradiction, I couldn't kill that fellow, exactly because he asked me to do it. . . . There is more in that than will fit into the great inverted pyramid of 'I am I.' . . . Never mind, let me get the dog's lessons by heart first. What next, Bran? Ah! Could one believe the transformation? Why this is the very trim villa which I passed yesterday morning, with the garden chair standing among the flower-beds, just as the young ladies had left them, and the peacocks and parakeets running about, wondering why their pretty mistresses did not come to feed them. And here is a trampled mass of wreck and corruption for the girls to find, when they venture back from Rome, and complain how horrible war is for breaking down all their shrubs, and how cruel soldiers must be to kill and cook all their poor dear tame turtledoves! Why not? Why should they lament over other things—which they can just as little mend—and which perhaps need no more mending? Ah! there lies a gallant fellow underneath that fruit tree!"

Raphael walked up to a ring of dead, in the midst of which lay, half-sitting against the trunk of the tree, a tall and noble officer, in the first bloom of manhood. His casque and armour, gorgeously inlaid with gold, were hewn and battered by a hundred blows; his shield was cloven through and through; his sword broken in the stiffened hand which grasped it still. Cut off from his troop, he had made his last stand beneath the tree, knee-deep in the gay summer flowers, and there he lay, bestrawed, as if by some mockery—or pity—of mother nature, with faded roses, and golden fruit, shaken from off the boughs in that last deadly struggle. Raphael stood and watched him with a sad sneer.

"Well!—you have sold your fancied personality dear! How many dead men? . . . Nine . . . Eleven! Conceited fellow! Who told you that your one life was worth the eleven which you have taken?"

Bran went up to the corpse—perhaps from its sitting posture fancying it still living—smelt the cold cheek, and recoiled with a mournful whine.

"Eh? That is the right way to look at the phenomenon, is it? Well, after all, I am sorry for you. . . . almost like you. . . . All your wounds in front, as a man's should be. Poor sop! Isis and Thais will never curl those dainty ringlets for you again! What is that bas-relief upon your shield? Venus receiving Psyche into the abode of the gods! . . . Ah! you have found out all about Psyche's wings by this time. . . . How do I know that? And yet, why am I, in spite of my common sense—if I have any—talking to you as you, and liking you, and pitying you, if you are nothing now, and probably never were any thing? Bran! What right had you to pity him without giving your reasons in due form, as Hypatia would have done? Forgive me, sir, however—whether you exist or not, I cannot leave that collar round your neck for these camp-wolves to convert into strong liquor."

And as he spoke, he bent down, and detached, gently enough, a magnificent necklace.

"Not for myself, I assure you. Like Atë's golden apple, it shall go to the fairest. Here, Bran!"

And he wreathed the jewels round the neck of the maiden, who, evidently exalted in her own eyes by the burden, leaped and barked forward again, taking, apparently as a matter of course, the road back towards Oeta, by which they had come thither from the sea. And as he followed, careless where he went, he con-

tinued talking to himself aloud after the manner of restless self-discontented men.

"And then man talks big about his dignity and his intellect, and his heavenly parentage, and his aspirations after the unreal and the beautiful, and the infinite—and every thing gains unlike himself. How can he prate of these poor blackguards lying about the streets, and the filth of humanity. . . . And how much have we suffered, and how much more to suffer, with aspirations after any thing infinite, except infinite sorrow? To eat, to drink; to destroy a certain number of their species; to reproduce a certain number of the same, two-thirds of whom will die in infancy, a dead waste of pain to their mothers, and of expense to their putative sires. . . . and then—what says Solomon? What befalls them befalls beasts. As one dies, so dies the other; so that they have all one breath, and a man has no pre-eminence over a beast; for all is vanity. All go to one place; all are of the dust, and turn to dust again. Who knows that the breath of man goes upward, and that the breath of the beast goes downward to the earth? Who, indeed, my most wise ancestor? Not I, certainly. Raphael Aben-Ezra, how art thou better than a beast? What pre-eminence hast thou, not merely over this dog, but over the fleas whom thou so wantonly cursest? Man must painfully win house, clothes, fire. . . . A pretty proof of his wisdom, when every flea has the wit to make my blanket, without any labour of his own, lodge him a great deal better than it lodges me! Man makes clothes, and the fleas live in them. . . . Which is the wiser of the two? . . .

"Ah, but—man is fallen. . . . Well—and the flea is not. So much better he than the man; for he is what he was intended to be, and so fulfils the very definition of virtue. . . . which no one can say of us of the red-ochre vein. And even if the old myth be true, and the man only fell, because he was set to do higher work than the flea—What does that prove—but that he could not do it?"

"But his arts and his sciences? . . . Apage! The very sound of those grown-children's rattles turns me sick. . . . One conceited ass in a generation increasing labour and sorrow, and dying after all even as the fool dies, and ten million brutes and slaves, just where their forefathers were, and where their children will be after them, to the end of the farce. . . . The thing that has been, it is that which shall be; and there is no new thing under the sun. . . .

"And as for your palaces, and cities, and temples. . . . look at this Campagna, and judge! Flea-bites go down after a while—and so do they. What are they but the bumps which we human fleas make in the old earth's skin? . . . Make them? We only cause them, as fleas cause flea-bites. . . . What are all the works of man, but a sort of cutaneous disorder in this unhealthy earth-hide, and we a race of larger fleas, running about among its fur, which we call trees? Why should not the earth be an animal? How do I know it is not? Because it is too big? Bah! What is big and what is little? Because it has not the shape of one? . . . Look into a fisherman's net, and see what forms are there! Because it does not speak? . . . Perhaps it has nothing to say, being too busy. Perhaps it can talk no more sense than we. . . . In both cases it shows its wisdom by holding its tongue. Because it moves in one necessary direction? . . . How do I know that it does? How can I tell that it is not flirting with all the seven spheres at once, at this moment? But if it does—so much the wiser of it, if that be the best direction for it. Oh, what a base satire on ourselves and our notions of the fair and fitting, to say that a thing cannot be alive and rational, just because it goes steadily on upon its own road, instead of skipping and scrambling fantastically up and down without method or order, like us and the fleas, from the cradle to the grave! Besides, if you grant, with the rest of the world, that fleas are less noble than we, because they are our parasites, then you

are bound to grant that we are less noble than the earth, because we are its parasites. . . . Positively, it looks more probable than any thing I have seen for many a day. . . . And, by-the-by, why should not earthquakes, and floods, and pestilences, be only just so many ways which the cunning old brute-earth has of scratching herself, when the human fleas and their kind city-bites get too troublesome?"

Our Jew philosopher is ultimately converted; and although we are sorry to say Eros, as in some other cases, was the divinity who effected the change, yet Raphael was in reality a Christian in heart long before the event, at least in sentiments and virtue. Meanwhile the young monk Philammon is sorely tempted, not only by seducing doctrines, but by that great cause of action, whether for good or evil, the fascinations of the fair; but he passes through the ordeal unscathed and manfully, or perhaps, more correctly speaking, spiritually resists the wiles of the wicked old witch Mariam the Jewess. Here is a lesson to our young London fops who lounge about the *coulisses* and the *foyer* at night, or scrutinise with eager eye the broughams on the margin of the Serpentine.

#### TEMPTATION RESISTED.

Poor Philammon! He was no longer master of himself. The arguments—the wine—the terrible spell of the old woman's voice—and eye, and the strong overpowering will which shewed out through them, dragged him along in spite of himself. As if in a dream, he followed her up the stairs.

"There, throw away that stupid, ugly, shapeless philosopher's cloak. So! You have on the white tunic I gave you? And now you look as a human being should. And you have been to the baths to-day? Well—you have the comfort of feeling now like other people, and having that alabaster skin as white as it was created, instead of being tanned like a brute's hide. Drink, I say! Ay—what was that face, that figure made for? Bring a mirror here, hussy! There, look in that and judge for yourself! Were those ripe lips rounded for nothing? Why were those eyes set in your head, and made to sparkle bright as jewels, sweet as mountain honey? Why were those curls laid ready for soft fingers to twine themselves among them, and look all the whiter among the glossy black knots? Judge for yourself!"

Alas! poor Philammon!

"And after all," thought he, "is it not true, as well as pleasant?"

"Sing to the poor boy, girls!—sing to him! and teach him for the first time in his little ignorant life, the old road to inspiration!"

One of the slave-girls sat down on the divan, and took up a double flute; while the other rose, and accompanying the plaintive dreamy air with a slow dance, and delicate tinklings of her silver armlets and anklets, and the *sistrum* which she held aloft, she floated gracefully round and round the floor, and sang—

"Why were we born, but for bliss?"

Why are we ripe, but to fall?"

Dream not that duty can bar thee from beauty,  
Like water and sunshine, the hair-loom of all.

Lips were made only to kiss;

Hands were made only to toy;

Eyes were made only to lure on the lonely,  
The longing, the loving, and drown them in joy!"

Alas, for poor Philammon! And yet no! The very

poison brought with it its own antidote; and, shaking off by one strong effort of will the spell of the music and the wine, he sprang to his feet. . . .

"Never! If love means no more than that—if it is to be a mere delicate self-indulgence, worse than the brute's, because it requires the prostration of nobler faculties, and a selfishness the more huge in proportion to the greatness of the soul which is crushed inward by it—then I will have none of it! I have had my dream—yes! but it was of one who should be at once my teacher and my pupil, my debtor and my queen—who should lean on me, and yet support me—supply my defects, although with lesser light, as the old moon fills up the circle of the new—labour with me side by side in some great work—rising with me for ever as I rose: and this is the base substitute! Never!"

Well, our young hero—for a display of so much Spartan virtue certainly deserves the name—after discovering that Pelagia is his sister; witnessing the fearful murder of Hypatia by the Christians; killing one of the Goths, Pelagia's lover, under circumstances forcibly reminding the reader of a similar scene in Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame;" and often performing other feats of moral and physical courage; is lost sight of for some time, and we only hear of him at the old quarters whence he started. A gloom then settles over men and things, the story terminating while the threads of the narrative are being gathered together in a manner quite befitting the horrible tragedy in which poor Hypatia was the victim. We purposely avoid this awful scene: but here is one so very different, that, though our limits warn us to bring these remarks to a close, it is too graphic and too brilliantly coloured to omit. After a sanguinary combat between certain prisoners and gladiators, wherein the former are of course all massacred on the stage amid the applause of a refined and delighted audience, Pelagia, who has been persuaded to act the part of Venus Anadyomene, appears before the multitude, as the goddess rising from her mother foam, and Aphrodite herself could scarcely exceed the beauty of

#### THE MORTAL VENUS.

Twice the procession passed round the whole circumference of the orchestra, and then returning from the foot of the slope toward the central group around Hephaestus, deployed right and left in front of the stage. The lions and tigers were led away into the side passages; the youths and maidens combined themselves with the gentler animals into groups lessening gradually from the centre to the wings, and stood expectant, while the elephant came forward, and knelt behind the platform destined for the goddess.

The valves of the shell closed. The Graces unlocked the fastenings of the car. The elephant turned his trunk over his back, and, guided by the soft hands of the girls, grasped the shell, and lifting it high in air, deposited it on the steps at the back of the platform.

Hephaestus limped forward, and, with his most uncouth gestures, signified the delight which he had in bestowing such a sight upon his faithful artists of Alexandria, and the unspeakable enjoyment which they were to expect from the mystic dance of the goddess; and then retired, leaving the Graces to advance in front of the platform, and, with their arms twined round each other, begin Hypatia's song of invocation.

As the first strophe died away, the valves of the shell re-opened, and discovered Aphrodite crouching on one knee within. She raised her head, and gazed around the vast circle of seats. A mild surprise was on her countenance, which quickened into delighted wonder, and bashfulness struggling with the sense of new enjoyment and new powers. She glanced downward at herself; and smiled, astonished at her own loveliness; then upward at the sky; and seemed ready, with an awful joy, to spring up into the boundless void. Her whole figure dilated; she seemed to drink in strength from every object which met her in the great universe around; and slowly, from among the shells and seaweeds, she rose to her full height, the mystic cestus glittering round her waist in deep festoons of emeralds and pearls, and stepped forward upon the marble sea-floor, wringing the dripping perfume from her locks, as Aphrodite rose of old.

For the first minute the crowd was too breathless with pleasure to think of applause. But the goddess seemed to require due homage; and when she folded her arms across her bosom, and stood motionless for an instant, as if to demand the worship of the universe, every tongue was loosed, and a thunder-clap of "Aphrodite!" rung out across the roofs of Alexandria, and startled Cyril in his chamber at the Serapeum, and weary muleteers on distant sand-hills, and dozing mariners far out at sea.

And then began a miracle of art, such as was only possible among a people of the free and exquisite physical training, and the delicate æsthetic perception of those old Greeks, even in their most fallen days. A dance, in which every motion was a word, and rest as eloquent as motion; in which every attitude was a fresh motive for a sculptor of the purest school, and the highest physical activity was manifested, not as in the coarser comic pantomimes, in fantastic bounds and unnatural distortions, but in perpetual delicate modulations of a stately and self-restraining grace. The artist was for the moment transformed into the goddess. The theatre, and Alexandria, and the gorgeous pageant beyond, had vanished from her imagination, and therefore from the imagination of the spectators, under the constraining inspiration of her art, and they and she alike saw nothing but the lonely sea around Cythera, and the goddess hovering above its emerald mirror, saying

Birth on sea, and air, and shore, beauty, and joy, and love. . .

Of Hypatia herself, such sad thoughts are attached to her memory that we are but too willing to avoid more than a reference to the part she plays in the sad drama of her life; but in Mr. Kingsley's hands full justice is done to her virtue, beauty, chastity, and misfortunes.

It is not to be expected that a work so ambitious as the one before us should be entirely exempt from blemishes; but they are few and unimportant. Philammon, upon his first introduction to life in a depraved city, becomes *too suddenly* an unsurprised actor; and some of the personages, especially that of Orestes, change in character as the story progresses, not owing to the events, but because the author's first conception of the individual is altered as he proceeds. Most likely this fault in dramatic construction of character—that is, making a mould and not abiding by its impress—arises from the fact of Mr. Kingsley's narrative having been published in the pages of a periodical: but notwithstanding these *paucæ maculæ*, this romance of history—for such is the work, free from the chartism and socialism that have disfigured some of the works of this author—distilling as it were in its every portion the very essence of religion, without one stain of illiberality—may hold respectable rivalry with any work of a similar character in the wide realm of English literature. We are glad to praise heartily when we can do so honestly; for we have often had to speak disparagingly of Mr. Kingsley's books, and, if he should return to former faults and follies, perchance may have to do so again.

*The Young Heiress.* A Novel. By Mrs. TROLLOPE. 3 Vols. Hurst and Blackett.

THE authoress of the present novel has long ago achieved a reputation, in her peculiar sphere, more than sufficient for any ordinary mortal. Nor is it surprising she should have become a general favourite, since her forte is the satirical and the caustic, and nothing so much pleases the majority of mankind as joining in the laugh raised against those foibles and ridiculous points which they are ready to attribute to anybody and everybody but themselves. Though this, however, is the main source of her popularity, we are far from denying her the acute perception of character, exercised to a better purpose, and to which is due, in great measure, the approving verdict pronounced upon her by the novel-reading public. But it is a melancholy fact that the mightiest empires decay, and that Time exhausts the strength of Hercules himself. Mrs. Trollope, then, need

not be offended if we parody the warning given by Gil Blas to the Bishop of Grenada, and hint to her, in the most delicate terms, "*non sis qualis eras.*" The final working-up, indeed, of the story of the "*Young Heiress*" is worthy of her best days, but we are doomed to travel through a considerable extent of dreary wilderness before arriving at that fine picturesque country; and our confidence alone that Mrs. Trollope's genius would at length conduct us thither, supplied us with resolution to traverse the distance. The plot is soon told. Mr. Rixley is the quintessence of all that is abominable in character. We are introduced to him, living in an obscure nook of Cornwall, his establishment consisting of a natural son, William, whose mother is dead; a legitimate daughter by a lady whose destitute condition has been her sole motive for allying herself

with him; and one Sarah Lambert, who, engaged ostensibly as nurse for the children, is installed in the position formerly held by the mother of William. The character drawn of this Sarah Lambert is open to the charge of inconsistency, inasmuch as, while supplanting the wife in the affections of her husband, she tends her in illness with affectionate solicitude, and conceives for the two children the most devoted and unbounded attachment. These conflicting passions, and the extremes to which they drive her, are accounted for by the simple circumstance, whether adequate or not we will not undertake to determine, that she is of Greek origin. Mr. Rixley regards his son William with marked aversion, and treats him with the utmost severity; his feeling towards his wife and daughter is that of indifference, if not of dislike; and Sarah Lambert herself has but little hold on him, he not hesitating to curse her whenever her views happen to differ from his own. Such is the state of affairs within his immediate domestic circle; but the concentration of his hatred is directed against his brother, partly on the grounds alleged by the Athenian citizen against Aristides, that he cannot endure to hear him perpetually praised, but mainly because this brother has been the successful suitor of a lady for whose hand they were rivals. Though possessor of a fine estate, bequeathed him by an uncle, in the neighbourhood of London, he resides in a remote part of the country, in order to avoid all contact with his brother. Lest this should be doubted, hear his own words—"You know, as long as I remained in London, or at Beauchamp Park either, I was sure to see and hear something of the man I hated; for as long as my mother lived, they continued to reside in London, where the hypocrite parson had at last got appointed to a chapel." It was solely "for the sake of gratifying his fiend-like hatred of his brother" that the amiable Mr. Rixley was induced to involve himself in the trammels of matrimony, in the hope of excluding him from the succession by begetting a direct heir. His wife soon relieves him of her presence, and, becoming more and more estranged from the "Young Heiress" she has furnished him with, he resolves upon a second marriage, hoping to provide himself with a son and heir, to the exclusion both of his daughter and his brother from the estate. While meditating on this project, Mr. Rixley, in one of the constantly-recurring altercations with his son William, makes him acquainted for the first time with his illegitimacy, and this in the most insulting and opprobrious terms. His son, stung to the quick, and transported with indignation, retorts furiously upon his father, and forms the resolution of renouncing both his name and his

house. The next morning Mr. Rixley is found dead in his bed, the victim of poison, and his son William has disappeared. A warrant of arrest is issued against him, on a charge of murder, but he is nowhere to be found. When the commotion, consequent on these catastrophes had subsided, the "Young Heiress," Helen, removes to Beauchamp Park, whither she invites her uncle, the Rev. Mr. Rixley, his wife, son, and daughter; and forthwith sets herself very magnanimously to devise the best means of indemnifying them for their exclusion from a property of which, but for her, they would be the possessors. In the course of a few years she contrives to lay by a sufficient sum to purchase a commission for the son, and gives a splendid fancy ball, at which the daughter appears in so fascinating a costume as to win the heart of Lord Lympson, a wealthy peer of the neighbourhood. Mr. Harrington, another great landed proprietor, falls in love with Helen herself, who reciprocates his attachment; and all goes smoothly till Mr. Harrington, in the course of conversation, happens to declare, that though he would gladly, nay, by preference, marry a penniless wife, if that were her only defect, he would shrink with horror from unbounded wealth if allied with dishonour. On hearing this, the illegitimacy of her brother William, and the fearful charge of parricide hanging over his head, arises before her eyes, and overwhelms her with embarrassment. The circumstances not being publicly known, she dreads to avow them, and is thus constrained suddenly to adopt a reserve in her conduct towards her lover, of which he vainly seeks an explanation. The little manoeuvres of Helen to provide handsomely for her cousins, and the difficulties attendant upon the anomalous state of her relations with Harrington, drag their slow length along through the greater part of the second and third volumes. We may safely aver that their interest would be doubled were the space occupied in their narration contracted to one half. While these affairs *voient leur train* at Beauchamp Park, Sarah Lambert, having realised a small property, resolves to seek her wandering William the wide world over. By dint of diligent inquiry she at length learns that he has enlisted in a regiment ordered on service beyond sea; with which clue she tracks him over land and water for five long years, till she unearths her quarry in India in the person of Captain Maurice, he having renounced his father's name and adopted that of his mother. The fugitive and forlorn William has become an officer of high reputation, having saved his general's life, and subsequently distinguished himself by a series of brilliant services in the field. He is ignorant of every thing that has

occurred at home since his flight—even of his father's death. Sarah Lambert enlightens him on all points, saving only the fearful imputation resting on him; and, having ascertained that he designs returning at once to England, she has accomplished the object of her existence, and does not long survive. The gallant Captain Maurice, whose fame has preceded him, has a joyful meeting with his long-lost sister Helen, who, on her part, thus attains all that was wanting to her happiness. A threatening cloud supervenes for a time over this sunny scene. A brother officer, who happens to have relatives in the neighbourhood of the old house in Cornwall, hears the story of the mysterious death of Mr. Rixley, and the suspicions attaching to his son, all which he unwittingly retails in a company of which the Captain is one. This wholly unlooked-for arraignment, though unconsciously made, falls like a thunderbolt upon him. He instantly avows himself to be the person implicated, and, in the first burst of his indignation, hurls a deadly defiance against his accuser. On reflection, however, he sees that sending a ball through the head of his brother-officer will not exorcise the frightful apparition that has arisen in his path; and he therefore demands a legal trial and in-

vestigation. Measures are about to be taken accordingly, when the solicitor engaged in the business, who has in his custody certain testamentary and other papers entrusted to him by Sarah Lambert, opens them, on receiving notice of her death, and discovers among them one in which she explicitly proclaims herself the murderess of Mr. Rixley, by mixing poison with his nightly draught, her declared motive being to secure the inheritance to her beloved Helen. The character of this Sarah Lambert has some original force about it, and those of William and Helen are both strikingly drawn. Their recognition, also, of each other, and the manner in which the former repels the sudden and startling charge brought against him, are highly-wrought scenes, which alone take this work out of the rank of common-place. We must, however, repent that, as a whole, it is injuriously attenuated by being drawn out into disproportionate length. In reviewing Mrs. Trollope's "*Mrs. Matthews*," rather more than a year ago, we advised the novel-reading public to skip that and read the next. The "*next*" having now appeared, we are loth to recall that advice; but, in repeating it and abiding by it, we must needs do so with the *caveat*, that a volume and a half may be skipped in this with advantage.

*Sir Frederick Derwent.* By the Author of "*Fabian's Tower*," and "*Smugglers and Foresters*." London: Thomas C. Newby. 1852.

THIS is another specimen of those quiet meandering narratives which have scarcely a ripple on their surface, and never deviate from one strait monotonous course. It is, in truth, just such a story as makes the reader wonder by what act of volition it was written, and, when written, what amount of self-delusion induced Him, Her, or It, to lay it before the judgment-seat of a publisher; and, when before that functionary, what fatality and infatuation induced him to usher it into the world.

The gist of the tale is this:—Sir Frederick Derwent is a country gentleman, upon whose respectable head some fifty summers have shone: he is kind, generous, and affectionate, with only such blemishes in his character as are common to the helpless race of bachelors. His orphan niece arrives at his house, accompanied by her companion, "a lively, beautiful girl," with whom it is easy to perceive the uncle will fall in love. The hatred of the Capulets for the Montagues is here represented by an analogous feud between Sir Frederick and a family named Pemberton, living near him, and, as a sequence to the novelist's necessities, the niece falls in love with a member of the hated family, though fortunately he is a clergyman of a right moral mould, and of

proper physical form. Meanwhile, entertainments are given all the country round, and a gentle simmer of embroglio commences amongst all parties. Right and left too, or, more properly, right and wrong, ladies of all descriptions make love to Sir Frederick, who, discovering the sort of interest he feels for the pretty girl under his roof, by more than a jealous twinge or two, when certain gay young Hungarian noblemen pay Miss Clarice very marked attention, and when, moreover, the young lady is seen *tête-à-tête* with a moustached gentleman. It turns out, however, the Hungarian is the father-in-law of Clarice—a discovery very agreeable to the Baronet, and he at once declares his own passion, and pleads his own cause with the greatest possible propriety. The seeds of a quarrel, however, have been sown: Sir Frederick fights the Hungarian, and, much to his own surprise, as doubtless to that of the Hungarian himself, Sir Frederick wounds his man, who falls apparently lifeless, and the Baronet is obliged to escape in a vessel, which is soon after wrecked. The Pembertons, at this event, as heirs of Sir Frederick, take possession of all his goods and chattels, save and except his niece and the fair Clarice.

Sir Frederick Derwent, in the natural course



of events, is not drowned; the Hungarian officer does not die; and the former returns to his house just as old Pemberton is making a speech in return for the honours of his health and prosperity (in his relative's shoes) having been proposed.

In due time Miss Derwent marries Lewis Pemberton, the good Parson, and Clarice acknowledges her love for her kind guardian, giving, we trust, undeniable evidence thereof, by becoming his wife; and so the work ends, just as the reader imagines it will end, which is highly satisfactory to his powers of perception. And the end thereof is the best part.

It is impossible to resist one quotation from this remarkable work, inasmuch as it is a lively bit of domestic painting; not exactly still life, but something like it; and not precisely a Dutch, but an English interior. In fact, it may be justly described as the art of waking a gentleman when the house is disturbed by robbers. At present we will term it

#### CLARICE AND THE SLEEPY UNCLE.

Clarice did not hesitate. She regretted that she had not thought of it sooner. In Laura's place—since her friend was unequal to encountering any alarm—she resolved to waken this determined sleeper; and, without feeling any apprehension, she mounted the stairs again, with Reynolds following at a short distance, and knocked, as a preliminary measure, at Sir Frederick's door. He did not speak, and there was no time to lose. She was obliged to go in.

As Clarice stepped over the threshold she felt extremely timid. She hoped Sir Frederick Derwent would not be displeased at the liberty she was taking, and was half inclined to draw back; but the butler looked at her imploringly, and she did not like to expose the old man's grey hairs to a danger which he evidently feared to provoke. Sir Frederick Derwent was very sound asleep, after the fatigues of the day. She called to him twice, but he did not hear or answer.

The room was a large and commodious one, as it behaved to be, seeing that it belonged to the master of the mansion. A thick carpet would have muffled the sound of heavier footsteps than those of Clarice, as she lightly crossed the floor. The curtains were drawn in front of the windows, excluding the glare of the lightning; and the rain did not come flooding against them. A lamp was burning on a table, near the centre of the apartment.

Clarice made another attempt to rouse him, as she stood at the foot of the bed; but Il Burbero Benefico neither stirred nor spoke. He looked the very image of comfortable repose; so sound asleep that his countenance seemed more youthful than when he was awake, its expression was so serenely placid. One arm lay on the coverlid, and the dreaded pistols, if he extended it in the very slightest degree, were immediately within his grasp, on a table by the side of the very comfortable-looking, antique, and curiously-carved four-post bedstead.

Seeing that her voice did not reach his slumbering faculties, Clarice went to the side of the couch, and touched his hand, not without some trepidation as to the consequences. It did not clasp the murderous weapons near him; but the fingers closed upon her own. Still Sir Frederick Derwent did not awaken from his lethargy.

For a moment she was at a loss how to proceed; but another shot in the park startled her into more energetic measures. The man, in some way or other, must be awakened. It was impossible to stand on ceremony. She withdrew her hand—not, of course, caring whether

the action roused him—and resolved to shake her friend's lazy uncle slightly by the shoulder. Even this was not enough. Sir Frederick was disturbed, but not restored to consciousness. He turned a little more towards her, and, by the movement, imprisoned the fair fingers which had been so imperatively laid upon his arm.

Clarice was quite provoked with him. She called loudly in his ear that the whole family were being murdered, and wanted his assistance. This summons had the desired effect. Sir Frederick started up, and, in so doing, released her hand, opened his eyes with less difficulty than she had anticipated, and looked at her.

He seemed to find some time necessary to make him comprehend what was amiss. No wonder, when thus suddenly awakened from such profound slumber. He took her hand again, and praised her courage. It was a good thought of Reynolds's to send a lady to waken a sleeping man. He scarcely knew what would have been the consequence if he had seen any thing wearing the masculine form standing at his bedside; but she was in no danger from the pistols.

Clarice now drew back, and called in the old man to tell his story. She heard Sir Frederick speak to him kindly. He did not seem angry with him for his timidity. Her errand thus satisfactorily performed, she went back to her apartment. A very short time passed before Sir Frederick issued from his chamber, and she saw him, with several of the servants, but as noiselessly as possible, take his way through the shrubberies, in the direction of the keeper's lodge.

Before a writer sits down seriously to go through the very laborious work of penning some hundreds of pages of MS. it would be as well to consider whether there is any especial feature to be introduced into the narrative which will spoil the whole tale, be it written never so well, and the plot constructed never so cleverly. In the work before us this fault stands forth in most disagreeable relief. How is it possible for the reader to feel ordinary interest in the loves of a middle-aged commonplace gentleman and of a young girl, especially when the portrait of the former is presented to us in such an outline as the following—

#### THE HERO OF THE NOVEL.

Sir Frederick Derwent was a fine-looking, middle-aged man, with hair inclining to grey, and a countenance which had not a single line about it that told of self-denial. Its expression was frank and jovial; his manner careless and free. He was a person of whom it might with perfect truth be said, that no one knew better how to behave like a gentleman. Perhaps this mode of expression implies that there are occasions when the individual on whom this equivocal praise is bestowed does not take the trouble to keep up the character.

On the present emergency his behaviour was quite unexceptionable. He kissed both his niece and her companion the moment he perceived that Clarice was pretty enough to merit the honour; and most emphatically welcomed them to his house. A re-action of feeling, which did him great service in the eyes of his niece, came over him as he looked at her deep mourning and fast-flowing tears. He could not at all recover himself until he had hastily poured out a glass of sherry from a decanter on the table in the hall.

There really ought to be an Act for the suppression of puerility of this kind, and the offence of publishing it should be made punishable before some grave literary Prætor.

*Cyrilla, a Tale.* By the BARONESS TAUTPHOEUS, Author of "The Initials." In 2 Vols.  
London: Richard Bentley. 1853.

A CRUISE in the Dead Sea, or a journey through the country of the Tuaricks, would, we imagine, to compare great evils with small ones, produce sensations analogous to those induced by wading through these three volumes of closely-printed mediocrity. Not even a little oasis, where the spring of original thought might be supposed to bubble up, could we find in the dreary waste; and, if occasionally, (remembering what really good materials composed a former work by the same pen) we expected a little rising ground of amusement, or a scene of fresher view and greener pasture, the one disappears as the horizon recedes before the traveller, and the other proves to be the mirage of the desert. Emphatically, this book is flat, stale, and unprofitable. Its crude conventionalities are only varied by vulgarity, and its want of interest by a repulsive plot. The latter, such as it is, may be thus alphabetically described:—

A. is an aunt, who wishes to dispose of her niece in marriage to her nephew.

B., the niece, is a beauty who, falling in love with a Count, clandestinely marries him, although the said Count has a wife already living. When B. discovers this disagreeable fact (albeit a delicate and virtuous young lady), she keeps the secret inviolate. It must be premised, however, that the sterile shores of Platonism are judiciously kept in view. The beauty, however, soon tires of this state of things, and she and her cousin become mutually enamoured of each other. Had this little episode occurred earlier, all parties would have been satisfied—the aunt, the nephew, the niece, and more especially the reader; for, in that case, "Cyrilla" would never have been born into the world of circulating libraries. B., being now united to a gentleman, as one of two wives, desires naturally enough to break the chains which enthrall her; but her husband refuses all appeals, urged, as they are, by the most earnest solicitations and tears. Just at this juncture, however, the Count's original spouse dies in an epileptic fit, in the presence of her rival, in whose fair shoulders she buries her nails (!),—the last mark of her regard. Poor B., the beauty, is thus compelled to become irrevocably the better half of a very bad whole.

C., the Count, a double-faced and double-dyed villain, after refusing to liberate his victim, urges his rival, the favoured cousin, to fight, and so manages to dispose of him *secundum artem*.

D., a dowager aunt, is a stiff, proud, middle-aged lady, most unpleasant in every way to the moral nostril of relatives, friends, and domestics.

E., is Edouard, the christian name of the most unchristian hero.

F. is a fantastic pseudo-literary lady, as also the signature of certain fashionable personages, who are supposed, in their conversation, to reflect German sentiment, and in their actions, as here detailed, to give us an idea of German manners.

Last, but not least of this octave of personages, out of which the author has evoked such utter discord, comes G., the generous young gentleman, the good cousin to wit, who dies so ignobly in the duel, and who is the best and only redeeming character in the tale.

A certain *literality* of description and dialogue pervades the whole of this very disagreeable work, which would not only be a merit, but a very useful quality in describing some species of the human family wholly unknown even to the Professor Owens of the day, but which becomes lamentably tedious when describing our good cousins and relatives, who dwell in a well-known quarter of Europe, and whose social manners and habits very nearly approach our own.

In the hands of a true literary artist, the plot of *Cyrilla*, notwithstanding its forbidding features, might be made a subject of strong dramatic interest; but power and refinement must become the motive and moving forces in the achievement. As it is, we seldom remember to have met with a work in which, while a certain propriety is preserved, good taste and delicacy are so unblushingly violated—a matter to be the more regretted, because the authoress has done better things, and is evidently a lady of undeniable talent. As a specimen of *taste*, let us take the following scene, where wife number one erroneously imagines she overhears a confession of love uttered by wife number two to their mutual husband:—

#### THE TWO SPOUSES.

"No, dearest love," he cried, drawing her towards him with a vehemence she did not dare to resist, vainly hoping that at last he was about to relent; "No! Let us fly from these intolerable endless trials—let us leave for ever this country, where nought but frustrated plans and disappointed hopes have been our portion. In America, that land of promise to all our suffering countrymen, a home already awaits us. I have delayed this explanation until all, even the most minute, arrangements have been completed—It was but yesterday that I sent the last remittance to Cincinnati, forwarded a large sum of money to London, and received the passport I required from Berlin. Delay will now be dangerous in every way. For, should my intention to leave Germany be spoken of, should any thing about this passport transpire, I shall be compelled to excuse conduct so apparently criminal, by a full confession of our clandestine marriage at Spa."

*Cyrilla* released herself from him with the energy of despair, but all her attempts at articulation were ineffectual.

"Don't look so horrified; have I not a right to ask you to follow me to America, Africa, anywhere in the world?"

She did not answer, but grasped the nearest chair, and seemed to breathe with difficulty, while an increased paleness overspread her features.



Zorndorff became uneasy. "Cyrilla—my love—for Heaven's sake speak to me."

But she only gazed at her tormentor with quivering lips. "You are alarmed—shocked—" he continued, "and must have time to consider this proposal. Remember I do not ask you to commit a crime, I only entreat you to fulfil a duty. See, at your feet I entreat—implore you to consent—implore when I might—command."

Although strongly impressed with the idea that she still clung to him with undiminished affection, the expression of her face, as she struggled to release her hand from his, had something so very like abhorrence, that he started up, and some violent explosion of passion might have ensued, had she not murmured the word "Margaret" as she turned to leave him.

"Bestow your compassion on me rather than on her," he said bitterly; "she aided and abetted in the most infamous imposition that ever was practised on man! Stay, Cyrilla, and hear all my misery!"

"No—my own portion is enough for me," she answered, sighing deeply: "our conference is at an end, and I shall never demand another."

"Then you must hear me now," cried Zorndorff vehemently. "Margaret has imposed on me—deceived me—talked of her nerves—pretended somnambulism—all to prevent my discovering, or even suspecting, the real nature of her disease, until it was too late. Her physician, too, was in the plot, and never even hinted that fits of the most frightful description have been hereditary in her family for many generations!"

"Fits!"

"Epilepsy, and to a degree that admits of no hope; and she may live, Cyrilla, live, like most of her family, long enough to become an idiot, and to make me a maniac!"

"No, no, no, no—never—never!" screamed a voice from the conservatory, and, with a harsh horrid cry of anguish, Margaret rushed into the room. The ghastliness of her appearance was greatly increased by her ball-dress with its artificial flowers, and she seemed to feel this herself, for she tore the lilies from her hair with frantic gesticulations, flung them on the ground, and stamped her foot upon them.

Cyrilla thought her mad, and endeavoured to move unperceived towards the door; but Margaret sprang after her, and with a strength that seemed supernatural, held her arm, while she gasped out the words, "He . . . that man there, is false, Cyrilla—false—you know it as well—no, not so well as I do now! But I loved him—O, so devotedly, that had I known the nature of my illness, I call Heaven to witness, had I known it, I should never have been his wife!"

With passionate gestures, and breathless eagerness, she continued rapidly: "At no period of our acquaintance did I endeavour to deceive him in any way. He knew that I was wretchedly unhealthy—every one knew it; but from a mistaken notion of kindness or consideration, no one ever mentioned the word epilepsy before me. I now understand it all; it was for this reason that my father made me promise never to dismiss Vica, who has been with me from my infancy. It was fits of this kind that wore out my brother and brought him to an early grave, and it is this which is now to make me an idiot!" Here she released Cyrilla's arm, shuddered, and, looking wildly round her, advanced a few steps nearer Zorndorff, and said, "You love riches and luxury, Edouard—they are even dearer to you than honour. I would not deprive you of them if I could—but all I have is, yours. Is it not so? Was not that the purport of the paper I signed a few days after my father's death? Even that did not enlighten me. I was an idiot even then, Edouard; but for the short remainder of my life you will give me a pittance to secure me from want, for I—cannot work—you know."

"Good Heavens, Margaret, what do you mean?" exclaimed Zorndorff, in a voice stifled by contending emotions.

"I mean to leave you—for ever. After what I have

heard this night, what else can I do? Your house is no longer mine; but God is merciful, and will provide me a place where I may hide my wretchedness from the eyes of the world."

She was evidently in a state of desperate excitement as she pronounced these words, and perceptibly staggered while endeavouring to reach one of the glass doors that opened into the garden.

"Margaret, where are you going? Listen to me. Let me explain—" cried Zorndorff, while he placed himself before her, endeavouring to prevent her from falling; but, as he touched her, she sprang from him, with a long loud piercing scream, and throwing her arms round Cyrilla, clung to her convulsively. Melanie, alarmed by the unexpected shriek, made violent and ineffectual efforts to enter the room. Zorndorff strode towards Cyrilla, and casting a look of horror on his wife, tried to remove her. She writhed as if in agony, breathed quickly, gasped, moaned, sobbed, and when at length her head was raised, the paleness of death was on her features, as they worked in hideous convulsions. The rolling of the sightless eyes, the audible grinding of the teeth, the white foam that gathered round the parted lips, shocked Cyrilla beyond measure. She had never seen any one in a similar state; and though compassion at first induced her to repel Zorndorff's attempts to relieve her, and she tried as well as she could to support the suffering woman, who seemed to have sought her protection; yet, on perceiving that total unconsciousness had commenced, she endeavoured to assist him. One hand had closed on her arm with a grasp of iron, and he gently, yet firmly, drew up one by one the convulsed fingers, letting the hand close of itself in a manner probably well known to him; but the long emaciated fingers of the other, on being less carefully, though with great difficulty, extricated from Cyrilla's hair, fell on the shoulder nearest them, and in a moment the nails were buried in the flesh; every effort to remove them causing long scratches, from which the blood flowed. Cyrilla recoiled, and though no sound escaped her lips, she unintentionally betrayed some impatience and pain, as, in self-defence, she pulled the offending hand. Zorndorff became exasperated—furious. He used force—angry force,—dragged back the fingers, —and when at last the hand was in his, flung it so violently from him, that the unhappy woman fell heavily to the ground, where the convulsions subsided by degrees into a more than deathlike rigidity.

"I have murdered her," he said gloomily, as he raised the lifeless form, and placed it on a sofa; and while Cyrilla sprang to the door to admit Melanie tears of remorse gushed plentifully from his eyes.

Melanie was more annoyed than surprised to find her niece in the room. The scream had made known to her the disagreeable interruption of the important interview; but so unconscious was she that any thing more than a common attack of epilepsy had taken place, that she unlocked the doors, admitted fresh air through the windows, rang the bell, and felt Margaret's pulse with perfect composure.

"Doctor Hurtig and Vica," she said calmly to the servant, who instantly appeared. And when directly afterwards the latter entered the room, she turned to Cyrilla, and scarcely looking at her, observed, "We must return to the ball-room, it will never do if we are all absent—I hope we have not been missed."

And Cyrilla followed her into the adjoining room in silence; but there, throwing herself into the nearest chair, she burst into a passion of tears.

It was only then that Melanie perceived her sister's crushed dress, disordered hair, and bleeding shoulder: she stopped and looked at her with an expression of amazement and inquiry.

"Margaret overheard—all—" said Cyrilla; but tears choked her utterance, and further explanation was then impossible.

When the Ratcliffe school of novelists was

in the ascendant, in the time of red-heels and periwigs, one of their productions commenced with the following exquisite specimen of an anti-climax:—"It was not without some emotion that Arabella (for such was the name of the heroine) beheld forty niches, and in each niche a robber with his sword drawn." Just in the same way the most terrific scenes occur in *Cyrilla*, and the horror which might be supposed to strike people dumb evaporates with "a burst of passionate tears," or, as our authoress writes when describing the effects of one of the most awful fits that afflict humanity, and that too in the presence of the bigamist and his victim,—“the rolling of the sightless eyes, the audible grinding of the teeth, the white foam that gathered around the parting lips”—what terrific effect follows! does it make poor *Cyrilla*'s senses reel and utterly prostrate her? not at all,—only “shocked her beyond measure!” So we should suppose! But the pathos of the work is not its only demerit, for expressions of bad taste offend the reader continually. Amongst the Germans, in good society, it is not usual for refined young ladies to utter such an expression as, “No one, I am sure, would imagine that that civil housemaid of my aunt's *shoved* half a tree in its gaping mouth.” Nor would a young gentleman of good breeding, in any Prussian or Austrian society, make constant use of the word “*infernal*” before ladies.

To turn from a subject so unpleasant, here is a little scene characteristic enough, but at which we can fancy the shade of some Teutonic ancestor of the actors in the pastime, looking on, in the invisibility of a phantom, smiling grimly, or may be sadly, like Dante watching the floating form of Francesca di Rimini in the infernal regions. Conceive the jousts and tilting of the middle ages degenerating into

#### THE CHALKED HAND.

Under Klemmheim's directions a tolerably large space was enclosed, and the spectators retired to a clump of oaks, and seated themselves on garden-chairs, camp-stools, and benches; crowds of servants, under pretence of assisting, hurried to and fro. The officers, whose arrival had been the incentive to all these proceedings, again mounted, and took up their stations at different parts of the barriers; the President advanced, his eyes fixed intently on his watch, and followed by a servant carrying a folded flag, and at the same moment three

horses were led forward. Rupert, Klemmheim, and Stauffen, after exchanging some gestures of mock defiance, advanced to meet them; laughingly, but with unusual attention, they examined girths, bit, and bridle, drew on their gloves, vaulted lightly into their saddles, and extended their right hands to be chalked. Rupert could not resist the temptation to try his on the shoulder of the groom, who had evidently bestowed a double quantity on his master's glove, with the laudable intention of making his victory notorious: nothing could be more perfect than the impression of the sprawling hand; nothing more exhilarating than the shout of laughter that followed.

The President gave the signal, and they all pressed eagerly forward: even in doing so, there was something characteristic in their manner. Klemmheim was daring and thoughtless, Rupert agile and dexterous, Stauffen steady and wary: and these qualities they exhibited unremittingly as they chased each other round the enclosed space, endeavouring to keep close to the fence, where the left shoulders were safe from their opponents, and their right hands ready to descend should opportunity offer. Unfeeling were the impetuous charges made by Klemmheim to obtain this envied position, but Stauffen's horse invariably reared to save his rider from the intended blow; and Rupert not unfrequently threw himself completely on the other side of his, and laughed merrily as Klemmheim's hand waved violently and fruitlessly in the air above him. One or two narrow escapes at length made Rupert in earnest and Stauffen determined; unconsciously they made common cause against their impetuous adversary, and after the following encounter Klemmheim bore the mark of defeat on his jacket. Rendered desperate by having nothing more to lose, he dashed after Stauffen, who, in his endeavours to escape him, received the dreaded mark from Rupert, while passing him in full career. From that moment the interest of the spectators increased visibly; they pressed towards the barriers, and unreservedly bestowed all their anxiety on Rupert, who, hotly pursued by adversaries who had nothing to fear from him, was obliged to make use of all his art and activity to escape; he turned so often and so suddenly, forced his horse to such violent springs, that he was for some time unapproachable; and at length, when hemmed in completely, and just as every one supposed all lost, he threw himself flat on his back, and once more laughed as the hands waved harmlessly over his head. How much longer he could have evaded his pursuers it is hard to say: they were again forcing him to perform the most extraordinary manœuvres, when the President gave the signal to unfurl the flag, and declared Rupert victor.

But enough in all conscience of *Cyrilla*, and of the characters grouped around her. The name of Erskine demands at least attention to an authoress belonging to that illustrious family, and attention we have bestowed. Praise, also, we will gladly award, with no niggard hand, if the authoress, clever as she certainly is, will write another novel the antithesis of this one.

**SAM SLICK'S *Wise Saws and Modern Instances*. 2 Vols. 8vo. Hurst and Blackett. 1853.**

EVERY production of Mr. Justice Halliburton must be replete with observation, keen satire, and racy humour.

Mr. Halliburton is what they call a “blue nose” in the western world, which means a Nova Scotian. His creation, Sam Slick, is a Yankee,

and the medium of conveying the Canadian estimate of Yankees. It is well to keep this in mind when we read his books.

Sam Slick, it seems, received a roving commission from his President to examine into and report upon the much-talked-of fisheries on the

horses of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island—sources of wealth of far more importance, and of far greater value, than California; and yet in our hands, or rather in those of our colonists, at present almost unproductive.

It is evident, however, that Jonathan, wide-awake to all that concerns his interests, is fully alive to their capabilities, and has made up his mind to their acquisition at all hazards.

Sam started with due alacrity upon his errand, receiving six dollars a-day wages, and six more for travelling expenses, with permission, if he thought proper, to charter a vessel for the purpose of carrying on his investigations.

During his cruise he throws off as usual a number of sparkling sallies, remarkable for their truth, wit, and cutting sarcasm. We cannot forbear selecting a few as specimens.

Speaking with an English nobleman on the subject of the House of Commons, he observes, truly enough, that "it a'int the people of England."

#### THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"Very true," said his Lordship.

"Well," said I, "since the Reform Bill, that House don't do you much credit. You talk to the educated part of it, the agitators there don't talk to you in reply: they talk to the people outside, and have a great advantage over you. A good Latin quotation will be cheered by Lord John Manners and Sir Robert Inglis, and even Lord John Russell himself; but Hume talks about cheap bread, universal suffrage, vote by ballot, no sodgers, no men-o'-war, no colonies, no taxes, and no nothin'. Well, while you are cheered by half-a-dozen scholars in the House, he is cheered by millions outside."

"There is a great deal of truth in that observation, Mr. Slick," said he; "it never struck me in that light before: I see it now;" and he rose and walked up and down the room. "That accounts for O'Connell's success."

"Exactly," said I. "He didn't ask you for justice to Ireland, expecting to convince you, for he knew he had more than justice to Ireland, while England got no justice there; nor did he applaud the Irish for your admiration, but that they might admire him and themselves. His speeches were made in the House, but not addressed to it; they were delivered for the edification of his countrymen. Now, though you won't condescend to what I call wisdom, but what you call 'popularity huntin' and soft sawder,' there's your equals in that House that do."

Conversing with the American President respecting the members of the Upper House, he expresses an opinion that "they don't understand the people."

#### THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

"They don't," said I, "that's a fact. Do the people understand them? Not always," said I.

"Zactly," said he, "when you have born senators, you must have born fools sometimes."

"And when you elect," said I, "you sometimes elect a raven distracted goney of a feller too."

"Next door to it," said President, larfin', "and if they aint quite fools, they are entire rogues, that's a fact; eh, Slick! Well, I suppose each way has its merits, six of one and half-a-dozen of the other."

"But the President," and he adjusted his collar and cravat. "He ought to be the chosen of the people; and Sam (it was the first time he'd called me that, but I see

he was warmin') it's a proud, a high and a lofty station too, aint it? To be the elect of twenty-five millions of free, independent, and enlightened white citizens, that have three millions of black niggers to work and swet for 'em, while they smoke and talk, takes the rag off of European monarchs; don't it?"

"Very," said I, risin' to take leave. "And President," said I, for as he seemed determined to stand in the market, I thought I might just as well make short meter of it, and sell him at once—"President," said I, "I congratulate the nation on havin' chosen a man whose first, last, and sole object is to serve his country, and yourself on the honour of filling a chair far above all the thrones, kingdoms, queendoms, and empires in the unevsarsal world." And we shook hands and parted.

Here is a sly hit at the sympathisers on both sides of the Atlantic.

#### THE FREE NIGGER.

"Why who the plague are you?" said I, "Satan, Satan? I never heard that name afore. Who are you?" "Juno's son, Sir! You mind, massa, she was always fond of fine names, and called me *Oilyander*."

"Why, Oleander," said I, "my boy, is that you?" and I held out my hand to him, and shook it heartily. I heard Old Blowhard inwardly groan at this violation of all decency; but he said nothin' till the man withdrew.

"Mr. Slick," said he, "I am astonished at you shakin' hands with that critter, that is as black as the devil's hind foot. If he was a slave you might make free with him, but you can't with these northern free niggers: it turns their head, and makes them as forred and as sarcy as old Scratch himself. They are an idle, lazy, good-for-nothin' race, and I wish in my soul they were all shipped off out of the country to England, to ladies of quality and high degree there, that make such an everlastin' touse about them, that they might see and know the critters they talk such nonsense about. The devil was painted black long before the slave-trade was ever thought of. All the abolition women in New, and all the sympathisin' ladies in Old England put together, can't make an Ethiopiean change his skin. A nigger is—a nigger, that's a fact."

"Captin'," said I, "*rank folly is a weed that is often found in the tall rank grass of fashion*; but it's too late to-night to talk about emancipation, slavery, and all that."

During the calm, an Indian having wounded a porpoise, the fish dived and disappeared.

"Well done, feminine gender," said the pilot.

"How can you tell it's a female porpoise?" said the Captain.

#### SHE NATURE.

"What will you bet?" said the mate, "it's a she porpoise?"

"Five dollars," said the pilot. "Cover them," holding out the silver coins in his hand; "cover them;" which was no sooner done than he quietly put them into his pocket.

"Who shall decide?" said the mate.

"I'll leave it to yourself," said Eldad, coolly. "I'll take your own word for it, that's fair, aint it?"

"Well it is so, that's a fact."

"Jump overboard then, and swim off, and see if I aint right." The loud laugh of the men who heard the catch, rewarded the joke. "But here is your money," he said; "I know it to be fact, and a bet is only fair when there is a chance of losin', that's my logic, at any rate."

"How do you know it then?" said the skipper.

"Because it stands to reason, to natur', and to logic."

"Well, come," said the captain, "let us sit down here and see how you prove the gender of the fish by reason, natur', and logic."

"Well," said Eldad, "there is natur' in all things."

Among humans there is three kinds, white natur', nigger natur', and Indjin natur'; then there is fish natur', and horse natur', musquit natur', and snakes natur', and he natur', and she natur', at least that's my logic. Well, it's the natur' of porpoises, when a she one gets wounded, that all the other porpoises race right arter her, and chase her to death. They shew her no mercy. Human natur' is the same as fish natur' in this particler, and is as scaly too. When a woman gets a wound from an arrow shot out by scandal, or envy, or malice, or falsehood, for not keeping her eye on the compass, and shapin' her course as she ought to: men, women, and boys, parsons, and their tea-goin' gossipin' wives, pious galls and prim old maids, all start off in full cry like a pack of bloodhounds arter her, and tear her to pieces; and if she earths, and has the luck to get safe into a hole fust; they howl and yell round it every time she shews her nose, like so many imps of darkness. It's the race of charity, to see which long-legged, cantin', bilious-lookin' crittur can be in first at the death. They turn up the whites of their eyes like ducks in thunder, at a fox-hunt, it's so wicked; but a gall-hunt they love dearly, it's 'servin' the Lord."

"But that still don't prove it's a female porpoise," said Cutler.

"Yes it does," replied Eldad; "they darn't sarve a man that way: if they get up a hunt on hifi, he don't run, he shews fight; he turns round and says, 'Come on one at a time and I'll handle you, or two together, if you like, you cowards, or all in a heap, and I'll fight till I die, but I won't run; that's he-natur', you see.' Now if the wounded porpoise was a male, wouldn't he turn also, butt with his head and thrash with his tail like a brave fellow? he'd a seen 'em all shot and speared first afore he'd run. No, the natur' of a wounded gall and a wounded she-porpoise is to run for it; so that fish is feminine-gender, according to my logic."

There are few among our fair readers who will deny that there is much shrewdness in the following amusing persiflage—

#### THE GENTLE SEX AND THE GENTLE ART.

"Natur' has given her a tongue," said I, "so loose and iley on its hinge, it's the nearest thing in creation to perpetual motion. Oh! if ever you was in a fish-market to London, you'd hear 'em use it in perfection! Don't the words come easy, and such words too, no livin' soul ever heard afore; not jaw-breakin' words, such as black gentlemen use to shew their knowledge of dictionary, but heart-breakin' words, not heavy, thick, and stinging. Why they call a feller more names in a minit than would sarve half the Spanish grandees, and one of them chap's names cover the whole outside of a letter, and hardly leave room for the place of direction at the eend of it. Pretty names they use too do those fishwomen, only they have a leetle—just a leetle—taint about 'em, and aint quite as sweet as stale fish. There never was a man yet could stand them. Well, if they can't fight, and are above slang, and scorn scoldin', they can tease beautiful, drive a man ravin' distracted mad."

"Did you ever see a horse race and chase? tear and bang, jump and kick, moan and groan, round and round, over and over a paster' with his mouth open, his nostrils spread wide, his eyes staring, his tail up, his body all covered with foam, and he ready to drop down dead? Well, that great big critter aint hurt, he is only teased, touched on the flank, and then in the ear, tickled where the skin is thin, and stung where it is off. Why it's nothin' after all that does that but a teasin', tormentin', hornet; you couldn't do it yourself with a whip, if you was to die for it. Well, a woman can sarve a man the same way; a sly little jibe here, another touch there, now on his pride, then on his faults, here on his family, there on his friends, and then a little accidental slip o' the tongue, done on purpose, that reaches the jealous spot;

away the poor critter goes at that last sting, he can't stand it no more, he is furious, and throws down his hat and kicks it (he can't kick her, that aint manly), and roars and bellows like a bull, till he can't utter no more words, and then off he goes to cool his head by drivin' himself into a fever.

"Oh! it's a beautiful play that; you may talk of playin' a salmon arter he is hooked, and the sport of seein' him jump clean out of the water in his struggles, a-racin' off and being snubbed again, and reeled up, till he is almost bagged, when dash, splash, he makes another spring for it, and away he goes as hard as he can lick, and out runs the line, whirr-rr! and then another hour's play afore he gives in."

"Well, it's grand, there's no doubt. It's very excitin'; but what is that sport to seein' a woman play her husband. The wife, too, is just such another little gaudy-lookin' fly as that which the salmon was fool enough to be hooked with, and got up just as natural. Oh! how I have watched one of 'em afore now at that game. Don't she enjoy it, the little dear, smilin' all the time like an angel, most bewitchin' sweet; bright, little eyes, sparklin' like diamonds, and her teeth lookin' so white, and her face so composed, and not a breath to heave her beautiful bosom, or swell her allerbauster neck, but as quiet and as gentle throughout as one of the graces; and her words so sweet, all honey, and usin' such endearin' names too, you'd think she was courtin' amost. But the honey makes the words stick, and the fond names cover a sting, and some phrases that are so kind have a hidden meaning that makes poor hubby jump right on eend, and when he roars with pain and rage, she lays down her pencil or her embroidery, and looks up in surprise, for she was occupied before, and didn't notice nothin'. Oh! what a look of astonishment she puts on."

"Why, my dearest love," said she, "what is the matter with you, aint you well? How wild you look! Has any thing excited you? Is there any thing in the world I can do for you?"

"He can't stand it no longer, so he bolts. As soon as he is gone, the little chorub wife lays back her head and smiles."

"Succumb is a charming man, Mr. Slick, and one of the kindest and best husbands in the world, only he is a little touchy and hasty-tempered sometimes; don't you think so?"

"And then she goes on as cool as if nothin' had happened, but casts round for a chance to let go and laugh out. So she says—

"Pray, Mr. Slick, do tell me what sort of folks the Bluenoses are. Is it true the weather is so cold there, that their noses are blue all winter? Bluenoses! what a funny name!"

"That's the chance she was looking for, and then she indulges in a laugh so hearty, so clear, so loud, and so merry, you'd think her heart was so full of joy, it required that safety-valve to keep it from bustin'."

"Oh! I'd rather see a man played than a salmon anytime; and if women are bad-used sometimes, and can't help themselves in a general way, I guess they are more than a match for the men in the long run."

This is followed by a capital story of the flirtations of the young lady sculs, and the way in which they previously rid themselves of their chaperons; but our readers must look this out for themselves. We select in preference

#### THE WITCH OF BUKISCONY.

"How strange it is, Sophy, that you couldn't recollect me!" Maybe it's witchery, for that has a prodigious effect upon the memory. Do you believe in witches?" said I, leaning on my elbow in the grass, and looking up into her pretty face.

"How can I believe, who never saw one? did you?"

"Just come from a county in England," said I, "that's chookful of 'em."

"Do tell me," said she, "what sort of looking people they are. Little, croak, spiteful, crooked old women, aint they?"

"The most splendid galls," said I, "mortal man ever beheld; half-angel, half-woman, with a touch of cherubim, musical tongues, telegraph eyes, and cheeks made of red and white roses. They 'd bewitch Old Scratch himself, if he was only to look on 'em. They call 'em Lancashire witches."

"Did they ever bewitch you?" she said, laughin'.

"Well, they would, that's a fact; only I had been bewitched before by a far handsomer one than any of them."

"And pray who is she?"

"If I was to call her up from the deep," said I "have you courage enough to look her in the face?"

Well, she looked a little chalky at that, but said, with a steady voice, "Certainly I have. I never did any harm to any one in my life; why should I be afraid of her, especially if she's so handsome?"

"Well, then I'll raise her; and you'll see what I never saw in England or elsewhere. I'll shew her to you in the pool;" and I waved my hand three or four times round my head, and with a staff made a circle on the ground, pretendin' to comply with rules, and look wise. "Come," said I, "sweet witch, rise and shew your beautiful face. Now, give me your hand, Miss;" and I led her down to the deep, still, transparent pool.

"Mr. Slick," said she, "I'm not sure the raisin' of spirits is right for you to do. But I said I would look on this one, and I will, to shew you there's nothing to be afraid of, but doing wrong."

"Stoop and look into the water," said I: "now, what do you see?"

"Nothing," she said, "but some trout swimmin' slowly about."

"Hold your head a little higher," said I. "Move a little further this way, on account of the light; that's it. What do you see now?"

"Nothin' but my own face."

"Are you sure? look again."

"Certainly, it's my own; I ought to know it."

"Well, that's the face of Sophy, the Witch of Eki-soony."

Well, she jumped up on her feet, and she didn't look pleased at the joke, I tell you.

A negro's definition of "abolition," or emancipation, is not bad, and will put that matter in a new light to some persons.

#### ABOLITION.

"Well, Caesar, boy, I'll tell you what abluition is. In winter you know da is a foot of snow on the ground."

"In course," said Caesar, lookin' very wise, "I knows it."

"Well den, massa gubbernor, who is abluitionist, sends for his hoss, and says, 'You been good hoss, bery faithful, bery trusty; I gib you bery good character. Now I mancipate you; you free nigga now.' Well de hoss cock up his ear, hold up his head, stick up his tail, and kick up his heels like de debil. Well de medder is all covered wid snow, and dere's nuffin to eat dere; and off he goes to de farmer's barn-yard; and farmer he set de dogs on him. Den he take to de woods; but he don't understand brounain', for he was broughten up 'mong gentlemen, and he got no straw for bed, and no rug to keep off cold, and he wants to be took back agin. He don't like abluition in cold country. He rader work for sometin' to eat in winter, dan be free and starve. Dat is all massa gubbernor knows 'bout abluition. Help me up now, Caesar boy, dat is a good feller," and he gave him his left hand; and claspin' it fast, as he rose to his feet, he knocked the dandy's hat off with the right fist, and nearly demolished

the crown of it, and then suddenly wheelin' him round, give him two or three good, sound, solid kicks. "Dare," said he, lettin' him go, "you is emancipated—you is free nigga now; dat is abluition. Clar off, you pork and cabbage nigga you. Take dat for de onarthly scream you woks me up wid, and frightened de lady to de winder da. So make tracks now, and go dine wid massa gubbernor. Yah! yah! yah!"

One more extract, and we have done: we have culled samples enough to incite all to a perusal of Sam Slick's last, if not his best effusion.

#### A SLAVE-STATE INCIDENT.

One Jaamin Phinny (an itinerant adventurer) loquitur—

"Well, one night I got into a'most an all-fired row. I never coul' keep out of them to save my life; they seem kinder natural to me. I guess there must have been a row in the house when I was born, for I can't recollect the first I was in, I began so ajrly. Well, one night I heered an awful noise in a gamblin' house there. Every-body was talkin' at onct, swearin' at onct, and hittin' at onct. It soundd so beautiful and enticin' I couldn't go by, and I just up stairs, and dashed right into it like wink. They had been playin' for one of the most angeliferous slave-galls I ever seed. She was all but white, a plaguey sight more near white than any Spanish, or Portuguese, or Elyctalien gail you ever laid eyes on; in fact, there was nothin' black about her but her hair. A Frenchman owned her, and now claimed her back on his single resarved throw. The gail stood on a chair in full view, a perfect pictur' of Southern beauty, dressed to the greatest advantage, well educated, and a prize fit for President Tyler to win. I worked my way up to where she was, and said I:

"Are them your sale papers?"

"Yes," said she; "all prepared, except the blank for the winner's name."

"Put them in your pocket," said I, "dear. Now is there any way to escape?"

"Back door," said she, pointin' to one behind her.

"All right," said I; "don't be skeered. I'll die for you, but I'll have you."

"The fight was now general, every feller in the room was at it, for they said the owner was a cheatin' of them. The French and furriners were on one side, the City and River boys on the other; and as the first was armed they was gettin' rather the better of it, when I ups with a chair, breaks a leg off it, and lays about right and left, till I came to the owner of the gail, when I made a pass at his sword-arm that brought the blade out of it flyin'. I saw him feelin' for a pistol with the other hand, when I calls out, 'Quick, boys, out with the lights for your life, lose no time.' And as they went out, sway he goes too, neck and crop out of the winder, and the gail and I slipt thro' the door, down the back stairs into the street, drove off home, insarted my name in the blank of the bill of sale, and she was mine. The knave of clubs is a great card, Slick. Oh! she was a doll, and got very fond of me; she stuck as close to me as the bark on a hickory-log. She kicked up a horrible row when I sold her again, most as bad as the one I got her in; and I must say I was sorry to part with her too, but I wanted the money, and she fetched a large sum."

This last extract is something in the Uncle-Tom spirit and style, only more witty, and prompted by true Canadian mischievousness. Talk of Canada annexation—it will be a long time before the Blue noses and the Yankees come to love one another.

*Goethe's Opinions on the World, Mankind, Literature, Science, and Art.* Translated by  
OTTO WENCKSTERN, Esq. London: John W. Parker, West Strand. 1852.

THE task Mr. Wenckstern proposed to himself was one of no ordinary difficulty.—one, we may affirm, that few besides himself could have successfully achieved. It required a scholar well read in the literature of Germany, and as proficient in the language of our own country, to have culled from the voluminous correspondence of Goethe the sentiments here collected, and to have presented them, in an intelligible form, to the British public.

Mr. Wenckstern has, in the present instance, judiciously confined his researches to Goethe's prose compositions; rightly considering that the ideal personages who owe their existence to the imagination of the poet can hardly be deemed on all occasions the true exponents of the genuine opinions of the great author himself.

The collection before us displays his real character in private life with photographic fidelity. Those who peruse it may readily learn what and how he thought, "without plodding their weary way through a pile of books, which, however interesting they may be to the *littérateurs* of his own nation, cannot be expected to engage the attention of the public of another country."

Besides the command and choice of language, so rarely attained by a foreigner, which Mr. Wenckstern here evinces, great indeed must have been the research and industry requisite ere this little volume was given to the world. Not only must he have perused with care the conversations published by Riemar, Eckerman, and Luden, but he must have made himself thoroughly master of the various topics elaborately discussed by the philosophic German in his letters to Schiller, Stolberg, Reinhard, Zelter, Rochlitz, Woltman, Riemer, Schukman, Reich, and many others, filling, as these epistles do, many ponderous tomes.

The thought that suggested this compilation was a happy one: the result is strikingly suc-

Independently of other and higher considerations, Mr. Wenckstern is indeed entitled to the gratitude of those who cannot peruse in the original the works of Germany's most illustrious son.

The following extracts may serve to convey some idea of the power of the author, as well as of the ability and merit of his translator.

The most reasonable course for every one is to remain in that station of life in which he has been born, and to follow the profession to which he was trained. Let the shoemaker stick to his last, the peasant to his plough, and the prince to his government. For government, too, is a trade which requires training, and to which no one ought to aspire who has not learnt it.

A mind filled with abstract ideas, and inflated with conceit, is ripe for mischief.

There are two peaceable powers: Right and Decency.

The adversaries of a good cause are like men who strike at the coals of a large fire. They scatter the coals and propagate the fire.

All laws are made by old men. Young men and women lean towards exceptions; old men alone affect the rule.

The enjoyment of personal liberty, the conscious pride of the English name, and the respect it commands from all other nations, these are a benefit even to the children, who in their families and in their schools are treated with greater respect, and left in the enjoyment of more happiness and freedom than the children in Germany.

The first look at the world, by the mind's eye, as well as by the bodily organs of vision, conveys no distinct impression, either to our heads or to our hearts. We see things without perceiving them, and it takes a long time before we learn to understand the things we see.

In youth we are none the worse for error; but it ought to be discarded before we arrive at a maturer age.

Our senses do not deceive us, but our judgment does.

Those only who know little, can be said to know any thing. The greater the knowledge the greater the doubt.

That is the true season of love, when we believe that we alone can love, that no one could ever have loved so before us, and that no one will love in the same way after us.

Age makes us tolerant: I never see a fault which I myself did not commit.

Men of profound thoughts and earnest minds, are at a great disadvantage with the public.

Men of genius, after all, are not immortal. What a comfort for mediocrity!

Great talents are essentially conciliating.

It is a terrible thing to see a great man much of by a party of blockheads.

A clever man is the best encyclopædia.

There are three classes of readers: some enjoy without judgment; others judge without enjoyment; and some there are who judge while they enjoy, and enjoy while they judge. The latter class reproduces the work of art on which it is engaged. Its numbers are very small.

Originality provokes originality.

The immortality of the age is a standing topic of complaint with some men. But if any one likes to be moral, I can see nothing in the age so prevent him.

There is a way of getting over French pride, for it is akin to vanity. But English pride is invulnerable, for it is based on the majesty of money.



Every man has his peculiarities of which he cannot get rid, and yet peculiarities, the most innocent, are the ruin of many.

Correction does much, but encouragement does more. Encouragement after censure, is as the sun after a shower.

I have never made a secret of my enmity to parodies and travesties. My only reason for hating them is because they lower the beautiful, noble, and great, that they may annihilate it. Indeed, where there is no reality of such, I would still preserve the semblance. The ancients and Shakespeare, while they seem to deprive us of things great and beautiful, create and establish in their place something which is highly valuable, worthy, and satisfactory.

Nothing is more terrible than active ignorance.

All clever thoughts have been thought before. You must try to think them again.

The decline of literature indicates the decline of the nation. The two keep pace in their downward tendency.

Shakespeare's dramas want ease now and then; they are more than they ought to be. This shows the great poet.

Lord Byron's talent has all the truth and grandeur of nature, but also its savageness and discomfort. He stands alone: nobody comes near him, and nobody is like him.

The world cannot do without great men, but great men are very troublesome to the world.

Almost all the English write well: they are born orators and practical men, with a turn for the real.

I do not quarrel with Victor Hugo for his desire to be rich, or to gather the glory of the day. But if he would wish to live for posterity, he ought to write less and work more.

With this last and most sensible suggestion, which might be advantageously adopted by more than one living writer, we close this volume, so full of rare and sparkling gems, and bid adieu for a while to the *SEIRRA OF GOE*.

*Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science.* No. III. Edited by EDWIN LANE, F.R.S., and GEORGE BUSK, F.R.C.S.E., F.R.S., F.L.S. Illustrated with woodcuts, and photographic plates. S. Highley and Son, 32 Fleet Street.

We observe with satisfaction the increasing success of this useful periodical, which, under the able editorship of the two learned gentlemen who conduct it, has, in less than a year from its establishment, attained a prominent and an acknowledged position in the scientific world.

The revelations of the microscope, as wonderful and as important in many respects as those which the telescope has yielded, have of late become of so much importance, that it was found necessary to institute a periodical specially to record, not only the transactions of the Microscopical Society, but the proceedings and discoveries of microscopists generally.

The number before us is, moreover, remarkable, as affording evidence of the progress of photography and of its applicability to the most important purposes. Among the illustrations are two, effected entirely by solar agency: they consist of positive photographs from Collodion negatives, taken by Mr. Delves, illustrative of his own, of Mr. Shadbolt's, and Mr. S. Highley's papers on photography. Fig. 1 represents the spiracle and trachea of a silk worm magnified sixty diameters, exhibiting the elastic spiral fibre between the layers of the air vessels.

Fig. 2 is the proboscis of a fly magnified 160 diameters, shewing the divided absorbent tubes.

Each object fills a circular disc three inches in diameter, is beautifully clear, and distinctly defined in every minute detail. In addition to their unimpeachable fidelity, these plates have this manifest advantage over engravings, that

lenses, by which means the structure of the objects under consideration can be still further scrutinized at leisure: of course, in this respect the most elaborate and careful engraving could never compete with them.

The last Number of the Journal contains several important and extremely interesting papers on various subjects by Mr. Busk, Mr. Quckett, Mr. Shadbolt, Mr. Gray, and others, and fully maintains the reputation achieved by this periodical at its outset.

We may observe, *en passant*, for the satisfaction of those of our metropolitan readers who derive their supply of water from the impure mains of the New-River Company, that a correspondent complacently states, for the information of microscopists generally, "During the last two months I have obtained from the New River, near the City Road, *Cocconeis chlypeus*, *Cocconeis pediculus*, *Fragillaria pectinalis*, *Synedra valens* and *lunaris*, *Closterium Leiblinii*, *Odontidium mesodon*, *Navicula hippocampus* and *amphirynchus*, *Hydatina senta*, *Surirella striatula*, an arborescent *Vorticella*, with thirty-eight animalcules, *Tardigrada*, *Gomphonema truncatum*, and a *Vibrio*." A state of things which causes us devoutly to desire that Mr. F. O. Ward's simple, beautiful, and inexpensive system for furnishing our towns with pure water were already in more extensive operation. It is surely high time that the mass of abominations daily poured into our cisterns by the existing polluters should be diverted into other channels.

the word apt for apt, and thus, as he says, disappointing with "the superfluous and tautologous line interpolated here?"

In reply to such twaddle we can only say—

"Oh! hateful Error, Melancholy's child!  
Why do'st thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not?"

We had expected better things from Mr. Singer; but unhappily,

"Folly in fools hears not so strong a note,  
As Foolery in the wise, when Wit doth dote."

Mr. Dyce scarcely deserves to be included in the same category. He enters into the contest in a better spirit, and with higher qualifications for the task. At the same time his reasoning is more logical, and his deductions consequently sounder. Still he asserts much, to which we cannot yield assent; and the reading public will, we think, but in few instances be convinced by the arguments he adduces.

*Laura Temple. A Tale for the Young: 12mo.*  
London: Routledge & Co. 1853.

A TALE for the old also—a lesson how they should treat the young; though age, case-hardened by prejudice and habit, is too often equally *monitoribus asper*. "Laura Temple" is a good book for the young lady—the lady less by birth than by wealth and courtesy, reared in pride and luxury, whose study is to render herself attractive, and who is growing up plausible but selfish; for she will find how frail is the foundation of commercial wealth, when panics and failing speculations, of which she understands nothing, ruin the parent upon whom she is dependent, while there are but two resources for her—governess-ship or companionship, both hateful to the selfish. A tone of earnest piety pervades the book. Piety without a taint of bigotry is no unimportant matter in our day.

*Travels of Rolando; or, a Tour round the World. Second Series. By ANNE BOWMAN, Author of "Laura Temple." Small 8vo. London: G. Routledge & Co. 1853.*

READERS now, who were readers in their youth some thirty summers ago, may remember their relish for the then *Travels of Rolando*, with all their marvels and adventures. The book was originally a translation from Jausfret, by Miss Austin; and this new work is described as a Second Series, retaining the former names and personages. The lands now described are Mesopotamia, Persia, Siberia, Kamtschatka, China, and Thibet. There is a freshness about this book, and a variety, surpassing that of Miss Austin's publication. Two short extracts will shew the style of the present *Travels of Rolando*.

#### ANCIENT BABYLONIAN SPRINGS.

"This part of Babylon," observed Daniel, "was ever famous for its naphtha springs. Tibellus, in his Histories, alludes to the inflammable waters of Bors, one of the cities founded by Nimrod on the Tigris. It is probable that Medea caused the girde of the woman of whom she was jealous to be anointed with this naphtha; for we are told, that when she approached the sacred fire, this anointed girde ignited, and she was consumed. And when Alexander reached this place, pursuing the Persian monarch, he greatly admired the mode in which the people illuminated the city to do honour to him: this was by laying trains of this combustible, and setting it on fire."

#### THE RUSSIANS IN PEKIN.—TEA BRICKS.

*Ten Brick*, as it is called, is the money unit, or standard of value, in which the price of every article is expressed. These bricks really exist: they are cakes composed of a mixture of inferior or spoiled leaves or stalks of tea, with the leaves of a plant of the saxifrage genus, which is first steeped in lambs' blood. This mass is kneaded, formed into brick-shaped cakes, and dried in an oven. The consumption of this article among the nomadic tribes is enormous: they dissolve the cakes in boiling water, mixed with meal, fat, and salt.

*Aubrey Copiers: or, The Lordship of Allendale. By Miss E. M. STEWART. London: Ingram, Cooke, and Co. 1853.*

This novel belongs to the "blue light and trap-door" school of romance, but is by no means a bad specimen of its class. If the authoress wrote it simply to amuse, her object will doubtless be gained; for people are addicted to the marvellous and the tragic, and in this work we have both accessories, contributed with no niggard hand. If proof of this were wanting, the title of the wood engravings would indicate the nature of the materials out of which Miss Stewart has erected her edifice; in the same way that a glance at the particular adjustment of twigs, or mud, or straw, or feathers, tells us to what species of bird the nest belongs, without its being at all necessary to inspect visionally the occupant. Thus, *à la Harrison Ainsworth*, we have such descriptions of the engravings as, "AUDLEY AT THE LONE INN DOOR," "THE DEATH STRUGGLE ON THE ROCKY-LEDGE," "AUBREY'S DISCOVERY OF THE DEAD BODY," "BENEDICT AND THE MANIAC IN THE MINE," and others equally demonstrating, that haunted towers, sliding panels, and mysterious visitations, form the staple commodities of the tale.

For the sort of work, the plot is a good one, and the style of composition by no means devoid of merit; but, if estimated by a higher standard than a mere story-book to read on a summer's day, it must be condemned, since not the faintest echo responds to the natural inquiry—*cui bono?* unless, indeed, the fair nymph in Irish accents answers the inquiry by exclaiming—*cui malo?* But there is evil in these sort of productions, and the greater the amount of talent squandered



upon them, the greater is the cause for regret, since it is impossible to distil one particle of instruction or satisfactory result from a whole hecatomb of works appealing, as these do, to the lower faculties of the mind. It is said they may be made the media of instruction, and that moral lessons are conveyed through trap-doors, and great truths illumined by roman candles; and certainly it is quite possible that a modicum of good may lie, like a grain of gold, in a hundred weight of ore; but what a system of crushing is involved in its extraction! Love, murder, suicide, abduction, and duels, form the farming-stock of romance writers; and if to these ingredients the reader will add, in the present case, the legal embroglio arising from a disputed peerage case, there will be no necessity to present him with a detailed account of the plot or personages. In the same way that we are growing, or have grown, utterly nauseated with melodrama on the stage, so we are becoming, thanks to the improved condition of literary taste, equally wearied with that particular class of romance to which "Aubrey Conyers" belongs.

The book is wonderfully low-priced, full of excellent wood-cuts, and, as we before said, is eminently calculated to wing an idle hour, without conferring the slightest benefit upon the literature of fiction.

*Hints on Early Education, addressed to Mothers.* By a Mother. Masters.

WITHIN a very small compass, there is here put forth much matter for reflection on the most important of subjects, the training of the infant and youthful mind. Every point and every consideration, that can be brought to bear upon it are treated in a gentle yet earnest spirit, evidently the result, not of the indulgence of mere theory, but of faithful and intelligent practice. Mothers, to whom this little work is specially addressed, cannot do better than study it, and profit by it.

*Mazzini, judged by himself and by his countrymen.* By JULES DE BRÉVAL. Vizetelly & Co., 134 Fleet Street. 1853.

THIS is one of the series of contemporary French works which the enterprising publishers are now bringing out. The author commences by investigating the claims of M. Mazzini to be ranked as a political, religious, and social reformer: he then draws a line to cast up the total, which he declares to amount to—"£0. 0. 0., and nothing more." He then proceeds to consider M. Mazzini as a man of combination and action, and states that he has had at least twenty enterprises ruined under him. M. de Bréval then proves, entirely to his own satisfaction, that Mazzini is a coward.

"At the end," he continues, "of various revolutionary movements, many unfortunate persons, led away and pushed forward by M. Mazzini, have suffered the punishment of death; others have been thrown into prison; but amidst all these consequences, the great visionary has always taken care to save his own precious person, having constantly directed the armed expeditions in Italy from London, Paris, Geneva, or Lausanne; acting the part of Boileau towards the soldiers of Louis XIV—that is, contenting himself with encouraging them by voice and gesture at a distance. Bianchi-Giovini, his countryman, thus tersely sums up the man's whole character:—'In those places, where the only question is to use set phrases, and to provoke disorders, you will always meet Mazzini; but on the spot of danger, never!'"

The book is well translated, neatly got up, and only costs half-a-crown. It is evidently the work of some hireling of Austria.

*The Temple of Education; being results of the strivings of a Teacher after the true idea and practice of Education.* By T. E. POYNTING. Robert Theobald, 26 Paternoster Row. 1853.

THIS is a curious book, displaying much thought and research, at the same time containing much that we cannot help regarding as visionary. Its nature is best indicated by its title, from which it will be seen, that it is principally addressed to those whose important mission it is to provide instruction for the young.

*The Learned Societies and Printing Clubs of the United Kingdom.* By the Rev. A. HUME, LL.D., F.S.A.; with a Supplement by A. J. EVANS. Willis, Great Piazza, Covent Garden. 1853.

A WORK that has been long and urgently needed. Great care and attention have been bestowed on its compilation. We propose, in our next Number, to enter more fully into the interesting details which it brings compendiously under our consideration, and which we might look for in vain elsewhere.

*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation—Tenth Edition, with extensive additions and emendations, and illustrated by numerous Engravings on Wood.* London: John Churchill, Prince's Street, Soho. 1853.

WE regret that this work did not reach us until the greater part of the present Number had passed through the press; for, although it is not our practice to notice renewed editions, the importance of the "Vestiges," together with the extraordinary interest they have evoked, would have induced us to have departed from our ordinary rule in this respect. As it is, our notice must necessarily be limited.

It was in 1844 that the author first advanced his theory of "Progressive Development," as a hypothetic history of organic creation. The doctrine gave rise, as is well known, to much discussion, and no inconsiderable amount of

animadversion. He complains, however, that not one of his opponents has taken up a correct view of the aim of the work, has shewn a power of reasoning logically upon it, or has appeared capable of taking a candid view of the data upon which it rests. In the present issue, we find that the treatise has been subjected to considerable emendation, alteration, and revision. Many corroborative facts, in support of the author's views, have been introduced; and, although we are still far, very far, from expressing our concurrence with those views, we think that the arguments adduced are ingeniously stated, and that, if not altogether philosophical, they at least carry with them an air of considerable plausibility.

An important feature is the appendix of proofs now annexed, containing illustrations, authorities, and answers to many of the objections, that have been constantly urged from many quarters.

Among the instances of ascertained development, in the animal and vegetable kingdom, we may instance a few, certainly not generally known, which are extremely curious, and afford ground for serious reflection.

"Perhaps," says the author, "with the bulk of men, even those devoted to science, the great difficulty is, after all, in conceiving the particulars of such a process, as would be required to advance a fish into a reptile. And yet no difficulty could well be less substantial, seeing that the metamorphosis of the tadpole into the frog is, in part at least, as thorough a transmutation, as the supposable change of sauroid fishes into Saurian reptiles could ever be." He then proceeds to instance a very remarkable occurrence, connected with the batrachian order of reptiles, namely, that when the young are enclosed in a dark box sunk into the river, with holes through which the water may flow, the animals increase in size, becoming gigantic tadpoles, but are never developed into frogs; adding, that no one will deny that that which we see nature *undo*, she is able to *do*, and might be seen *doing*, were the proper occasion to occur, and the requisite precedent conditions realized.

Granted. But what we take to be the defect in this kind of reasoning, is the assumption, that what nature is seen to do in some instances, she does in all. As well might we assert that, because we observe any of the winged moths successively emerging from an egg, and passing through the stages of caterpillar and grub, THEREFORE the condor, after emerging from his egg, becomes a boa constrictor, spins himself a Titanic cocoon, and dreams away a portion of his life as a torpid grub. A thousand instances of similarity will not prove identity.

Again:

"The cowslip, primrose, oxlip, and polyanthus, which

were always regarded as distinct species, are now found to be producible from one set of seeds, under various conditions: they are radically one plant. So also 'the clove, pink, and carnation are only varieties of a flower growing among the ruins of some of our old castles, the *Malva caryophyllus*.' The artichoke of the garden and the cardoon (a kind of thistle) of the South-American wild, are held as distinct species in all botanical works; yet the artichoke, in neglect, degenerates into the cardoon. The *ranunculus aquatilis* and the *ranunculus hederaceus* are, in like manner, set down as distinct species; but behold the secret of their difference! While the former plant remains in the water, its leaves are all finely cut, and have their divisions hairy; but, when the stems reach the surface, the leaves developed in the atmosphere are widened, rounded, and simply lobed. Should the seeds of this water-plant fall upon a soil merely moist, without being inundated, the result is the *ranunculus hederaceus*—the presumed distinct species—with short stalks, and none of the leaves divided into hairy cut work! To come to a more familiar instance. The various bread-forming grains, wheat, barley, oats, rye, are found to be resolvable into one. If wheat be sown in June, and mown down, so as not to be allowed to come to ear till the next season, the product will be found to consist partly of rye, or some other of the cereals. Oats have, in like manner, been transformed into rye, barley, and even wheat. Till a recent period, this phenomenon was doubted; but it has been tested by experiment, and reported on by so many credible persons, that it can no longer be rejected.

We may add that the great care, bestowed upon this edition, is manifest in its marked superiority over its predecessors. It is now unquestionably one of the most interesting publications, that have seen the light for many years, and it is decidedly one that all should read and study with care.

Nothing can be more utterly absurd, than the ridiculous objection, at one time made to the book, on the ground of its irreligious tendency. Such a charge against its author, as is thereby implied, is as unjust as it is ridiculous.

*Notes and Narratives of a Six Years' Mission among the Dons of London.* By R. W. VANDERKISTE (Late London City Missionary). Nisbet and Co., Berners Street. 1853.

THE author has, it seems, for many years devoted himself to the noble task of elevating the moral condition of his fellow-men, and we are glad to find, that, in numerous instances, marked success has attended his efforts. The field, alas! was ample enough; the courage, the mental and physical powers, requisite for the arduous undertaking, were such as we rarely see combined in one individual; but Mr. Vanderkiste seems to have possessed an ample share of all. As he says, "The work of the Mission is a blessed work. Its success has been very great. It has much to do—perhaps more than is thought by many."

That our readers, "who sit at home at ease," may form some notion of the perils, encountered by those who devote their lives to this truly Christian work, we transcribe the following graphic account of one horrible abode visited by our author:—

## A HELL ON EARTH.

This den of infamy was situated in W—H—C—, T— Street. It consisted of one small room on the ground floor, and parties might well be excused for remaining dubious, as to whether so small an area could have been so replete with pestiferous moral influence to the neighbourhood, as this place has unequivocally proved.

On commencing my labours upon the district, I found the place becoming worse and worse. Additional bad women and thieves were resorting to it, and it was much connected with other thieveries.

I was in the habit of visiting this place, morning, noon, and night, accompanied, when I could obtain his company, by an aged friend; bursting in upon them in the midst of their criminality; at other times visiting them whilst labouring under the depressing effects of their previous night's debauch. It may be inquired, perhaps, how it happened such a course was practicable. The fact is, I appeared to have a great influence, given me over the proprietor of this wretched place and others, in consequence, perhaps, of attentions I had paid to one of their companions, who died in a very dreadful manner. They appeared to retain so grateful a sense of these attentions, that they could not insult me. It constituted one of the strangest sights in the wide world, to see me enter this place at night, sometimes alone—on one occasion my companion was ordered away: it was said to him, "You go, else perhaps you'll have a knife put into you; he (me) may stop"—disturbing all kinds of wickedness, and merely saying, "I've come to read to you;"—standing in the midst of ferocious and horrible characters, reading the Scriptures, and explaining portions concerning our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, heaven and hell;—and a prostitute holding the candle to me. This young woman has since abandoned her evil course of life. Then would follow some discussion. One would say, "I don't believe there's no hell—it's in your heart, mister." Then some prostitute would burst out into indecent profanity, who would be sworn at, until she was quiet. Then I would go down on my knees in the midst of them, and pray, waiting to see if the Spirit of God would act (and the Spirit of God *did* act). On one occasion, whilst so engaged, with my hand over my face, I left a small space between my fingers for the purpose of making an observation, and perceived small articles (stolen, I suppose) being passed from one to another. They had no idea I was observing them.

Two of the bad women who resided here were at last so much affected by religious instruction, as to be prevailed upon to enter penitentiaries.

The proprietor of the place, who was a common thief, and the prostitute with whom he lived, next became affected. M— related to me a conversation which took place between himself and G—, a housebreaker, whilst detailing to me his mental feelings. G—, who goes by the name of "Snob," has related to me particulars of several burglaries in which he has been engaged.

G. said, "Come, M., let's go out and look for something." M. paused, and said, "I don't know, Bill, I don't think I shall go." "Why not?" said G.. "you can't starve." "I tell you what, Bill," said the other thief, "I find out God Almighty can pay debts without money." "Oh!" said the other, "you're becoming religious, then, are you? you're no good;" and he then went out by himself to attempt plunder.

From this time an alteration took place in M. He was also much impressed about this time by being taken into custody under the following circumstances. "I was walking along," said he, "and a policeman come up to me; he know'd nothing on me, nor I on him; says he, and he lays hold on me, says he, 'You must come with me.' What for? says I; and in course I says, I'm a 'spectable young man.' 'That's no odds,' says he, 'you must come on suspicion.' So he took me to the Mansion House, and I was locked up till Monday morning. Well, then he

took me up afore the Lord Mayor. He said he took me up on suspicion. The Lord Mayor asked if anybody know'd I was a thief. Nobody know'd me *there*, so they let me go directly. In course," said he, "he'd no business to take me, as he know'd nothing agin me." "But were you abroad for a dishonest purpose," said I. "Yes," said he, "but he couldn't know that, as I was walking on quietly;" and he expressed his opinion that there was "a mark on him by God Almighty."

Few, perhaps, would imagine that thousands of such dens are said to exist in the heart of a Christian land. Of a truth, Missions are more needed among the denizens of such places than amongst the Ashantees, the Damaras, or the Carriboos.

—  
*The Return to my Native Village, and other Poems, chiefly on sacred subjects.* By a LADY. Oxford and London: John Henry Parker. 1835.

A MODEST, unpretending little volume, of which we could, by no possibility, bring ourselves to speak harshly. Its aim is so pure, and the feeling that pervades its pages so laudable, that they more than atone for the absence of high poetic power.

Although the ideas in the subjoined extract, are not novel, they are prettily and touchingly expressed.

## EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Art thou so soon, sweet infant, laid to sleep  
In the cold lap of death, to wake no more?—  
'Tis for ourselves, not thee, that we must weep;  
For thee the world no sorrow has in store,  
No care;—nor wilt thou ever feel again  
The bitter lot of sickness or of pain.

And oh! how blest! Ere sin thy soul could harm  
Thou wast borne hence, where faith may thee behold  
Encircled by thy gracious Saviour's arm,  
One of the flock within His peaceful fold.  
He leads them all, but in His bosom bears  
The tender lambs; such blessedness is theirs.

—  
*The Philosophy of Atheism, examined and compared with Christianity.* By the Rev. G. GODWIN, D.D. Hall, Virtue, and Co., 25, Paternoster Row. 1853.

A VERY admirable course of lectures; delivered at the Mechanics' Institute, Bradford, during the past winter. Of the impression, produced upon the auditory by these discourses, an estimate may be formed, when we state, that, immediately after their publication, 1500 copies were, in a few hours, bought up by working men!

We trust that a proportionable diffusion may take place in other populous neighbourhoods, and among those classes, who of late years have begun to evince a livelier sense of the paramount importance of spiritual subjects.

The arguments adduced by the author are powerful; the language is clear and interesting to all; the tendency of the book is the <sup>STRAIGHT</sup> to which any work can aspire.

# FRENCH LITERATURE.

## RÉSUMÉ OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

Of the works recently issued from the French press, those which will be most interesting to the English reader are the two volumes of illustrated travels in India, by the Prince Alexis Soltykoff.\*

A Russian in India is an idea somewhat startling;—and there can be small doubt that a Russian, of the prince's station and fortune, did not pass the greater portion of six years (1841 to 1847) in India, without some better reason than a mere desire to collect tiger skins, and dine within hearing of the jackall's howl. A glance at the map, accompanying the work, shews that the prince left no corner of the peninsula unexplored. He tracked the Indus and the Ganges twice to their sources; he was present twice at Delhi; he interlaced the Carnatic as a sportsman interlaces a field of turnips; he journeyed by land from Bombay to Calcutta, crossing the lands of the Nizam and skirting the coast of Coromandel. From the southernmost point of Ceylon up to the highest peaks of the Himalaya mountains, there is no city, town, or district upon which this Russian prince cannot furnish a very accurate report to his master.

Nothing political or statistical, however, appears in this published account. It is simply the correspondence of a tourist. What little he does say, upon the condition of the Hindûs under the Company's rule, is carefully set down as information received from the Company's servants. The interest of the work lies in the fact, that we have here a picture of India, as it appears to a travelling foreigner, who takes rather a sentimental view of Eastern matters, sighs for the fading glories of Eastern romance, and is not quite satisfied that the ancient rite of suttee should vanish from the land. From the Anglo-Indians, the prince appears to have received every hospitality, yet he cannot quite restrain a very considerable contempt for them. "I am writing to you," he says, "while my

fellow-voyagers are below at their lunch, or second breakfast, consisting of biscuits, sherry, and brandy. These English, even in India, never change any thing of their own detestable regime. It is always the ham, the goose and stuffing, the red-herring, the Cayenne pepper, the plum-pudding, the Cheshire cheese, and the brandy. Besides this, they do nothing but physic themselves, each out of his own medicine chest, with calomel and Epsom salts. The captain, a young man of five and twenty, after filling himself with hard ham and fat bacon, invariably swallows soda powders with his wine."

But the English are incapable of appreciating the beauty of India—

Entirely occupied by their material interests, these English never enjoy the peculiar beauties of India. All that is to me so exquisite is to them trivial or common. In general they condemn every thing that differs from their own home customs. Vainly does nature spread herself before their eyes in graceful simplicity or in savage grandeur. In matter of scenery, they appreciate and tolerate nothing but their own parks. Their first care, in laying out a garden or a park, is to cut down the palm trees, to grub up every plant which has an Indian character, and to plant in their stead poplar trees, and lay down turf. The unbought grace of the indigenous people is unknown to these men. Yet in reality what can be more deplorable than the grotesque costumes that disfigure our women, when compared with the admirable draperies of those primitive robes of the Indian women—robes whose folds are made, not by milliners, but by nature. The English, by way of being polite to me, showed me their docks, and their mint, and their steam-engines, and their schools, and they did not even spare me the fortress. Fancy the sort of pleasure I had in all this!

Further on, he bitterly complains of the misery he feels, at being not only deprived of music, but even of the society of beings who comprehend it. "*Sous ce rapport,*" he says, "*tout un monde de sensations est fermé aux Anglais.*" The governor of Bombay had, indeed, military music at his dinners;—but, alas! what a mockery!

All this pretension to sentiment, and delicate appreciation of art, is, we suppose, the affectation of a northern barbarian; who has a lurking suspicion that he must make out his title to be considered a civilised man by the French, and

\* "*Voyage dans L'Inde,*" par le Prince A Soltykoff, illustré de magnifiques lithographies, à deux teintes, d'après les dessins originaux de l'auteur. 2 vols. roy. 8vo. Paris. 1848. A cheaper edition, in one volume 8vo., and without the illustrations, has been published by Lecou.

sacrifices a few English as a propitiatory offering. The prince, moreover, admits that Captain Ross, at Travancore, had sufficient appreciation of nature to choose a very pretty wife, and to build his house on a spot having a splendid view over a lake and a forest; he agrees that Mr. Metcalfe, at Delhi, and Sir Hubert Maddock, at Calcutta, have the best smoking apparatus in the world, and of the true Indian fashion; he records that Lord Elphinstone is so curious in Indian antiquities, that he horrified the priests at Kandy, by taking up the sacred tooth of Buddha, that he might enjoy a closer inspection of it; and, as a specimen of the high state of restoration enjoyed by the ancient temples of India, he tells how the same Lord Elphinstone found a tiger in the principal temple at Ellora, and killed him in his ambitious lair.

We are sorry that we have not space to extract some of the prince's descriptions of the Hindûs, or to give more specimens of the hospitalities he received. We must do him the justice, however, to say, that he does not, to use Sir Walter Scott's figure, pelt a man with his own plates and dishes. His anti-English remarks are always general, and he invariably praises his hosts.

Upon one subject he obtained decisive information.

The inhabitants of India, from Cape Comorin to Lucknow, cannot comprehend that there is any other European people than the English; and, when I speak to them of Russia they fancy the Russians must be some particular caste of the English. Europe and England are to them identical ideas. It was only when I got very far up north, that I sometimes met with people who had a vague conception of the existence of Russia.

*À propos* of this work of Soltykoff, we may mention that M. Chopin, the author of several works upon Russia, has published a translation of specimens of Russian novels,\* interesting so far as they afford a means of studying the manners and customs of this vast people, but not very attractive in any other point of view.

The ladies of the New World have found a very careful describer in M. Xavier Eyma,† who agrees with Mulesherbes that he has found in the world only two beautiful things—women and roses, and only two delicious things—women and melons.‡ M. Eyma commences with the proposition, that “Toutes les femmes, qui peuplent le paradis de ce monde, n'ont point été fondues dans le même moule par le créateur,” and thence he departs into a series of divisions

and sub-divisions of form, feature, colour, with descriptions of habits, and especially of costumes, which ought to be very interesting to our fairer readers, and would doubtless be very useful to any of them who might be pondering upon the approach of a bal costumé. There is a very pretty dress described, as worn by *les filles de couleur*, or mulâtresses. We are sorry we are not sufficiently well up in the matter of articles of female attire to do justice to it in a translation; but perhaps we shall be forgiven our omission by papa and mamma, when we say that the cost of it is estimated at three thousand francs. These dissertations are interspersed with anecdotes and characteristic little stories, which render the volume sufficiently amusing.

M. Louis Blanc continues his “History of the French Revolution,” the object whereof appears to be to prove

Que la Révolution fut, à l'origine, d'une magnanimité sans égale et d'une mansuétude sans bornes;

Qu'elle laissa à ses ennemis, par respect pour la liberté, tout pouvoir de la maudire et de conspirer contre elle;

Qu'elle ne détruisit, qu'avec des ménagements infinis, des privilèges cependant bien odieux;

Que, si elle toucha au faste scandaleux de quelques prélats, ce fut au profit d'une foule de pauvres curés de campagne mourant de faim;

Que, si elle dépouilla les nobles des titres, dont leur orgueil avait appauvri la dignité humaine, ce fut en leur abandonnant les premières places, dans la politique, dans l'administration, dans la milice nationale, dans l'armée;

Qu'elle fut, d'abord, avare du sang versé, à un point inouï, depuis qu'il y a de grandes commotions en ce monde;

Qu'elle ne cessa de tendre les bras à ses adversaires, leur demandant pour toute grâce d'être équitables;

Qu'un jour enfin, jour d'éternelle mémoire, elle appela tous les enfants de la France à se réunir, à se réconcilier, à s'embrasser, à s'aimer, autour de l'autel de la patrie!

A qui la faute, si la Révolution finit par entrer en fureur? Ainsi le voulut la contre-révolution: voilà la réponse.

The author has arrived at the end of his fourth volume, and has completed hitherto but a small portion of his self-imposed task. He appears to be working in London, and to be delving in many of the same mines wherein we ourselves search for ore. We do not find, however, that his history attracts many English readers.

“Le Chevalier de Pampelonne,” by M. Goudecourt, is a novel, in four volumes, of historical pretensions. Henry the Third, Henry of Navarre, and Jacques Clement, are the principal characters, and the assassination of Le Valois by the mad monk is of course the chief historical incident. The early part of the story is tedious, and full of digressions; but, if the English reader will skim the first two

\* “Choix de Nouvelles de Lermontof, Pouchkine, Von Wiessen,” &c., traduites du Russe, par M. J. N. Chopin. Paris: Reinwald. 1853.

† “Les Femmes du Nouveau Monde,” par Xavier Eyma. Paris: Giraud. 1853.

‡ J'en trouvais que deux belles choses au monde, les femmes et les roses, et deux bons morceaux, les femmes et les melons.

§ “Nous avons devant nous un livre portant la date de 1799, et imprimé en rouge. Cet ouvrage est fort rare; il ne se trouve même pas au British Museum. Nous devons de le connaître à M. Hookham;—un des premiers libraires de Londres.”

volumes and read the two last, some amusement may possibly arise, from the adventures of the sharp-witted Gascon who is the hero of the novel.

We should have thought "*Le Pasteur d'Ashbourn*" to be a translation from the English, so intimate is the knowledge displayed of the neighbourhood of that little Derbyshire town. While we read, we can almost imagine ourselves sitting in the little front parlour at the Green Man, or walking up the steps to the barber's shop, where only the true Dove flies are to be bought. But the sentiment is undoubtedly all French. Dumas, although his name is upon the title-page, had, in all probability, little or nothing to do with the authorship, nor is the interest of the story very great. What strikes us as the most remarkable feature in it is certainly the knowledge shewn of English localities.

A volume of the "*Bibliothèque Contemporaine*" contains a collection of the *Contes et Nouvelles* of Alexander Dumas Fils, which we can recommend as a light vaudeville kind of reading. They consist chiefly of very short stories, whereof the best to our taste is "*Le prix de Pigeons*." A young Frenchman, who is a philosopher and linguist of the first force, falls in love with a damsel whose father will have nothing to say to him, unless he can produce at the end of the year fifty thousand francs. Leon starts off, with all his learning and science, certain of success. At the end of ten months we find him at a little tavern in "*Horrible Street*," London, starving and in rags, and just about to blow his brains out. His project is disconcerted by the entry of his landlord, who objects to his shooting himself upon his premises, and still more to his dying in debt to him—he owes forty shillings for his lodging. For-

tunately, however, Leon discovers that one of those learned Societies, whose proceedings are immortalized in the columns of some of our weekly contemporaries, have offered a prize of 2500*l.* to any one who shall succeed in the enterprise of eating a roast pigeon for dinner every day for a month. Leon offers to translate Persian poems, to make public the discovery of a new star thrice the size of the earth,—to overturn Champollion's theory as to the reading of hieroglyphics; but, finding that they will not give him a guinea for any one of these achievements, he sets himself resolutely to work, eats the pigeons, becomes the idol of the British capital, marries his lady love, and lives happily. It is a very fair subject for satire, and it is cleverly worked out.

"*Gilbert et Gilberte*" is said to be by Eugène Sue. If this author's name had not been upon the title-page, we certainly should never have suspected these five volumes to be by the author of "*Mathilde*." It is a very stupid, namby-pamby fairy tale, recounting how two young wedded folk buy an image at a toy-shop, and how the image begins to talk, and to promise them all their wishes, and how they take the positions of a certain marquis and marchioness. Wretched trash it is, with the machinery very badly managed. We suspect that Sue has only put his name to the production of some inferior hand.

Perhaps we should notice, before concluding this short *Résumé* of works not more specially dealt with, that the May Number of the *Révue Contemporaine* contains an answer, by Comte de Marcellus, to a very slashing review of his "*Souvenirs Diplomatiques*," contained in a recent Number of the "*Edinburgh*." The Comte evidently attributes the castigation to Lord Brougham, and retorts accordingly.

THESE volumes comprise a history of the "glorious days of July," told according to the manner of M. Dumas. This greatest of all known "blagueurs," after allowing that Etienne Arago overturned the first omnibus, and shut up the theatres, has nearly all the rest of the glory of the three days to himself. It was he who led fifty men to the storm of the Hotel de Ville, when the cannon swept the bridge, and young Arcole died; it was he who took the three first prisoners who were secured by the people; and it was he who first proposed that the Duc d'Orleans should be made king. How he habited himself in shooting costume, and with his hundred bullets, his powder-flask, and his rifle, rushed about the streets, making prisoners and barricades, buying the gunsmith's arms, and habituating himself to the whirr of grape-shot, may be read by those who take interest in such gasconading trash as M. Dumas has already treated the public to in his "Impressions de Voyage." As he really lives and talks, M. Dumas is very likely a most estimable and companionable individual; but, as he chooses to picture himself to us in his books, he is a very vulgar bore. By far the least interesting portions of these memoirs are those pages in which he speaks of himself. We extract, for the amusement of our readers, a few of his sketches of contemporaries. Let us take Madlle. Georges and her family.

#### MADLLE. GEORGES AT FORTY-ONE.

La tante Georges était, alors, une admirable créature, âgée de quarante et un ans à peu près. Nous avons déjà donné son portrait, écrit ou plutôt dessiné par la plume savante de Théophile Gautier. Elle avait surtout la main, le bras, les épaules, le cou, les dents, les yeux d'une richesse et d'une magnificence inouïes; mais, comme la belle sœur Mélusine, elle sentait, dans sa démarche, une certaine gêne à laquelle ajoutaient encore, — je ne sais pourquoi, car Georges avait le pied digne de la main, — des robes d'une longueur exagérée.

A part les choses de théâtre, pour lesquelles elle était toujours prête, Georges était d'une paresse insupportable. Grande, majestueuse, connaissant sa beauté, qui avait eu pour admirateurs deux empereurs et trois ou quatre rois, Georges aimait à rester couchée sur un grand canapé, l'hiver dans des robes de velours, dans des vitichonras de fourrures, dans des cachemires de l'Inde; et l'été dans des peignoirs de batiste ou de mousseline. Ainsi étendue dans une pose toujours nonchalante et gracieuse, Georges recevait la visite des étrangers, tantôt avec la majesté d'une matrone romaine, tantôt avec le sourire d'une courtisane grecque; tandis que des plis de sa robe, des ouvertures de ses châles, des entrebâillements de ses peignoirs, sortaient, pareilles à des cous de serpents, les têtes de deux ou trois lévriers de la plus belle race.

Georges était d'une propreté proverbiale; elle faisait une première toilette avant d'entrer au bain, afin de ne point salir l'eau dans laquelle elle allait rester une heure; là, elle recevait ses familiers, rattachant de temps en temps, avec des épingles d'or, ses cheveux qui se dénouaient, l'occasion de sortir entièrement de l'eau

des bras splendides, et le haut, parfois même le bas d'une gorge qu'on eût dite taillée dans du marbre de Paros.

Et, chose étrange! ces mouvements, qui, chez une autre femme, eussent été provoquants et lascifs, étaient simples et naturels chez Georges, et pareils à ceux d'une Grecque du temps d'Homère ou de Phidias; belle comme une statue, elle ne semblait pas plus qu'une statue étonnée de sa nudité, et elle eût, j'en suis sûr, été bien surprise qu'un amant jaloux lui eût défendu de se faire voir ainsi dans sa baignoire, soulevant, comme une nymphe de la mer, l'eau avec ses épaules et ses seins blancs.

Georges avait rendu tout le monde propre autour d'elle, — excepté Harel.

Georges had two nephews, Tom and Paul: of the latter we are told—

#### LE PETIT POPOL.

A l'époque où je l'ai connu, ce n'était encore qu'un marmot de six ou sept ans, et déjà il avait trouvé moyen, sous toutes sortes de prétextes plus ingénieux les uns que les autres, de se faire ouvrir un crédit au café qui fait le coin de la rue de Vaugirard et de la rue Molière. Un beau jour, il se trouva que le compte du jeune Popol montait à une centaine d'écus! En trois mois, il avait absorbé pour trois cents francs de bavarroises et de riz au lait qu'il venait chercher au nom de sa mère, ou au nom de sa tante, et qu'il buvait ou mangeait dans les escaliers, dans les corridors ou derrière les portes.

Le petit gueux n'avait jamais voulu apprendre une seule prière, ce qui faisait beaucoup rire le voltairien Harel; quand, tout à coup, à l'époque du choléra, on s'aperçut que le jeune Popol disait, matin et soir, une oraison qu'il avait, sans doute, improvisée pour la circonstance.

On fut curieux de savoir ce que pouvait être cette oraison; on se cacha, on écouta, et l'on entendit.

On entendit la prière suivante:

"Seigneur, mon Dieu! prenez ma tante Georges; prenez mon oncle Harel; prenez mon frère Tom; prenez maman Hébel; prenez mon ami Provost, et laissez le petit Popol et la cuisinière!"

La prière ne porta point bonheur au pauvre petit, si fervente qu'elle fût: le choléra le prit, et l'emporta, lui quinze-centième, dans la même journée.

Here is an anecdote of a pair of ear-rings, which finishes with a bit of devotion exceedingly French.

#### LES BOUCLES D'OREILLES.

A cette époque, Georges avait encore des diamants magnifiques, et, entre autres, deux boutons qui lui avaient été donnés par Napoléon, et qui valaient chacun à peu près douze mille francs.

Elle les avait fait monter en boucles d'oreilles, et portait ces boucles d'oreilles-là de préférence à toutes autres.

Ces boutons étaient si gros, que bien souvent Georges en rentrant le soir, après avoir joué, les était, se plaignant qu'ils lui allongeaient les oreilles.

Un soir, nous rentrâmes et nous nous mîmes à souper. Le souper fini, on mangea des amandes; George en mangea beaucoup, et, tout en mangeant, se plaignait de la lourdeur de ces boutons, les tira de ses oreilles, et les posa sur la nappe.

Cinq minutes après, le domestique vint avec la brosse, nettoya la table, poussa les boutons dans une corbeille avec les coques des amandes, et, amandes et boutons, jeta le tout par la fenêtre de la rue.

Georges se coucha sans songer aux boutons, et s'en-



dormit tranquillement ; ce qu'elle n'eût pas fait, toute philosophe qu'elle était, si elle eût su que son domestique avait jeté pour vingt-quatre mille francs de diamants par la fenêtre.

Le lendemain, Georges cadette entra dans la chambre de sa sœur, et la réveilla.

— Eh bien, lui dit-elle, tu peux te vanter d'avoir une chance, toi ! regarde ce que je viens de trouver.

— Qu'est cela ?

— Un de tes boutons.

— Et où l'as-tu trouvé ?

— Dans la rue.

— Dans la rue ?

— C'est comme je te le dis, ma chère... dans la rue, à la porte... Tu l'auras perdu en rentrant du théâtre.

— Mais non, je les avais en soupant.

— Tu en es sûre ?

— A telles enseignes que, comme ils me gênaient, je les ai ôtés, et les ai mis près de moi. Qu'on ai-je donc fait après ?... où les ai-je serrés ?...

— Ah ! mon Dieu, s'écria Georges cadette, je me rappelle : nous mangions des amandes ; le domestique a nettoyé la table avec la brosse...

— Ah ! mes pauvres boutons ! s'écria Georges à son tour, descends vite, Bébelle ! descends !

Bébelle était déjà au bas de l'escalier. Cinq minutes après, elle rentrait avec le second bouton : elle l'avait retrouvé dans le ruisseau.

— Ma chère amie, dit-elle à sa sœur, nous sommes trop heureuses ! Faites dire une messe, ou, sans cela, il nous arrivera quelque grand malheur.

We are much afraid that M. Harel was the "amant en titre" of Mademoiselle ; but Harel valued himself on his dirtiness, as Georges did upon her propriety.

#### LE COCHON D'HAREL.

Nous avons parlé de la malpropreté d'Harel ; elle était de notoriété publique ; et lui-même en prenait une espèce d'orgueil ; homme de paradoxe, il s'amusait à faire des amplifications sur cette triste supériorité.

Quand il voyait Georges, couchée sur son canapé au milieu de ses chiens bien peignés, bien lavés, avec leur collier de maroquin au cou, il soupirait d'ambition.

Car Harel avait une ambition, qu'il avait manifestée bien souvent, et qui n'avait jamais été satisfaite : c'était d'avoir un cochon !

A son avis, saint Antoine était le plus heureux des saints ; et il était, comme lui, prêt à se retirer au désert, si la Providence daignait lui accorder le même compagnon.

La fête d'Harel approchant, nous résolûmes, Georges et moi, de combler les modestes désirs d'Harel ; nous achetâmes, moyennant vingt-deux livres tournois, un cochon de trois à quatre mois ; nous lui mimas une couronne de diamants sur la tête, un bouquet de roses au côté, des nœuds de pierreries aux pattes, et, le conduisant majestueusement comme une mariée, nous entrâmes dans la salle à manger, au moment où nous crûmes l'heure venue de faire à Harel cette douce surprise.

Aux cris que poussait le nouvel arrivant, Harel abandonna à l'instant même la conversation de Lockroy et de Janin, si attachante qu'elle fût, et accourut vers nous.

Le cochon tenait à la patte un compliment qu'il présentait à Harel.

Harel se précipita sur son cochon, — car il devina du premier coup que ce cochon était à lui, — le serra contre son cœur, se frotta le nez à son groin, le fit asseoir près de lui sur la grande chaise de Popot, le maintint sur cette chaise avec une écharpe à Georges, et se mit à le bourrer de toutes sortes de friandises.

Le cochon, baptisé séance tenante, reçut d'Harel, — qui déclara contracter envers lui les obligations d'un

parrain envers son filleul, — le nom euphonique de Piaff-Piaff.

Dès le même soir, Harel se retira à son second étage avec Piaff-Piaff, et, comme nul ne s'était préoccupé du coucher de l'animal, Harel s'empara d'une robe de velours à Georges, et lui en fit une litière.

Cela amena, le lendemain, entre Georges et Harel, une grande altercation où, pris pour juges par les parties, nous condamnâmes Harel à payer à Georges deux cents francs d'indemnité sur la recette du soir.

La robe fut envoyée au magasin, et l'on en fit des costumes de pages.

Cette amitié d'Harel pour son cochon devint une frénésie. Un jour, Harel m'aborda à la répétition on me disant ;

— Vous ne savez pas, mon cher ? J'aime tant mon cochon, que je couche avec lui !

— Eh bien, lui répondis-je, je viens de rencontrer votre cochon, qui m'a dit exactement la même chose.

Je crois que c'est le seul mot auquel Harel n'ait rien trouvé à répliquer.

Il en fut de Piaff-Piaff comme de tous les animaux trop aimés : il sentit sa puissance, il en abusa, et les choses finirent, un jour, par mal tourner pour lui.

Piaff-Piaff, bien nourri, bien logé, bien caressé, couchant avec Harel, en était arrivé au poids honorable de cent cinquante livres : ce qui était, — nous en avions fait le calcul, — cinquante livres de plus que Janin, trente livres de plus que Lockroy, dix livres de plus que moi, cinquante-cinq livres de moins qu'Éric Bernard ; il avait été arrêté dans un conseil d'où avait été exclu Harel, qu'arrivé au poids de deux cents livres, Piaff-Piaff serait utilisé en boudin et en saucisses.

Malheureusement pour lui, chaque jour, il commettait dans la maison quelque nouveau désordre qui amenait une menace universelle d'avancer l'heure fixée pour son trépas, et, cependant, malgré tous ces méfaits, l'adoration d'Harel pour Piaff-Piaff était tellement connue, que les plus dures résolutions finissaient toujours par tourner à la miséricorde.

Mais, un jour, il arriva que Piaff-Piaff, rôdant à l'entour d'une espèce de cage, où se tenait un magnifique faisan que j'avais donné à Tom, le faisan eut l'imprudence d'allonger le cou entre deux barreaux, pour pincer un grain de blé, et Piaff-Piaff allongea le groin, et pinça la tête du faisan.

Tom était à quatre pas de là ; il vit se faire le tour, et jeta les hauts cris.

Le faisan, décapité, n'était plus bon qu'à être rôti.

Tant que Piaff-Piaff, en s'attaquant à tout le monde, avait eu l'intelligence de respecter les objets appartenant à Tom, Piaff-Piaff, comme nous l'avons dit, avait joui du bénéfice des circonstances atténuantes ; mais, cette dernière maladresse commise, il n'y avait point de plaidoyer, si éloquent qu'il fût, qui put sauver le meurtrier. Georges déclara énergiquement qu'il avait mérité la mort. Personne, pas même Janin, n'osa aller contre ce jugement.

Le jugement rendu, on résolut de profiter de l'absence d'Harel pour le mettre à exécution, et, tout chaud, tout bouillant, en envoya chercher le charcutier en le prévenant d'apporter son couteau.

Cinq minutes après, Piaff-Piaff poussait des cris à amener tout le quartier.

On gardait la porte de la rue pour écarter Harel, si, par hasard, il revenait en ce moment-là ; seulement, on avait oublié que le jardin possédait une sortie sur le Luxembourg, et qu'Harel pouvait rentrer de côté.

Tout à coup, comme Piaff-Piaff donnait ces notes douloureuses qui annoncent l'approche de l'agonie, la porte s'ouvrit, et Harel parut en criant :

— Qu'est-ce qu'on fait à mon pauvre Piaff-Piaff ? qu'est-ce qu'on lui fait ?

— Ma loi, dit Georges, tant pis ! il devenait trop désagréable, ton affreux Piaff-Piaff ?

— Ah ! pauvre animal ! pauvre bête ! s'écria Harel, on parle qu'on l'égorge !



Puis, après une passe d'un instant :

— Au moins, dit-il d'un ton plaintif, avez-vous recommandé au charcutier de mettre beaucoup d'oignon dans le boudin ? J'adore l'oignon !

Telle fut l'oraison funèbre de Piaff-Piaff.

The light rattling nonsense of these volumes gives them favour in the eyes of the French public, and perhaps in those of English readers also ; it is so amusing to listen at times to a light, feather-pated, fluent, chatterbox.

Dumas winds up his account of the capture of the Hotel de Ville with the following sage reflection—

“ O joueurs politiques ! que vous êtes forts quand il faut élever un homme nouveau ! que vous êtes foibles lorsqu'il faut soutenir un pouvoir vieilli ! ”

How very true this is in France ! How utterly absurd it would sound in England !

*La Marquise Cornelia d'Alfi, ou le lac d'Annecy et ses Environs.* Par EUGÈNE SUE. 1853.

EUGÈNE SUE is in exile, and he is anxious that the world should interest itself in the scenes among which he finds himself. From Annecy le Vieux, a little village among the rocks of Savoy, he sends forth a volume, descriptive of the scenery around him, and an introduction laudatory of the agricultural knowledge of the Savoyards, their economy of manure, their great care for bulrushes, and their wonderfully economical system of ploughing with *milch-cows* ! A Parisian's ideas upon bucolic subjects would, however, scarcely be amusing even to Mr. Wren Hoskins, so we pass the introduction, and travel onwards to the story.

The Marquise Cornelia d'Alfi is a Venetian vixen, wonderful in her beauty, tremendous in her will, but not particular as to her morals. She is thus introduced to us—

Madame d'Alfi, ainsi que l'on a pu en juger par le signalement inscrit sur son passe-port, était jeune, d'une beauté remarquable et d'une taille élevée ; mais, à ce signalement incomplet, nous ajouterons, — taille svelte et accomplie, larges épaules, pieds d'enfant, mains dignes d'une madone de Raphaël, port de tête impérieux, narines roses gonflées, palpitantes à la moindre émotion, lèvres rouges et sardoniques, noirs sourcils arqués sur de grands yeux de cet azur étincelant dont l'acier est souvent trempé . . . , physionomie saisissante, pleine d'audace et de passion, de hauteur et d'ironie.

Cornelia, lorsqu'elle ne sortait pas de chez elle, se plaisait, par caprice, à rappeler dans ses vêtements la mode orientale ; elle portait ce soir-là des fleurs naturelles de jasmin et de grenadier, entremêlées dans les nattes de ses beaux cheveux noirs, enroulées à la grecque autour de son front hardi ; sa soubreveste albanaise de taffetas orange, brodée de soie blanche et garnie de courtes manches flottantes, tombait jusqu'aux hanches, et découvrait le corsage d'une robe de mousseline de l'Inde ornée de légères striures de fils d'argent tissés dans l'étoffe.

Madame d'Alfi, presque renversée sur ses coussins, l'un de ses bras replié sous sa tête, les yeux demi-clos, balançant, au bout de son pied cambré, sa petite pantoufle tarque de velours rouge ouvrage d'argent, regardait indolemment la légère et bleuvâtre fumée d'une cigarette de tabac de Smyrne qu'elle savourait lentement.

Faustine, camériste et confidente de Cornelia, brodait assise à quelques pas de sa maîtresse, qui, effusive et profondément absorbée, continuait d'aspirer l'arôme du tabac turc ; mais au bout de quelques instants, au long soupir souleva son sein ; elle se redressa, jeta brusquement loin d'elle sa cigarette allumée, mit un de ses coudes sur son genou, appuya son menton dans

la paume de sa main et regarda le lac et les montagnes d'un œil fixe, presque sombre.

Faustine, entendant le soupir de sa maîtresse, releva la tête et dit :

— Vous soupirez, madame ? Je le savais bien, moi, que vous regretteriez votre brusque départ de Paris, où vous étiez si fêtée, si admirée !

La marquise haussa les épaules et resta muette.

— Alors, madame, puisque vous ne regrettez pas Paris, vous regrettez donc que M. le comte Christian ne soit pas encore venu vous rejoindre ici ?

La marquise, toujours silencieuse, haussa de nouveau et encore plus significativement les épaules.

— Excusez-moi, madame, reprit Faustine, je ne suis qu'une sotte ! En effet, si vous regrettiez Paris, est-ce que vous n'y retourneriez pas à l'instant ? Est-ce que, si vous regrettiez l'absence de M. le comte, vous n'iriez pas le retrouver à Florence ? Mais, alors, madame, d'où vient votre souci ? Vous ennuyez-vous dans ce pays, qui pourtant vous avait tant séduite l'année passée, en le traversant, qu'il y a huit jours, à votre retour en France, vous avez voulu vous établir ici pendant quelque temps ? Votre goût a-t-il changé ? Alors, qui vous empêche de revenir en Italie ? Vos palais de Florence ou de Venise vous attendent. Grâce à Dieu, ainsi que vous le dites souvent, madame, “ depuis que vous avez l'âge de raison, votre volonté, quelle qu'elle soit, s'est toujours faite ! . . . ” Ni homme, ni femme, ni dieu, ni diable, lorsque vous voulez quelque chose d'humainement possible, ne peuvent empêcher que cela soit ! . . . Vous êtes jeune, riche, belle et, par-dessus tout, veuve, c'est-à-dire libre ! le monde est à vos pieds ! Dès que vous entrez dans un salon, toutes les femmes ne quittent plus du regard leurs adorateurs et même . . . leurs maris ! Il n'est pas un homme que vous ne puissiez rendre amoureux fou, et lorsqu'il l'est devenu, vous le traitez de reine à esclave ! Ce pauvre M. le comte tyrannisait, dit-on, la princesse Orsino, et, devant vous, il tremble, humble, craintif à faire pitié, lui toujours si arrogant, si dédaigneux ! Lui de qui les plus charmantes et les plus grandes dames qu'étaient un regard, vous l'avez fasciné ; s'il était ici, vous l'enverriez, je crois, d'un geste, au bout du monde ! Dites un mot, et vous le verrez accourir malgré les graves intérêts qui le retiennent encore à Florence ! Enfin, madame, de quoi vous affliger, puisque pour votre volonté il n'est pas d'obstacle ?

— Tu te trompes . . . il en est un ! répondit en soupirant de nouveau Cornelia, qui, d'un air distrait, avait écouté sa camériste. Il en est un . . . devant lequel ma volonté se brise.

— Et quel est, madame, cet obstacle ?

— Une tombe !

— Comment . . . une tombe ! . . . reprit Faustine avec stupeur. De grâce, expliquez-vous, madame.

— Tais-toi ! c'est assez, répondit brusquement madame d'Alfi.

Et elle retomba dans sa rêverie, que sa camériste n'osa plus interrompre.

La marquise resta longtemps pensive, toujours assise et repliée sur elle-même ; soudain elle se releva brusquement en disant :

— Je deviendrai folle, si je reste ainsi des jours entiers dans l'inertie, face à face avec cette pensée qui m'absorbe et me domine. . .

Puis s'adressant à sa camériste :

— J'ai mes habits d'homme ici ?

— Oui, madame.

— Va me chercher le jardinier.

— Faustine se leva, sortit et revint bientôt avec le jardinier.

This excellent person, while travelling among the Alps some time before, in company with Count Christian, had amused herself by turning the head of a poor innocent clerk to a notary. The count had the honour of inventing the joke. He easily persuaded poor Julien that the countess was in love with him, made the boy delirious with joy, described himself as the brother of the marchioness, arranged a mock marriage, and carried on the plot to the point, when the happy clerk was leading his newly-wedded bride into the nuptial chamber. Then the count rudely repulses him, tells him of the cheat, shuts the door in his face, and takes his place. Julien rushes forth, writes a history of the affair to his father, and throws himself off the bridge at Geneva into the Rhone.

The father searches in vain for his son's body, and, attributing his suicide very much to his having been brought up in disregard to the principles of education laid down by Jean Jacques Rousseau in "Emile," he takes up his abode in the ruins of Madame Warens' house, and wanders about the mountains.

The marquise has a strong desire to ascend to the top of the highest mountain in the neighbourhood. We saw in our last extract that she had sent for her "habits d'homme" and for the gardener. From the latter she demands a guide, and the recluse of the house of Rousseau is recommended.

Claude, selon la recommandation de la marquise d'Alfi, se rendit avant le jour à la maison de Rousseau ; il y trouva Robert prêt à partir pour ses courses accoutumées.

— Mon brave, lui dit Claude, voulez-vous gagner quelques bonnes journées ?

— Qui êtes-vous, mon ami ?

— Je suis le jardinier de la maison louée à Veyrier par madame la marquise, Cornélia d'Alfi, qui m'envoie vers vous.

A ces mots, le long bâton de voyage que tenait Robert s'échappa de ses mains : il devint livide, trembla de tous ses membres et fut obligé de s'appuyer aux linteaux de la porte sur le seuil de laquelle il se trouvait ; l'aube à peine naissante n'avait point encore dissipé les ténèbres de la nuit ; Claude ne remarqua pas la subite altération des traits de l'habitant de la maison de Rousseau et reprit :

— Vous ne me répondez pas, mon brave homme ? Je vous offre cependant une belle occasion de gagner quelques journées ? Cette dame est très-généreuse, elle voudrait parcourir nos montagnes . . . elle m'a demandé un guide . . . Alors . . . j'ai pensé à vous qui passez votre temps à courir le pays comme un vrai chamouïs.

— Mon Dieu ! murmura Robert, en se jetant dans sa chambre encore pleine de ténèbres, et cachant dans ses mains son visage blême et contracté, elle ! elle !

The father immediately conceives the project of a signal vengeance. He will aid her to scale the very highest peak, cast down the ropes by which they have reached the platform, discover himself to his victim, and then sit down and see her die, and die with her, upon that bare unreachable rock, unreachable to any one but him.

The reader can imagine what this will become in the hands of Eugène Sue, and what an excellent vehicle the story affords for descriptions of scenery.

Here is a specimen of the *parti fin* upon the rock—

MADAME D'ALFI *pétissant*.

Je me trompais ! Plus de doute . . . c'est un fou . . . Je suis perdu ! . . .

Robert, après avoir jeté les bijoux dans le précipice, semble examiner l'horizon du côté de l'ouest, où se trouve Lyon ; il lève sa main au-dessus de sa tête, afin de mieux sentir la direction de la brise qui commence à s'élever et dit :

— Le vent change ! du nord il tourne vers le couchant déjà chargé de nuages ; avant peu ils nous envelopperont . . . et la neige tombera sur cette cime où nous sommes . . . Femme . . . cette neige sera notre linceul.

MADAME D'ALFI, *brisée par la fatigue et la terreur, se laisse tomber sur un quartier de roche.*

Ici ! seule . . . à la merci de ce misérable fou ! Oh ! jo suis perdue . . . perdue !

ROBERT *s'assoit auprès de la marquise.*

Vous l'avez dit : perdu ! . . . C'est dommage, n'est-ce pas ? mourir à vingt-six ans . . . riche et belle ! aussi belle que féroce et corrompue ! ! Jugez ! En ces termes, Vénus auprès de vous serait laide, et Messaline sainte ! ! Et puis vous aviez toute honte bue ; et, fort à l'aise dans le crime, votre front d'airain ne rougissait plus ! mais vos valets rougissaient pour vous . . . (Jo vous parle ainsi au passé et comme si vous étiez morte, parce qu'à cette heure vous êtes morte . . .) C'est vraiment dommage . . . vous auriez vieilli dans cette vie infâme . . . vous y trouviez le bonheur ! Les larmes, le sang des hommes morts pour vous . . . ou par vous . . . le cimentaient ce bonheur ! Qu'importe ? vice, audace, impunité, ces trois mots, jusqu'à ce jour, résumaient votre vie ! Muette est la loi, devant ces meurtres élégants, où le bourreau, un bouquet à la main, torture d'un regard et tue d'un éclat de rire ! . . . Mais, je vous le dis, le jour de l'expiation est venu . . . Nous sommes tous deux seuls, ici, à sept ou huit mille pieds au-dessus du séjour des hommes ; tout à l'heure nous serons perdus dans les nuages ; voyez . . . déjà l'occident se couvre de vapeurs ; elles approchent avec la rapidité de l'ouragan ; la bise devient glaciale . . . Avant peu la neige nous servira de linceul !

Madame d'Alfi, loin d'interrompre son guide, est restée suspendue à ses lèvres avec une curiosité halitante, tâchant de pressentir quel pouvait être le but, ou l'issue, de ce redoutable entretien ; déjà de grands nuages sombres, chassés par un vent violent, envahissent peu à peu vers le nord-ouest l'horizon naguère encore si pur, et semblent devoir bientôt se briser comme des vagues au pied du fautaill, car au-dessus de cette cime élevée, le ciel est toujours bleu, le soleil radieux !

La marquise, après un assez long silence, sent renaître son courage un instant abattu : son orgueil se

révolte à la pensée de paraître, céder à la peur; elle se lève, et, le front haut, le sourire sardonique, elle dit à Robert, qui reste assis, son coude sur son genou, son front dans sa main :

— Monsieur, vous êtes sans doute extrêmement insolent; mais, convenez-en, vous êtes aussi très-lâche! Le hasard me donne pour guide je ne sais quel ennemi inconnu, je me fie à cet homme, je suis à sa merci, je suis femme, il me jette l'outrage à la face, et il n'ose pas seulement me dire ce qu'il est, ce qu'il veut, ce qu'il me reproche!

ROBERT, *toujoursassis et accoudé, levant les yeux vers la marquise.*

Vous demandez qui je suis?

MADAME D'ALFI.

Oui.

ROBERT.

Vous me demandez ce que je vous reproche?

MADAME D'ALFI.

Oui.

ROBERT.

Vous me demandez ce que je veux faire de vous?

MADAME D'ALFI (*à part*).

Malgré moi, cet homme m'effraye!

ROBERT se lève, saisit la marquise d'une main convulsive, et lui indiquant tour à tour du geste les points qu'il lui désigne à l'horizon :

Regardez là-bas ce point noir que la nuée n'a pas encore envahi... c'est Lyon... Dans cette ville j'habitais avec mon fils. Il vous a connue!... Six semaines après, il se rendait à Genève... Regardez là-bas... c'est Genève... Ce fleuve qui sort du lac, c'est le Rhône, où mon fils s'est noyé de désespoir!... (*Avec une explosion terrible.*) Je suis le père de Julien!

Madame d'Alfi tressaille, et, jetant un profond regard sur Robert, elle reste muette et pensive.

L'horizon est presque entièrement assombri, un violent orage s'approche et chasse devant lui d'épais nuages; mais telle est l'élévation du Fauteuil, qu'ils roulent et flottent à ses pieds comme une mer de noires vapeurs, çà et là sillonnée par des éclairs. On entend au loin les sourds roulements de la foudre... mais au-dessus du Fauteuil brille encore, au milieu d'un ciel d'azur, le soleil.

La marquise, à ces mots de son guide : "Je suis le père de Julien," a tressailli, et bientôt, redressant son front hardi, elle regarde fixement Robert, se rapproche de lui, et s'asseyant sur le quartier de roc d'où elle venait de se lever, elle dit à son guide, avec un sourire sardonique et un flegme glacial :

— Ah! vous êtes le père de Julien! Eh bien! mon cher monsieur, causons.

ROBERT, *effrayant, s'élance les deux poings levés sur la marquise.*

Monstre!

MADAME D'ALFI, *toujours assise, et le regardant fixement.*

Bon... ensuite?

ROBERT, *hors de lui, saisit de ses deux mains crispées la marquise par les épaules.*

Tu vas mourir!

MADAME D'ALFI.

Je le sais... Et puis après?

Robert, pétrifié par tant d'audace, reste immobile et contemple madame d'Alfi avec horreur.

Les nuages amoncelés jusqu'alors au-dessous de la plate-forme de la Tournette commencent à l'envahir peu à peu comme une marée montante, les noires vapeurs baignent déjà la base du Fauteuil, les rugissements de la tourmente qui approche se mêlent au fracas de la foudre, la clarté fulgurante des éclairs illumine parfois d'un rouge de feu la masse de nuées qui voile de toutes parts l'horizon; mais elles n'ont point encore enveloppé le faite du Fauteuil, au-dessus duquel le ciel continue d'être serein, le soleil éblouissant, tandis qu'aux pieds de Robert et de Cornélia, l'orage éclate avec furie au milieu du tonnerre, de la grêle, de la pluie, des éclairs, des sifflements, de l'ouragan... Mais, impassible devant les éléments déchaînés, triomphante de l'horreur qu'elle inspire à Robert, jetant un dernier défi à la foudre, à la mort, la marquise prend dans la poche de son paletot de soie son étui d'or, frotte sur son couvercle un brin de matière incandescente, allume une cigarette, et, le coude sur son genou, lance la légère fumée du tabac au vent de la tempête en disant à Robert :

— Ce superbe orage couronne dignement notre ascension! Oui... jusqu'ici j'avais vu des hommes... mais non la foudre gronder à mes pieds... le spectacle est curieux.

ROBERT, *rougeant près de la marquise.*

Votre audace infernale m'avait mis tout à l'heure hors de moi... heureusement je n'ai pas cédé à ce mouvement de fureur; lancée par moi dans l'abîme, vous seriez morte sans agonie.

MADAME D'ALFI.

Ainsi donc, sachant que je ne peux descendre d'ici sans votre aide, vous m'abandonnerez sur ce roc pour y mourir de faim et de froid?

ROBERT.

Je resterai avec vous.

MADAME D'ALFI.

Jusqu'à la fin?

ROBERT.

Jusqu'à la fin... votre sort sera le mien, nous mourons ici... tous deux.

MADAME D'ALFI.

Ma mort... je la conçois... vous vengez votre fils mon cher monsieur : mais vous... pourquoi mourir?

ROBERT.

Ceci me regarde... J'ai mes raisons pour mourir aussi...

MADAME D'ALFI.

J'ai été indiscret... pardon... Il est donc entendu que ce Fauteuil sera notre tombeau; cependant... permettez-moi une objection : supposons que mes gens, ne me voyant pas revenir, et inquiets de cet orage que l'on doit apercevoir de la plaine, rassemblent des guides et viennent à mon secours?

ROBERT.

Si quelqu'un monte ici, je vous prends dans mes bras... et voyez... nous n'aurons que le choix entre ces précipices qui entourent de tous côtés le Fauteuil.

MADAME D'ALFI *continue de fumer sa cigarette.*

This volume has none of the objectionable qualities of most of this author's works; it is not very very unfit for family reading.

*Isaac Laquedem; par Alexandre Dumas.* Tomes 1er. 2me. 3me. et 4me. 1853.

IF the "Wandering Jew" be indeed a real, palpable, and fleshly personage, and not a myth of the mediæval era, he is very much to be pitied. It was not enough to have run the gauntlet of all the fathers, to have been pilloried in all the pulpits, and to have been made the "frightful example" of every lying legend of the olden time; a worse fate was reserved for him—that of becoming a standing "Roman" unto the nineteenth century. Alaric Watts, Blackwood's Magazine, L'Université Catholique, Lady Blessington, Benjamin D'Israeli, Eugène Sue—all have had their fling at him in their turn, but not all with the same success as Salathiel Croly, who seems to have set them the example. And here Alexandre Dumas ("ci-devant Marquis de la Pailletière, Pair de France," by grace of Louis Philippe),—Alexandre Dumas has been at him, too—poor Wanderer!—in that dreariest, prosiest, and absurdest of sentimentalities, which stands at the head of our paper. Only the first four volumes, constituting, as we are told, the first part of the work, have as yet appeared; and neither M. Dumas nor his publishers inform their readers how many more they are going to inflict upon them. But, when we inform *our* readers, that this published portion of the work brings it down only to the accession of Nero; that the said Nero, with the "Wandering Jew" to personate his Tigellinus, and Cleopatra resuscitated and turned into his Poppæa, are announced to be the leading characters for Part II.—also to consist of four volumes—and that the subsequent events in an autobiography of nearly 1450 years—for the Wandering Jew is telling his marauding story to Pope Paul II. on Maundy Thursday 1460—we are sure that we shall not be taxed with making matters worse than they really are, in taking upon ourselves to promise his readers that, not till they have worked through his fortieth volume, will they begin to have some glimpse of the distant term of their wanderings with this curse-stricken Isaac.

We do not pretend to spare them a jot or tittle of their pleasant labour. The work defies selection, explanation, criticism. It is an indescribable compound of blasphemies—the more heinous because really and sincerely intended for edification—false chronologies, spurious philologies, oriental smatterings, misquoted texts, and perverted plagiarisms. In return, we have M. Dumas personifying himself in every character—from the Saviour to Caiaphas; from Apollonius of Tyana, down to Cleopatra of Egypt. He is Annas, the high priest,—“Bar Abbas,”—the robber, “Dumas,” the penitent thief,—“Gestas,” his impenitent brother,—

Magdalen, “*la belle courtisane*,”—Prometheus *vinctus*, the speaking sphinx of granite, Pilate's wife, Chiron the centaur, Canidia the witch, Judas “the Charloth” (commonly called Iscariot), “Napoleon di Ormini,” the three Parces, “Gaetano the Bastard,” and, above all, Isaac Laquedem, the Wandering Jew! To accommodate himself to so many and such varied circumstances at once was difficult. M. Dumas has wisely chosen to accommodate, at a slight sacrifice of probability and truth, the circumstances to himself. The sermon on the Mount,—the discourses of Prometheus—on the liver,—and the homilies of Apollonius—on the thigh,—may be very unlike the texts that have survived, or the impressions that are commonly received of their originals. But then they have the merit of reproducing Alexandre Dumas, and every time in a new character; and, that being the object which the writer had solely in view, we must confess that he has most successfully attained it.

We are far from saying, too, that there is not much amusement to be derived from these volumes. On the contrary, we have read them through, and, although there is not a syllable of professed fun in the whole, we have laughed heartily wherever we did not shudder fearfully.

Who is there that has not read Thackeray's inimitable burlesque of the romantic school, published some ten years back in a Miscellany of Cruikshank's, and called “The Legend of the Rhine?” Yet are there passages in Isaac Laquedem which, however intended, out-Thackeray Thackeray himself in this line. Take, for instance, the celebrated archery match at Cologne, where *his* successful Locksley, standing on his right leg, drawing the bow-string to his left ear, and gracefully poising his left leg to a level with the shaft, takes aim at the eye of a grey goose, overhead and out of sight, and presently brings it down, stone dead, to the wonder of the bystanders. That decided improvement upon Ivanhoe is fairly put into the shade by a similar scene of thrilling interest which we find in the work before us. We commend it to the serious notice of an ingenious Mr. Richardson, of Greenwich fair, and the intrepid management of a Victoria theatre.

A garrison of Free Companions—bandits from every nation of Europe—occupy the fortress-tomb of Cecilia Metella at the gates of Rome. Isaac Laquedem, too poor to pay his “péage,” is arrested at the barrier, and led before their chief. “Canst thou do any thing to redeem thyself?” he is asked. “Something,” quoth he, “I can do: I can shoot with the long bow, as surely as one of thine own English archers here.” The archers laugh him to scorn:

but the chief bids him to the proof. "If thou canst outshoot my three best men thou shalt have thy passage free, and five crowns to boot."—[Walter Scott's Prince John!] The target is set at a hundred yards' distance, and a fly—we trust it was a blue-bottle—is pinned to the centre. "Edwards" and "Georges" deliver their shafts very near to this most unusual bull's eye, but "Herbert" [Walter Scott's Hubert, for M. Dumas is too French to be exact, even as a plagiarist!] grazes the fly itself. The shaft of the Wandering Jew, of course, strikes it fairly; and moreover, albeit the weakest in the quiver, presses through the wooden shell of the target, three bulls' hides, and three plates of steel, with all the ease imaginable. Herbert demands another essay, which Isaac grants, but says, like the Locksley of Walter Scott, that he has not been used to shoot at a mark so contemptible; and removes the target to a distance of three hundred yards. The archers remonstrate: their bows will not carry so far. "Lift that mossy rock," cries the Jew, "and you will find one that will." They labour at the rock, but cannot stir it. "It is cemented and stapled from beneath," returns Isaac; "let me try." Three heaves, and it is done. The cement yields, the iron bolts and staples snap asunder, and the huge mass thunders down the slope. "It is the grave of Maximinus the Emperor," says Isaac, "and here is his bow, nine feet long, and here are his six arrows, each measuring three cubits: will you try them, or shall I?" They decline: their own arrows fall short of the target. He bends the bow of the gigantic Thracian, and delivers the six arrows into the heart of the target with ease, and with so much exactness that they present to the eyes of the edified beholders the mysterious figure of THE CROSS! "There," cries the chief, "there are thy five crowns, good fellow!" [Prince John again!] "Nay! marry!" quoth Isaac, "give them to Edwards, Georges, and Herbert!" [Locksley once more!] And so he takes his leave, and proceeds to Rome, and makes auricular confession to Paul II. (all fasting, poor man! on Maundy Thursday too!), of a life whose first four volumes are here before us.

It is a life full of adventure, conceit, and sentiment, and withal, as we have said, one of much merriment to all plain people like ourselves. It is not every day that we have the

pleasure of hob-a-nobbing with such excellent people as the Centaurs and the Fates, Achilles and Prometheus, Cleopatra and the Sphinx, and other—

Heathen gods and goddesses most rare,  
Nebuchadnezzar, and Nicodemus,  
All standing naked in the open air."

And, as M. Dumas assures us that they, each and all, died immediately after Isaac Laquedem's several P. P. C. visits to them, we may congratulate ourselves that our good fortune is not going to be eclipsed by any who shall come after us.

We shall not care much to see another volume of this mad nonsense. But, if we do, we shall be amused, we doubt not—although probably by no means edified—with the doings of the still impenitent Isaac at Rome under Nero. "Isaac is M. Dumas all over. In his impenitent state he regards his immortality of punishment as a kind of advantage over —, a name we must not here mention; and he promises to make himself another Prometheus, only a fortunate one, and to wage battle, à l'outrance, with the Almighty. In this strange strife Cleopatra the mummy is to be his chief auxiliary; so he resuscitates her, and raises her from her tomb, which he discovers by the help of the Sphinx, on whose granite back, by the way, he performs most remarkable journeys. How she is to aid him is explained in their last dialogue.

"Let us march!" "Where are we going?" "To Rome." "What to do there?" "To give advice to the new emperor." "And who is this new emperor?" "It is a young prince, full of promise—the son of Ahenobarbus and Agrippina, LUCIUS DOMITIUS CLAUDIUS NERO. Thou shalt be his mistress, and I shall be his favourite; I call myself TIGELLINUS, and thou callest thyself POPPEA!—Come!"

And so endeth Vol. IV., and therewith Part I. of "Isaac Laquedem!"

[At the last moment before going to press (June 29, 1853) we have received a ponderous volume of 667 pages, royal octavo, the first of six other volumes (!) by a Germanic-American author, on the same subject. It weighs two pounds and-a-half, and it is intitled "Chronicles selected from the Originals of Cartaphilus (!), the Wandering Jew, embracing a period of nearly Nineteen Centuries, NOW FIRST REVEALED TO, AND EDITED BY David Hoffman, Hon. J.U.D. of Göttingen, and dedicated to his brother, Samuel Hoffman of Baltimore. London, Bosworth, 1853." We shall endeavour to read it through, and, if possible, digest this formidable book before our next issue.]

*Le Chevalier D'Estagnol.* Par le MARQUIS DE FAUDRAS. 6 vols. 1858.

WE presume that the name upon the title-page of this novel is but a disguise; for surely no man would place a reputable name on the front of so atrocious and execrable a work as that which startled Europe about twelvemonths since under the title of "*Un Caprice de Grande Dame*." That book was too much for even French endurance; and the author, whoever he may be, has attempted to efface the recollection of his first performance by subsequent efforts of a less exceptionable character. His "*Madeleine Repentante*" was a bad apology for its infamous predecessor; "*La Nuit des Vengeurs*" was irreproachable in its morality; and the present work, "*Le Chevalier D'Estagnol*," may be placed in the hands of even an English lady.

It is a story of the revolution of 1789—a theme that has already been touched by Bulwer, worn threadbare by Dumas, disfigured by a dozen inferior fiction-weavers, and made a standard bore by the efforts of thousands of essayists and magazine writers. Carlyle, Thiers, and Lamartine have recently attracted the present generation to the same subject, by eccentricity, narrative power, or eloquence; and the Marquis de Faudras probably thinks that the time has come when this great problem may again be worked out by a group of creatures of the fancy.

The Marquis d'Estagnol, in the year 1788, had three sons, a wife, and a niece. He himself is a noble of the old régime. It was the tradition of the Estagnols, as he told his third son, to hold their heads high and their swords ready; to doubt their own capacity for no post, however lofty; to push themselves at court; to dazzle the women by their grace, and silence the men by their wit; and, if a younger son, to captivate "quelque fille de finance" whose family would drain themselves of all their gold for the honour of an alliance with an Estagnol, buy an estate and build a castle with his millions, and thus throw out a new branch from the parent trunk of the old family tree.

The old marquis was tyrannical to his family, and cold and inconstant to his wife: as to his niece, she being a great heiress, he purposed to marry her to his eldest son. Except, however, in matters connected with the house of Estagnol, he was a very tolerant individual. His wife was an angel of submissive fidelity, but this only excited in him some surprise, and a little contempt. His second son had inherited and imbibed from his mother the very purest of morals; but these aroused in the paternal mind a very hearty disgust. They were eminently ungentlemanlike, and unworthy of an Estagnol. The fond father, when about to send

this boy of sixteen to Paris, to take his position as sous-lieutenant in the gardes françaises, sternly enjoined him to neglect no fashionable vice, and assured him that he would rather hear he had incurred any amount of debts than that he had hoarded a sou of his allowance. Finding, however, that his advice is not so implicitly accepted as he had expected, he makes his son a present of his own valet, "le vieux Valery," who had been the Mentor of the marquis's own youth, and had conducted him through all his adventures of love and war. Valery has strict injunctions to take special care that Robert shall want no vice that may become a gentleman.

So Robert takes leave of his fainting mother and his weeping cousin Eliane, and wends his way to Paris. Here he finds his two brothers. The eldest is a gay, rollicking coxcomb, who thinks he could tap the looming revolution with his rapier and let out all its life; the second (the Viscomte) is an envious malcontent, a companion of Mirabeau, and an *amant* of the historic *fi-fie* Théroigne de Méricourt. Robert, the chevalier, is what Mr. Bulwer would call "an enlightened Conservative," anxious to preserve the *status quo*, but also to attain the *status quo debet*.

The chevalier, being sixteen years old, is the most virtuous piece of perfection we have met with since we had the misfortune to take leave of Sir Charles Grandison. His beauty startles the world, his grace eclipses every courtier, his *esprit* charms the applauding Tuilleries. The king dotes upon him; the queen confides in him alone; and, having thoroughly learned his profession in six lessons, he impresses the mou-stached veterans of the gardes françaises that he is the only man (boy we mean) to lead them to victory. And then he is so virtuous! Women who were all that Aspasia would have been had she been a French countess, throw themselves at his head; but he converts them for ever and a day, and by a single sentence, into staid matrons and most motherly protectors. "Le vieux Vallery" sends bewitching females to him, but Robert turns them into repentant Magdalenes, and ends by actually converting the *rusé* old valet! The chevalier's prudence, loyalty, courage, endurance, and strict adherence to command, are only to be equalled by his continence and his beauty. Amadis de Gaul was not so brave, so prudent, or so continent, as Robert d'Estagnol. Before we follow him to the field, however, we must see him at table with M. de Marignac, an epicure of the ancient time. We owe to some sympathy with the kind-hearted but *rusé* old gastronome, and offer his bill of fare as an example to all amphitryons.

## A FRENCH DINNER UNDER THE MONARCHY.

Voilà le menu de ce dîner *à la façon*, offert par un convalescent, à la suite d'une attaque de goutte.

Un consommé succulent; un aloyau braisé en relevé de potage; une fricassée de poulets entourée d'un turban de riz accommodé à l'indienne d'après une recette que M. de Marignac avait rapportée de l'île de France; un vol-au-vent de laitances de carpes; deux canetons de Rouen à la sauce verte, et des côtelettes d'agneau à la Soublas. Tel était le premier service. Il fut plus tard remplacé par un jambon d'Entramadure, cuit dans du vin de Porto centenaire, un bûisson d'écrevisses de la Meuse, des asperges énormes, des petits pois au sucre et une omelette glacée à la vanille. Le vin d'ordinaire était du vieux Pomard délicieux, et le premier maître d'hôtel offrait de temps en temps un certain clairnet du haut Médoc qui avait fait deux fois le voyage de l'Inde sur un bâtiment de l'État. Le maréchal de Castries, ministre de la marine, venait d'en faire présent au commandeur, qu'il savait digne de cette attention délicate.

M. de Marignac mangea de tout, et tendit son verre chaque fois qu'on lui présentait une bouteille. L'épanouissement naturel de sa physionomie semblait doublé depuis qu'il était à table: il s'était transformé en une sorte de béatitude vraiment curieuse à étudier.

En portant à sa bouche sa première cuillerée de consommé, le commandeur avait dit à Robert:

— Mon cher chevalier, si vous le trouvez bon, nous causerons peu pendant notre dîner: car lorsqu'on fait deux choses à la fois, il y en a infailliblement une qui est mal faite. La conversation aura son tour quand nous pourrons nous consacrer exclusivement à elle. Bernard, vous direz à mon cuisinier que son consommé manque en peu de vigueur. C'est du bouillon de malade, et la goutte ne fut jamais une maladie: c'est une exubérance de santé; que Renaud s'en souviennent, s'il tient, comme je le pense, à rester chez moi.

A partir de ce moment, M. de Marignac et son jeune convive n'échangèrent que quelques paroles qui, toutes, avaient rapport à l'occupation intéressante à laquelle ils se livraient, et le premier fit encore deux ou trois observations critiques, avec l'ordre de les transmettre à son cuisinier.

Après le dîner le commandeur prit de nouveau le bras de Robert; mais, au lieu de le ramener au salon, il le conduisit sous la grande charmille située au bout du jardin, et là ils s'établirent dans d'excellents fauteuils rangés au nombre de huit ou dix autour d'une grande table de marbre blanc sur laquelle le café et les liqueurs étaient servis.

— Maintenant, chevalier, dit M. de Marignac en savourant goutte à goutte un troisième petit verre de liqueur des îles, nous pourrions bavarder tout à notre aise. Bernard, emportez ce plateau et veillez à ce que les sorbets soient prêts dans une heure. N'oubliez pas surtout la glace à la cannelle de madame la vicomtesse de Cerizay.

Après le départ du maître d'hôtel, le commandeur reprit en se tournant vers Robert:

— Quand vous viendrez dîner avec moi en voisin, mon jeune ami, je vous rendrai votre liberté aussitôt le café pris, si cela peut vous être agréable; mais aujourd'hui, que vous le vouliez ou non, je vous garde une bonne partie de la soirée. Si cependant cela vous contrariait trop...

## MORALS UNDER THE MONARCHY.

— Ah! M. le commandeur, interrompit respectueusement Robert, comment pouvez-vous croire...?

— Je ne crois rien, chevalier; mais j'ai eu votre âge, et je me souviens qu'alors j'avais une foule d'occupations qui me plaisaient beaucoup plus qu'un dîner avec un ami, si agréable que fût sa conversation: vous voyez que je me fais la part belle.

— Vous oubliez, M. le commandeur, que je ne suis que depuis avant-hier à Paris, que je n'y peux connaître personne encore, et...

— Pour ce qui est de cela, chevalier, interrompit à son tour le commandeur, il y a dans cette séduisante Babylone des connaissances qu'un jeune homme fait si vite, qu'il ne serait pas étonnant que... que... Mais vous ne me paraissez pas, et je vous en félicite de tout mon cœur, être de ces étourdis qui se jettent à la tête de la première venue. Ainsi, s'est entendu, je vous garde ce soir jusqu'à neuf heures au moins; ensuite vous serez libre d'aller où bon vous semblera. Avez-vous entendu le marquis votre père parler de la vicomtesse de Cerizay, l'une de ses meilleures amies?

— Qui, M. le commandeur; et il me semble, si je ne me trompe, qu'il la citait comme une personne fort spirituelle.

— C'est une femme charmante, chevalier! vive, gracieuse, obligeante, coquette comme un démon dans ses manières, mais bonne au fond comme une sœur de charité. Je suis aussi fort lié avec elle, et quand elle a su que vous diniez chez moi, elle m'a signifié qu'elle viendrait, vers six et sept heures, prendre des sorbets avec nous. Elle grille du désir de vous connaître, car votre frère, le comte, lui a dit que vous étiez un très-agréable cavalier. Faites-lui votre cour; mon ami; mais n'en devenez pas amoureux, parce que... parce que... Comment diable vous dire cela? Avez-vous lu Œdipe, la première tragédie de M. de Voltaire?

— Mais M. le commandeur, interrompit Robert, vous oubliez que je ne suis encore qu'un enfant.

— Un enfant, chevalier! Vous voulez rire sans doute!

Et le commandeur darda le regard le plus perçant de ses petits yeux sur le pauvre chevalier qui ne savait quelle contenance faire.

— Je parle très-sérieusement, monsieur, balbutia-t-il. Je n'ai quinze ans révolus que depuis quelques jours.

— Je le sais, tableau! mais à cet âge, chevalier, j'avais eu déjà plusieurs aventures fort agréables. Croyez-moi, mon cher, hâtez-vous de vous amuser, n'y fusaient-vous pas disposé encore.

— Pourriez-vous, M. le commandeur, me dire pourquoi cette hâte que vous me conseillez vous semble si nécessaire?

— Parfaitement. D'abord la galanterie a toujours été un devoir pour un gentilhomme, votre père a dû vous l'apprendre; ensuite, mon jeune ami, la vieille France, la France du plaisir, des amours, des folies élégantes, cette France s'en va. Encore quelques années, et cette grande et noble dame qu'on appelle la monarchie n'existera plus. Nous aurons à sa place une bourgeoisie en vertugadin d'indienne, l'été, et en coqueluchon de futaine, l'hiver, avec laquelle il n'y aura pas moyen de rire. C'est tout au plus si alors il sera permis de se marier. Je ne sais pas si je me suis bien expliqué.

But we must now accompany the chevalier in his military duties.

The king's commands always were to kill none of his subjects. The constant duty of the chevalier, therefore, was to stand at the head of his men and oppose a passive resistance to an armed mob. "The crisis requires a hero, and God has given us only a martyr," said the chevalier; but he did his duty.

The nature of the service on which he was employed will appear from the following extract. He has been commanded to prevent an attack upon the house of one Révaillon, but to



shed no blood. The object of the leaders of the revolution was to provoke the soldiers to fire. Robert's elder brother and superior officer, who was in league with the conspirators, came to the spot, tried to take the command out of Robert's hands, and ordered the men to fire.

## THE TWO BROTHERS.

Les émeutiers qui formaient l'avant-garde de cette masse d'assaillants n'étaient plus qu'à deux portées de pistolet environ des soldats, lorsqu'un cavalier courant à toute bride parut sur la chaussée du boulevard du Temple. Son cheval tout blanc d'écume, ses vêtements en désordre, l'incohérence exaltée de ses gestes, les cris, inintelligibles encore, qu'il poussait, tout semblait indiquer le porteur d'un ordre qui allait peut-être changer la face des choses, soit en annonçant que des renforts arrivaient, soit en révoquant la défense faite de repousser la force par la force.

Ce fut du moins la pensée de Robert jusqu'au moment où il reconnut dans le cavalier qui se dirigeait vers lui en droite ligne, son frère le vicomte, c'est-à-dire l'homme dont il devait le plus redouter la présence dans la situation difficile où il se trouvait.

Le vicomte se jeta à bas de son cheval qu'il abandonna ensuite à lui-même, et venant droit au cavalier, il lui dit d'une voix ontrecoupée par la colère et la gêne de sa respiration haletante :

— Quoi ! monsieur, ma compagnie est sous les armes, et je n'ai pas même été prévenu !

— Le temps m'a manqué, répondit Robert avec fermeté, et d'ailleurs il m'avait été formellement défendu de vous prévenir.

— Qu'est-ce que cela signifie ?

— Cela signifie, capitaine, que j'ai reçu des ordres de mes supérieurs, lesquels sont aussi les vôtres, et que j'ai dû m'y soumettre, si pénible que cela fût pour moi... Veuillez donc vous retirer, je vous prie, car je commande seul ici, et les circonstances sont graves, comme vous voyez.

Et Robert montra de la main l'émeute qui s'avancait insensiblement, avec des démonstrations d'une hostilité évidente.

— Que je me retire ! s'écria le vicomte, l'œil en feu et la bouche écumante de rage. Ce serait plutôt à vous de le faire, car apprenez, monsieur, que là où je suis, mes subordonnés ne sont plus rien ! Grenadiers, mes amis, souffrirez-vous que l'autorité de votre capitaine soit méconnue et outragée par un enfant sans expérience et indigne de vous commander ? Répondez, mes camarades.

Les grenadiers gardèrent le silence.

— Encore une fois, et au nom de l'honneur, retirez-vous ! reprit Robert avec une énergie égale à la fureur du vicomte. On m'a confié une mission, dont je suis seul responsable, ne m'empêchez pas de la remplir. Grenadiers, attention ! nous allons être attaqués. Arrière, capitaine ! vous compromettez à la fois votre caractère et le mien dans ce malencontreux débat.

— Mais vous, monsieur, vous déshonorez ma compagnie ! balbutia Roland qui ne se possédait plus. Comment ! une attaque vous menace, et vos hommes ont encore la baïonnette dans le fourreau ! Et vous ne faites pas un bon feu de file sur cette canaille qui va vous culbuter comme des capucins de carte ! Mais de quel lâche ou de quel traître avez-vous donc reçu des ordres ?

— C'est me regarde, et ne regarde que moi.

— Insolent !

— Capitaine... ! s'écria Robert.

Et sa main chercha instinctivement la garde de son épée.

— Grenadiers, chargez vos armes ! hurla le vicomte.

— Grenadiers, je vous le défends ! répartit le chevalier.

Les grenadiers restèrent immobiles, et aucun d'eux ne manifesta même la plus légère hésitation.

Roland, hors de lui, s'élança sur le soldat qui se trouvait le plus à sa portée, lui arracha son fusil des mains, l'arma, inclina le canon dans la direction du rassemblement qui s'avancait toujours, et serra la détente de l'arme.

Le chien s'abattit sur le bassinet, mais le coup ne partit point.

Le fusil n'était pas chargé.

Roland, dont l'exaspération avait atteint les dernières limites de la violence, rejeta l'arme derrière lui en préférant d'horribles imprécations, et, tirant son épée, il jura qu'il tuerait sans le moindre scrupule le premier qui refuserait de lui obéir.

— Commencez donc par moi, mon frère, dit le chevalier en lui présentant sa poitrine. Mais je vous atteste que quand vous aurez commis cet acte de folie, vous n'en serez pas plus avancé pour cela, parce que le sergent Hoche connaît les instructions que j'ai reçues, et qu'il a été d'avance convenu entre nous quo...

Les dernières paroles du jeune officier furent couvertes par une explosion de cris de triomphe et de clameurs menaçantes qui s'élevaient de l'intérieur des bâtiments de la manufacture Réveillon. Il était donc certain que l'attaque dirigée sur les derrières de l'édifice, n'ayant pas trouvé d'obstacles, avait complètement réussi, et que le détachement des gardes français allait se trouver cerné de tous les côtés.

## The chevalier thus extricated himself.

## THE GUARDS AND THE POPULACE.

Quant aux insurgés qui avaient pris une part active et plus ou moins intéressée à l'attaque tentée dans cette direction, effrayés par les flammes qui déjà s'élevaient fait jour à travers les toits de l'édifice, ils avaient mis, sur l'ordre de leurs chefs, une cinquantaine de pas d'intervalle entre eux et la troupe, qu'ils se bornaient à provoquer, par leurs clameurs et leurs menaces, à venir les attaquer. Quelques-uns, joyeux ménestrels, chargés de célébrer les hauts faits futurs de la révolution naissante, avaient improvisé des couplets burlesques qui se terminaient par ce refrain :

Nous les saignerons,  
Nous les grillerons,  
Comme des cochons.

C'était cette circonstance de la peur de l'incendie qui avait momentanément dégagé Robert et ses hommes ; mais elle les livrait presque infailliblement à un autre péril, sur l'imminence duquel le jeune officier ne se faisait aucune illusion. Si l'émeute continuait à les cerner et que le feu s'étendit toujours ses ravages, les gardes françaises seraient bientôt réduits à l'alternative également dangereuse de se faire jour les armes à la main, à travers les rangs pressés de la multitude, rendue plus hostile par l'ingratitude de son crime, ou de périr d'une mort horrible sous les débris embrasés et fumants de la manufacture Réveillon.

Une demi-heure s'écoula ainsi, lente, solennelle, terrible ! Derrière la troupe, immobile et silencieuse, les flammes gagnaient du terrain de minute en minute, les toits s'effondraient, entraînant avec eux des pans de murs qui s'écroulaient avec un fracas formidable ; en avant, les rangs de la foule insurgée devenaient toujours plus compactes à mesure que l'incendie, en augmentant de violence, forçait les individus qui se livraient à l'agréable distraction du pillage, à quitter le théâtre de leurs déprédations pour s'enquérir de ce qui se passait dans la rue.

Le courage et le sang-froid de Robert ne faiblirent pas un seul instant au milieu de ces terrifiantes épreuves. Cependant de cruelles angoisses déchiraient son cœur, à la pensée du sort affreux qui serait le partage des braves placés sous ses ordres, si des renforts ne venaient pas les délivrer, ce qu'il n'espérait guère, en se rappelant les circonstances de son entrevue avec le duc du Châtelet. Son frère avait, à la vérité, disparu dans la



tumulte occasionné par la seconde attaque des insurgés, ce qui était un souci de moins et une certitude de plus de pouvoir agir librement ; mais quel profit tirerait-il de la retraite du vicomte dans l'extrémité fâcheuse où il se trouvait ? Ses hommes qui, jusqu'à ce moment, s'étaient résignés héroïquement au rôle tout à la fois passif et périlleux qu'on leur faisait jouer, ne finiraient-ils pas, comprenant qu'on les exposait inutilement, par exiger de lui, soit l'ordre de se tuer sur leurs ennemis pour essayer de se frayer un passage, soit une capitulation qui les arracherait à une mort sans gloire pour eux et sans profit pour la paix publique ? Céder sur le premier point, c'était manquer à l'engagement qu'il avait contracté de ne pas prendre l'initiative d'un conflit sanglant ; faiblir sur le second, c'était faire subir aux armes du roi un premier échec dont il était impossible de prévoir toutes les conséquences désastreuses. Il ne restait donc que la mort, la mort accompagnée d'horribles tortures, qu'il lui faudrait encore présenter comme un devoir d'honneur à ses compagnons d'armes, dont un seul connaissait la nature des ordres qu'il avait recus.

Il fut arraché à ces navrantes préoccupations par une nouvelle explosion de cris provocateurs et de huées insultantes, plus formidable que toutes celles qui les assourdisaient depuis une heure.

Le feu venait de se déclarer sur plusieurs points du corps de bâtiment auquel ils étaient adossés, et déjà les flammes, faisant irruption par les fenêtres des étages supérieurs, se confondaient avec celles qui avaient dévoré intérieurement la toiture.

Les gardes françaises tournèrent la tête pour se rendre compte de l'imminence du péril, mais, si effrayant que fût le spectacle qui frappa leurs regards, aucun d'eux ne bougea de la longueur d'une semelle.

Robert prit à l'instant même son parti.

— Grenadiers ! cria-t-il d'une voix retentissante, en avant, pas ordinaire, marche... (Grenadiers ! halte ! reprit-il quand le détachement, pour s'éloigner de la façade transformée en véritable fournaise, eut diminué d'une vingtaine de pas l'espace qui le séparait des insurgés.)

Cette manœuvre, à laquelle les meneurs de l'émeute s'attendaient, leur en inspira une toute semblable, c'est-à-dire qu'ils commandèrent aussi aux masses qui leur obéissaient de se rapprocher de la troupe, de la presser, de l'irriter, et en définitive de l'obliger à poser les armes si elle ne voulait pas se laisser rejeter dans le foyer dont elle s'était éloignée.

Robert comprit alors qu'il se trouvait dans le cas de légitime défense prévu par lui dans sa conversation avec le duc du Châtelet, et appelant ses trois commandants de peloton il leur dit de prévenir discrètement leurs hommes de se préparer, sur l'ordre qu'il allait leur en donner, à charger leurs armes, mais cette fois en se servant d'une des trois cartouches sans balle qui leur avaient été remises avant leur départ de la caserne. Si une première décharge à poudre ne suffisait pas pour ouvrir une trouée dans la foule, on tirerait la seconde fois tout de bon en ajustant à hauteur de poitrins d'homme.

Quelques minutes après, Robert commanda à haute voix de mettre la baïonnette au bout du fusil, puis la charge à volonté, et enfin, ayant demandé trois fois inutilement si on voulait lui livrer passage pour se retirer : *En joue, et feu !*

Il n'y eut ni blessés ni morts, comme on doit le supposer ; mais beaucoup de personnes tombèrent culbutées par celles qui cherchaient à fuir, et, bien qu'elles se relevassent sur-le-champ et se remissent à courir de plus belle, la grande masse des émeutiers n'en resta pas moins convaincue que le sol était jonché de cadavres ; ces dignes gens pensèrent aussi que le pillage n'était plus possible dans une maison qui n'était plus qu'une vaste fournaise, mieux valait se sauver que risquer, sans espoir de profit, de recevoir une balle.

Vainement les meneurs de l'insurrection essayèrent

de rallier quelques individus dans des groupes où la panique paraissait moins grande ; l'élan de la fuite était si bien donné, qu'en un clin d'œil l'entrée du boulevard fut libre, car on ne pouvait compter comme des obstacles quelques centaines de fuyards qui détaillaient dans cette direction sans songer à regarder derrière eux.

The Chevalier d'Estagnol becomes uninteresting by the very perfection of his virtues. Surely no lady will forgive him for being so very good as to persuade Eliane to marry his elder brother, although he and his cousin were at that moment desperately in love with each other, and had plighted their troth together. But respect to paternal authority required the sacrifice, and the good young man constrained himself to persuade the good young lady that it was their duty to submit.

We suspect there is a lurking irony in this picture of the perfect chevalier. The author has been castigated for drawing characters of unheard-of vices, and he thus hints the want of interest in characters of unmixed virtue. The conclusion is not logical. A novel-hero may have weaknesses enough to make him human, without having crimes and vices enough to make him bestial.

The revolution rolls onwards. The eldest of the young d'Estagnols, disgusted at the king's refusal to allow his soldiers to act, throws up his commission and emigrates ; the second goes down deep into the waters that are whelming the monarchy—he is a leader at Jacobin clubs. The chevalier bides by the king, and does his duty. On marches the revolution, effacing the sovereign and his court with scarce an effort : the chevalier thinks with our own Blake that it is still his duty to fight for his country, whoever may rule her. The days of terror come. The chevalier is absent with the army of the Rhine, serving under Marceau. The marquis, his father, is in the prison des Carmes. The eldest son is safe in exile. The second, denounced by his brother Jacobins, is hiding in Paris. The marchioness and poor little Eliane are together in a poor lodging, served by "le vieux Valery," now become a most exemplary and devoted old man.

The mother fails in an attempt to induce her son Roland to fly, and is taken, together with him, and cast into the same prison with the marquis. Is it in cold irony that the author attributes the fate of the mother to the perfect virtue of the son ? Robert is so beloved by his regiment, that St. Just dares not arrest him : St. Just revenges himself by demanding the death of the mother.

Father, mother, and son appear before the revolutionary tribunal.

#### THE TRIAL.

Quand les accusés entrèrent dans la salle, le tribunal, présidé par Hermann, et les jurés venaient d'entrer en

séance, afin qu'il n'y eût pas une minute de perdue : l'accusateur public, Fouquier-Tinville, était aussi à son poste. Soupçonné par Saint-Just d'avoir protégé la famille d'Estagnol, il voulait se réhabiliter en contribuant lui-même à sa condamnation.

Son réquisitoire, monstrueux assemblage de grossiers mensonges et d'insinuations perfides, écrit en style de valet de bourreau qui serait devenu procureur, était surtout terrible contre Roland, qu'il accusait de ne s'être associé à toutes les justes vengeances de la révolution, que dans l'espoir de la déshonorer aux yeux du monde ; le malheureux jeune homme y était qualifié d'agent de l'étranger, crime presque aussi grand que ceux d'avoir défendu le roi et pleuré la reine, que le réquisitoire mettait à la charge du marquis et de sa femme.

Quand Fouquier-Tinville eut fini de parler, le président Hermann ordonna à M. d'Estagnol de se lever.

Il obéit sans hésiter, en se rappelant que Louis XVI. avait répondu debout à ses juges ; il lui plaisait d'ailleurs de se dresser de toute sa hauteur devant les siens, afin qu'ils vissent bien qu'il ne tremblait pas.

— Ton nom ? reprit Hermann.

— César-Timoléon, marquis d'Estagnol.

— Il n'y a plus de marquis, dit un juré. L'accusé est averti de respecter la loi.

M. d'Estagnol laissa tomber sur cet homme un regard de mépris et garda le silence.

— Ton âge ? pourquirit Hermann.

— Quarante-neuf ans.

— Tu es accusé d'avoir défendu le tyran au 10 août, et de t'être mêlé à des conspirations qui avaient pour but, d'abord de le délivrer le 21 janvier, et ensuite de venger sa mort. Qu'as-tu à répondre ?

— Rien.

— Ainsi tu avoues ces crimes ?

— Je fais plus : je m'en glorifie, et si j'ai un regret, c'est de n'avoir pas trouvé plus d'imitateurs : la France serait délivrée de monstres tels que vous !

— Tu peux te rasseoir, dit Hermann en faisant un signe à Fouquier-Tinville.

Ce fut la marquise qu'on interrogea ensuite :

Elle répondit d'une voix douce et ferme aux questions d'usage sur son nom et son âge, puis quand elle fut interpellée sur le fait d'avoir pleuré la reine, elle posa la main sur son cœur et murmura en s'inclinant, comme si elle saluait cette grande ombre :

— Je la pleure encore !

— Comment une honnête femme comme toi a-t-elle pu donner des larmes à Marie-Antoinette, qui était la honte de son sexe ?

— Elle en est, au contraire, l'orgueil et la gloire ! s'écria madame d'Estagnol en redressant la tête. Vous avez pu la tuer, mais la postérité, que vous ne tiendrez pas sous le couteau, la vengera de vos lâches calomnies ! Quel que vous fassiez contre sa renommée, elle restera une des grandeurs de l'histoire, dont vous ne serez jamais que la honte !

Et sans attendre l'invitation d'Hermann la marquise reprit sa place à la droite de son mari qui lui serra les deux mains avec transport.

Cet incident provoqua dans l'auditoire quelques murmures, aussitôt réprimés, bien qu'ils fussent, en général, improbateurs. Oser louer Marie-Antoinette, c'était une de ces hardiesses qu'on ne se permettait guère dans ce temps-là, même quand on était sûr de mourir, tant le poison de la terreur avait corrompu les âmes.

C'était le tour de Roland. Il se leva de lui-même, fier, calme et méprisant, dès qu'il vit sa mère se rasseoir.

Il répondit qu'il se nommait Jacques Roland, vicomte d'Estagnol, ex-capitaine aux gardes françaises, et qu'il était âgé de vingt-six ans.

— Tu es accusé, lui dit Hermann, d'avoir trahi la sainte cause de la révolution.

— Mon crime est au contraire de l'avoir servie, répliqua Roland.

— Ce n'est pas une réponse.

— C'en est une pour ma conscience, le seul tribunal que je reconnaisse, en attendant celui de Dieu devant qui je vais bientôt paraître. Je n'ai été que trop fidèle à votre infâme révolution ! Ce que j'ai trahi, c'est mon roi ! Ce que j'ai méconnu, foulé aux pieds, ce sont mes devoirs de gentilhomme ! Soldat de la monarchie, j'ai abandonné mon drapeau pour suivre l'étendard sanglant d'une république d'assassins ! Tuez-moi, je le mérite ! Si vous me laissez vivre, pour me punir plus cruellement, je m'en vengerais en passant le reste de mes jours à raconter vos mensonges pour tromper le peuple, vos lâchetés, vos vols, votre règne de sang et de boue, enfin ; car je sais tout, moi ! Vous parlez de traitres, d'hommes vendus à l'étranger ! mais il n'y a que cela parmi vous ! Cette république que vous avez fondée au prix de tant de crimes et au milieu de tant de ruines, vous ne l'aimez pas ! vous n'y croyez pas ! Vous n'êtes que de misérables ambitieux qui vous arrachez les lambeaux de ce cadavre qu'on appelait autrefois la France ! Mais ce cadavre se relèvera, et le jour n'est pas éloigné...

— Citoyen président, je te requiers d'ôter la parole à l'accusé ! interrompit d'une voix glapissante Fouquier-Tinville qui avait déjà à plusieurs reprises fait des signes impérieux à l'imbécile Hermann, pour lui inspirer la pensée de mettre un terme à ce terrible réquisitoire d'un accusé qui, changeant de rôle, dévoilait les crimes de la révolution et désignait cette grande iniquité sociale à la haine et au mépris du genre humain.

— Accusé, je te retire la parole, balbutia Hermann, que cette foudroyante sortie avait terrifié, habitué qu'il était à avoir affaire à des victimes plus calmes dans leur dédain de la mort.

— Cela étant, *mon roi* ! s'écria l'intrepide jeune homme, en rassemblant tout ce qu'il avait de puissance dans la voix et d'énergie dans l'âme, pour remplir l'espace où il se trouvait de ce vieux cri de fidélité et d'amour de la noblesse française.

Puis il se précipita dans les bras de son père, qui, dès les premiers mots qu'il avait dits, s'était levé, ivre de joie et d'orgueil, et se tenait debout à son côté, intrépide et méprisant comme lui.

Et tous deux, appuyés l'un sur l'autre et faisant face à leurs juges, stupéfaits de tant d'audace, ils répétèrent le cri qu'avait poussé Roland.

Un frisson de surprise, d'admiration et de colère parcourut toute l'assistance : il semblait qu'amis et ennemis eussent aperçu en même temps les pieds d'argile du colosse de la Terreur.

Enfin le vieil honneur de la maison d'Estagnol était intact, car le fils aussi bien que le père allait mourir pour la cause de la monarchie.

Nous ajouterons même que le premier venait de la mieux servir que s'il eût combattu pour elle dans les rangs généreux, mais impuissants, de l'émigration : braver la tyrannie, c'est la vaincre.

#### THE GUILLOTINE.

A cette époque avancée et pour ainsi dire expirante de la Terreur, on avait, par prudence, changé le lieu des exécutions. Elles ne se faisaient plus à la place Louis XV., mais à la barrière du Trône, parce que, l'échafaud commençant à être impopulaire, on évitait autant que possible d'émouvoir les habitants de certains quartiers, où l'enthousiasme pour la révolution s'était singulièrement atténué. Les charrettes, après avoir repris leur chargement de victimes, suivaient donc, à une allure rapide, les quais jusqu'à l'Arceuil, et de là elles gagnaient le faubourg Saint-Antoine, qui passait à bon droit pour être resté fidèle à la politique d'extermination du triumvirat Robespierre, Couthon et Saint-Just.

Pendant ce trajet assez long, M. d'Estagnol, sa femme et Roland ne s'arrachèrent aux méditations dans lesquelles ils étaient plongés que pour échanger des paroles qui en étaient en quelque sorte la continuation,

Ils ne dissertèrent pas, emphatiquement sur l'immortalité de l'âme, qui n'était pas un objet de discussion pour eux, mais ils s'entretenirent à plusieurs reprises de leur soumission aux décrets de la Providence et de leur confiance absolue en la miséricorde de Dieu. Ces pieuses dispositions firent qu'ils purent aussi parler sans trop de trouble de ceux qu'ils laissaient sur la terre. Enfin ils n'avaient pas montré tant de courage jusqu'alors, pour en manquer au moment où il leur était le plus nécessaire d'en avoir. Quelques injures qui retentirent à leurs oreilles, à la place de la Bastille, où plusieurs centaines de bandits déguenillés les attendaient au passage pour les luer, ne les émuèrent pas. Arrivés en vue de l'échafaud, ils le regardèrent sans pâlir, et, s'étant embrassés une dernière fois, ils tournèrent toutes leurs pensées vers le ciel.

Ils ne revinrent au sentiment de leur situation que quand la voiture où ils étaient s'arrêta. En ce moment un souvenir lointain et bizarre traversa le cerveau du vicomte. Il se rappela que, dans une conversation qu'il avait eue dans le parc de Versailles avec Robert, celui-ci, qu'il plaisantait sur son privilège de monter dans les *carrosses du roi*, lui avait répondu : "*Dieu sait où te conduiront les carrosses du peuple.*"

— Eh bien ! voilà où ils m'ont conduit, se dit-il en lui-même ; je l'ai bien mérité.

On fit descendre tous les condamnés, et on les divisa par groupes, afin d'exécuter les derniers ceux à qui on voulait infliger une plus longue agonie.

Dans le classement de ce jour, cette aggravation de supplice devint le partage de la famille d'Estagnol et de leurs amis. On les rangea sur une seule ligne, à la gauche de leurs compagnons de gloire et d'infortune : madame de Cerizay d'abord, le commandeur ensuite, puis le marquis, et enfin madame d'Estagnol et Roland. Un peu après, et comme par réflexion, on plaça à côté de ce dernier le brave serrurier Miran.

— Vous me faites bien de l'honneur, dit-il au valet du bourreau qui l'amena.

Et il salua avec une cordialité respectueuse les nobles victimes en passant devant elles. Un sourire affectueux et amical le remercia de ses paroles et de son salut.

Au premier coup de hache, madame d'Estagnol tressaillit et se pencha sur l'épaule de son mari ; mais presque aussitôt elle se redressa, et son visage, qui était très-pâle, prit un éclat qu'il n'avait pas eu depuis bien des années.

Quand on vint chercher madame de Cerizay et le commandeur, elle eut un mot amical et consolant pour chacun d'eux, et cependant le tour de son mari approchait.

— Adieu, ma chère et noble compagne, lui dit M. d'Estagnol quelques secondes après.

— Non, pas adieu, mon ami, répondit-elle ; au revoir là-haut, et pour toujours !

Et elle montra le ciel du regard.

Puis elle se tourna vers Roland, et elle reprit :

— S'aurais voulu ne mourir qu'après toi, pour t'épargner le spectacle de ma mort ; mais offre cette souffrance à Dieu, mon fils.

— Croyez-vous qu'il me pardonne, ma sainte mère ? demanda Roland.

— Il t'a déjà pardonné, mon enfant... et je vais t'attendre près de lui !

Quand il ne resta plus que le vicomte d'Estagnol et Miran le serrurier, on les fit monter ensemble sur la plate-forme de l'échafaud.

Pendant qu'on attachait le premier sur la bascule, il releva la tête et fit entendre un cri de *cite le roi* ! aussi énergique que celui qu'il avait poussé sous les voûtes du palais de justice.

— *Tien la nation* ! cria aussitôt l'ancien vainqueur de la Bastille, avec une énergie égale à celle du vicomte.

C'était la révolution condamnée par la noblesse et par le peuple, que représentaient là deux hommes qui l'avaient servie.

Here the novel might end, for the reader will take no great interest in the means whereby the death of the eldest brother is brought about, and he already anticipates that the good and fortunate chevalier is ultimately united to Eliane.

The moral of this book is historical—that is to say, setting aside the covert sneer at perfect virtue which runs through it. The *avowed* moral is, that energy and strong action would have killed the revolution in its infancy.

We believe this to be historically true, although the prevailing theory, both in England and in France, is decidedly the other way. The power of force over mankind is underrated in our day. There is but one instance in the history of the world wherein a sentiment, religious or political, has prevailed against force unscrupulously and continuously applied. That single exception is the establishment of Christianity, which is, indeed, not an exception, but a miracle. The massacre of Saint Bartholomew undoubtedly prevented the whole of France becoming Protestant : the massacres of the Cévennes certainly had the same effect as to a large portion of the same kingdom. Cromwell put down Roman Catholicism in the north of Ireland. Buonaparte, on the day of the sections, blew the revolution to pieces from the mouths of his cannon. The army of Radetzki and the hordes of Russia have in our own day suppressed the strongest sentiment of liberty throughout Hungary and Italy. The massacre of the Boulevards has silenced France. Doubtless, moral force also has its victories ; but force, material force, is still the strongest agent upon nations, although perhaps not upon individuals. Had Louis the Sixteenth disbanded his household French troops, purged his army of the soldiers who had served in America, or sent them upon foreign service, placed an unscrupulous man at the head of that portion of his soldiers upon which he could rely, and swept the streets of Paris with cannon at the first outbreak of armed resistance, he might at least have put off the revolution *for his time*.\*

We speak not of the morality of such a policy ; but history undoubtedly teaches us, that, in dealing with a populace, force, unflinchingly exercised and watchfully maintained, *does* succeed.

\* How small was the minority that inflicted terrorism upon France, and kept down the French people by fear and force, is well told in the answer of Danton to the expression addressed to him during the days of terror : "This is a fearful state of things." "Yes," answered that most far-sighted of the chiefs of the revolution, "but, alter it, and we shall have the Prussians in Paris." "The principle of democracy," said Robespierre, probably quoting Montesquieu, "is virtue ; but," he added, "the mode by which democracy establishes itself is—terror."

# GERMAN LITERATURE.

*Russland und das Germanenthum.* VON BRUNO BAUER.

HERR BAUER, the son of a citizen of Berlin or Charlottenburg, commenced life, as the majority of those among the young Prussians commence it who are educated for the learned professions. This, in Prussia, means as much as being trained for the service of the state; for, with the exception of a few writers and journalists whose existence the State purposely ignores all those who have learned to conjugate Latin and Greek verbs, and to whom Euclid is not quite a sealed book, have obtained their knowledge for the special service of the political system in which they live, move, and have their being. The Kings of Prussia are the greatest corporals and schoolmasters known to history, past and present, but they abhor valour if it be deficient in the goose-step, and independent learning is to them the worst of crimes. A system based on such principles must needs be antagonistic to the feelings of those whom it is meant to "break in"—the wild horse of the Pampas has good and sufficient reason to detest the lasso. The students are at all times disaffected until their training is fairly over, when their necks bend to the yoke, they fall into the ways of the Bureaucracy of which they are henceforth to form part, and in course of time they actually rise to be the accomplished oppressors of their younger fellow-citizens. Tough and obstreperous natures—for such there will be found under the most perfect system of crushing—secede from the beginning, or in the first few years of their official career. The State has no place for them, but it watches their movements with a jealousy which, in many instances, is nearly akin to abject fear. Thus excluded from every career by which man can achieve fame and fortune, and their very existence denied by the domineering party, these unfortunate men are led to respond to intolerance with intolerance, and to renounce the State which renounces them. Herr Bruno Bauer belongs to this class of victims of a vicious system; from the very commencement of his career as a writer and lecturer he has laboured, and with a certain degree of success too, to subvert the religion, the morals, and the constitution of the country which, to his own misfortune, gave him birth.

The views of such a man on a question long neglected, but which now fortunately fills

all minds, must needs be of importance. Herr Bauer does not stand alone. Objectionable as his opinions may be, they are shared by a large number of his countrymen, though few of them ever express them with so much force. His present work on the position of Germany to the Oriental question is therefore a valuable contribution to the expressions of public opinion in Germany, which are, as everybody knows, not to be found in the German newspapers.

Herr Bauer, then, believes that the world is now witnessing the latter days of Germanism; that even the last remnants of the kingdom shall be taken from Germany and given to that Eastern power which has already usurped the dictatorship over the Continent, and whose further development will determine the future of Europe. The decline of Germany commenced with her history; Herr Bauer now predicts her fall, though not indeed in the spirit of a Tacitus. The coming events do not fill him with despair: on the contrary, he has hopes of the annihilation of old Europe; for, according to him, a new and fairer world must rise from the utter destruction of the past.

"The last and most difficult purpose," says Herr Bauer, "which still remains to be conceived is the repudiation of all that has existed and does exist, and this repudiation, if fully carried out, will give mankind an unlimited dominion and lordship over the world. Do I alone take so gloomy a view? and do I alone foresee throughout Europe, but in Western Europe especially, nothing but dissolution, decay, ruins, and catastrophes? Or am I influenced by that popular Pessimism which delights in the height of confusion in the official world and in the affairs of every-day life, and which would still worse confound confusion in order to make its profits thereby? Nothing of the kind. Not gloomy is that view which discovers the germs of life even in the festering of corruption; nor is it Pessimism to believe, as I do, that no amount of management could have redeemed the course of events, because that course is the natural conclusion of a historical phase, and the necessary transition to a new organization."

As far as we can understand this, it means that the German Nihilists, whose spokesman Herr Bauer is, have some hopes of some kind,

and that their hopes are centered in Russia. These unfortunate and interesting persons have a strong resemblance to the fish who, maddened with the intolerable heat of the frying-pan, long for a retreat among the merry crackling flames and the pleasant red-hot coals under it.

Herr Bauer gives a short and impressive sketch of the enormous progress in territory and power which Russia has made since the days of Catherine II.; of the increase of authority which she obtained in the course of the revolutions of 1848; of that truly Roman earnestness which guides the Russian politics; and he adverts to the *fate* which is impending over Europe. For, according to Herr Bauer, the question of the rise of Russia and the downfall of Europe is not a question of policy, or management; the weakness of princes and the follies of nations have nothing whatever to do with it. It is written that Russia shall triumph, and triumph she must; and the only question is, Is the Germanic world likely to survive the destruction of its ancient civilization (as to the certainty of that destruction Herr Bauer thinks there cannot be two opinions), or will the Russian nation alone be called upon to create a new civilization? Is the coming period likely to be a Russian period, or will the Macaulays of 1853 describe it as a Russo-Germanic period?

To answer this very ticklish question, Herr Bauer engages in a discussion on the excellent qualities of the Russian mind. No nation known to history raised so gigantic a foundation for its future dominion; the Russians, of all other peoples, are more fit to conquer and to colonise; they are indissolubly united with their country, their nation, their race; and their political society is fashioned after the image of "the family," which is the grand prototype of all Russian institutions. The Russians—we still follow Herr Bauer's exposition—are as independent, active, and progressive as the Anglo-Saxons of North America. On the day that the Russian took his place in history, he sought to compass enormous dimensions: from the Vistula to Kiachta he conquered a gigantic and compact empire, which affords ample room for the exercise of his restless activity; and throughout this vast empire he ranges with the instincts of a nomade, the boldness of a speculator, and the quiet self-possession of a man who feels that he is a member of a large family. In the Russian character perseverance is admirably blended with gentleness and an amount of energy which laughs the word "impossible" to scorn. He prefers the results of labour to labour itself, but he shrinks not from dangers and from exertion. To the Czar he yields a blind, unconditional obedience. In fine, the Russians are the true

descendants of the Hellenic tribes, and, as such, Herr Bauer, as a classical scholar, is bound to adore them. The only difference is, that these modern Greeks have the strength of character and the singleness of purpose which distinguished the Romans, and made them masters of the world.

What chances has Western Europe against such a nation? Germany is divided, and France demoralised; and as for England, we must record our disgrace in Herr Bruno Bauer's own words:—

England has lost the monopoly (?) of its insular position, and also the monopoly of arbitration. The last ministerial changes prove that England can no longer escape the fate of the Continent, and that it cannot for the future oppose the monopoly of its maritime position to the interests which guide public opinion on the Continent. The aristocracy of England has lost its lordly power; and royalty will soon be face to face with democracy: it will be compelled to have recourse to the very means which royalty on the Continent employed in order to maintain its position.

The wish, we apprehend, is father to the thought. But let our readers read on and tremble:—

The militia bill has been passed, not to protect the country against a French invasion, but to protect royalty against the awful encroachments of democracy. That bill will place England on a level with the continental states. The Cabinet are all but at bay: they make vain endeavours to avoid the conflict between the people and the Crown.

Revolutions, republics, usurpations, street fights, courts martial, cellular vans, public and private executions, are here showered down upon us in delightful profusion, and why? "Because England has made herself responsible for the fate of constitutionalism: hence she must share its fate, and that fate becomes her own."

We do not understand this reason, either as a whole or in its parts; but no matter. We venture to affirm that it is very clear to those who can see its meaning; and since Herr Bauer has said it, the wisest plan will be that we all make our wills, and prepare for the worst. For England, which "must share the fate of constitutionalism," cannot stop the progress of Russia, and old Europe will be destroyed and trodden under foot, and a new civilization will be begotten from barbarism, and the world will be perfect, and Herr Bauer happy. But whether the coming state of things will be Russian throughout, or Russo-German, is a question which we are free to confess has eluded our apprehension in Herr Bauer's pages. And, indeed, what does it matter to us, since we must needs "share the fate of constitutionalism," which phrase in its widest sense must mean that the Comacks will stable their horses in St. Paul's, and that Admiral Kornileff will establish a Board of Admiralty in Westminster

Abbey; that our soap manufacturers and tallow-chandlers will be ruined by the voracity of the Russian infantry; that turbaned Circassians will smoke strong Cavendish in the drawing-rooms of Chesham Place; and Prince Menschikoff, dressed in the roughest of great coats, and flourishing a huge knout, will promenade Regent Street, and flog the aristocracy,

the gentry, and the public generally. Sufficient for a nation is the evil which befalls it; and since such is to be our fate, little need we care what becomes of the Germans, and at what Russian university Herr Bauer is going to lecture on the causes of the Decline and Fall of old Europe.

*Rule ist die erste Bürgerpflicht oder Vor Fünfzig Jahren. Vaterländischer Roman.*  
Von W. ALEXIS. 4 Vols. Berlin: Barthol.

HERR Häring, better known by the name of Herr Willbald Alexis, is an old-established novel-writer; one who has been a favourite with the German public these many years past; who has witnessed and experienced a variety of changes in the national taste; and one who throughout has succeeded in keeping pace with the public requirements. In the romantic days of "Almanacks" and "Taschenbücher für Liebe und Freundschaft," or "Vergissmiedichts" and "Vieliebchens," Herr Alexis delighted the sentimental fair of Germany with charming *novellettes* of the fine "Taschenbuch" calibre. When the Poles came in fashion as the heroes of the Warsaw revolution, he wrote a novel, of which those frogged-coated fellows were the heroes; and now that Germany herself has passed through the furnace of revolution, and since she has been tried—rather that she was found wanting—Herr Alexis comes forward with a political novel, an grown pamphlet, describing the condition of Prussia at the commencement of this century, when the Court under Frederic William III. did exactly what the Prussian Court of 1850 did under Frederic William IV. The tendency of the pamphlet seems to be, that the author's country was weak, despised, and

humiliated in 1806, because the King was pusillanimous and his Ministers incapable; that, after all, the good cause triumphed; and that, under the successor of that King, and under the successors of those Ministers, the good cause will triumph again. To demonstrate this desirable axiom, all the great and little men of "Prussia's greatest degradation" are brought on the stage. We have Lombard and Haugwitz, Hardenberg and Stein, Lord Harrowby, Blücher, and York, Prince Louis, the King of Prussia, and the Czar Alexander, a distinguished chorus of officials, guardsmen, and diplomatic agents, with a clever story, a capital plot, and interminable conversations. Indeed, what action there is, is completely swamped by the torrent of words which literally pour from the lips of each one of the *dramatis personæ*. This stunning verbosity is the chief fault of a work which, in all other respects, may be called a respectable production, especially in the present period of German literary incapacity. Our chief reason for not venturing upon a single extract is, that every part and portion of the book, every scene and conversation, is too long for the pages of an English periodical.

*Geschichte der Deutschen National litteratur im Neunzehnten Jahrhundert.* Von JULIAN SCHMIDT. Vol. I. Leipzig: Herbig.

WE know not of a more meritorious undertaking than the writing a work of modern history, of politics, or literature. Those periods which are long past and gone are generally the theme of a hundred laborious minds and able pens. Every student who wishes to obtain information on what can be known of the Etruscans, or of the manners and customs of the Celts in England, need but go to the British Museum, and if he be stout of heart, as a student ought to be, with no fear of rheumatism and no delicacy respecting vermin, he will, after passing through the ordeal of the catalogues, have no difficulty in satisfying his laudable curiosity. But let no one hope to obtain information at so

small a price of time and patience if the subject of his inquiry belongs to very recent times. In that case he must read up files of newspapers and sigh over Parliamentary blue-books, and interminable returns. This is so true, that every man with any pretence to education would blush if he were found tripping in the history of ancient Rome, while every one thinks himself fully justified in being ignorant—say of the history of Italy during the last thirty years. An historical event is lost to all the world, except to the few who, at the time, took an interest in it, until it has been taken up by, and preserved in, the pages of an able historian. It is, therefore, with feelings of extreme satisfaction

that we notice every attempt to record the events of contemporaneous history. But the *codification*—if we may use the term—of the events of modern literature is a task for the execution of which still greater gratitude is due; since in the history of literature we want even that imperfect and clumsy machinery, which in political history facilitates individual research. The want of some handbook of modern German literature has been long and painfully felt, and the appearance of the present "History of the German National Literature in the Nineteenth Century," by Dr. Julian Schmidt, the most eminent critic among the few that still survive German intolerance and impatience of blame, is an event to which we gladly direct the attention of our readers. The volume before us commences with the death of Schiller, and characterizes the German writers and their books up to the dissolution of the romantic school by Immermann, Platen, and Rückert, and Mörike. The second volume, therefore, must comprise the newest of the new, and it is for the appearance of that volume we reserve a more detailed criticism of the book.

For the present we have only to remark on a question of privilege. The author reserves for himself the right "of translating his work in England and France." What the state of international law as to literary property may be between Germany and France we know not, nor pretend to know; but with regard to England, neither the author nor the publisher of a Ger-

man work can reserve for himself the right of translation. A treaty establishing such right has indeed been approved of by the British Cabinet, and submitted to the Court of Berlin for ratification. That Court has sent it to the German "*Bundestag*" at Frankfort, and there it remains unratified, and probably will remain for many years to come, especially if German authors, instead of agitating for its ratification, flatter themselves with a vain belief that they are actually in possession of rights which would be as valuable to them as, no doubt, they would be advantageous to literature. Because we would see a treaty of international copyright established between England and Germany, especially the protection of translations, we beg to inform our German friends and readers that no such treaty exists at present; and that Dr. Schmidt's work, for instance, might be published by every firm in London, without his having any claim to compensation or redress. This is not a very desirable state of things, but, in our opinion, to ignore it is to perpetrate it. Let it be thoroughly understood, that translations may be pirated; that an authorised translation of a German work enjoys legal protection in England, as little as authorised translations of works by Dickens, Bulwer, and Thackeray would enjoy in Germany; and then there will be some hope that the present lawless and injurious state of things may be brought to a speedy termination.

*Geschichte der französischen Revolution vom Jahre 1848 bis zur Wiederherstellung des Kaiserthums.* Von DR. FREIHERRN VON PREUSCHEN.

THE author of this work is known to the German public as a writer on legal matters, and this, as far as we know, is his first attempt at history. It is a clever, well-written book, clear in style, and comprehensive in its views;

and though our own literature contains many similar attempts to this, we have no doubt that the work will be of interest, even to English readers.

*Patmakhanda. Leben und Charakterbilder aus Indien und Persien.* Von ERICH, Von Schönberg. 2 vols. Leipzig.

THE Sanscrit name of the title, if translated into English, means a place where the lotus abounds; and the work is a well-written account of India and Persia, with a special regard to the history and the peculiarities of the native tribes. It is descriptive throughout, and not rati-  
onative, a rare merit in a book from the pen of a German writer. Herr Von Schönberg has evidently travelled with his eyes and ears

wide open: he has not, as most Germans do, gone about also with a library of volumes on the countries in which he travelled; and he has not, as most Germans do, criticised his predecessors instead of writing a narrative and description of the objects which came under his own observation. The result is, a work which will be valuable even to readers in this country, voluminous as our literature on India already is.



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